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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

*A Home and Colonial Periodical for
the General Reader.*

VOLUME VII.

JANUARY—JUNE, 1890.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1890.

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7279.3



Price Greenleaf fund

LONDON :

PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES AND SONS, LIMITED,
STAMFORD STREET AND CHANCING CROSS.

192
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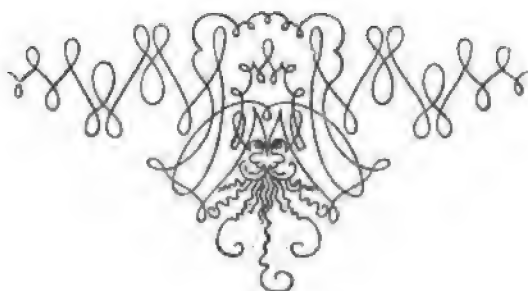
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MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1890.

M a r c í a.

CHAPTER I.

THE DÉBUT OF MISS THOMPSON.

IT was between five and six o'clock in the morning ; the sun was up, and so were most of the four million inhabitants of London, the lives of most of the four millions being spent in hard labour. A numerically insignificant minority had just gone to bed, and were taking repose after the toils of the night, for they also labour hard after their fashion at certain seasons of the year. Two of them, however, were still sitting up talking, and were not a bit sleepy, nor even tired. For these two young women had, for the first time in their lives, been taking part in a very grand ball. Moreover, as the ball in question had been given by the parents of one of them and as the other was strikingly handsome, it is scarcely necessary to add that they had taken a very active part in it indeed. Probably no girl, unless she have been so unhappy as to lack partners, feels tired after her first ball. One of these—the strikingly handsome one, who was tall and dark, and had that appearance of health and good spirits which is in itself beauty—said :

“I should like to begin this moment and do it all over again. Shouldn't you?”

“Well—not quite,” answered her companion, a plump little brown-haired, brown-eyed maiden, who might just be called pretty, because she was so young and had such a pleasant, good-humoured face, but whose prettiness was not of the kind which outlasts many seasons. “You see, I had to dance with a good many people whom I didn't want to dance with, and who most likely didn't want to dance with me : that rather spoilt the first part of it. The last two hours were nice enough.”

"It was all perfectly glorious from start to finish," Miss Marcia Thompson declared. "What nonsense the people talk who say that London ball-rooms are too crowded to dance in! Perhaps other ball-rooms aren't as large as yours, though?" she added, with an apprehensive glance at her friend.

"I believe there are plenty larger," answered Laura Beaumont. "The difficulty, it seems, isn't so much want of space as want of men who can dance and will dance."

"Well, there were enough of them to-night," remarked Miss Marcia, with a retrospective smile of satisfaction.

"*You* found enough of them, no doubt, and I dare say you always will. By the way, you ought to be congratulated upon one conquest you have made in the person of Mr. Brett."

"Who? Oh, that old thing? I didn't know I had made a conquest of him, and I don't see what there is to congratulate me about in it if I have. He isn't much of a dancer."

"Isn't he? Well, at all events, he isn't an old thing. He is a rising young barrister—in fact, he is already a risen one; only he is to rise still higher, everybody says. He is going to be Solicitor-General, or Attorney-General, or something of that sort, when he has had a little more experience."

"I suppose that won't make him waltz any better, will it?"

"No, but it will add to his distinction, which is considered to be very great even now. He hardly ever goes to balls, and when he does he usually retires after standing for about ten minutes in the doorway. At least, so I am told; and now you can understand why his friends thought he was paying you a marked compliment by dancing with you three times."

"Didn't it occur to his friends that I might be paying him rather a marked compliment by allowing him to spoil three dances for me? However, I admit that it was an involuntary compliment, and it shall not be repeated. The truth is that I hadn't the presence of mind to refuse when he asked me. This is what comes of being both shy and benevolent."

Miss Beaumont laughed; perhaps she did not think that either attribute was specially characteristic of her friend.

"Well," she said, "if Mr. Brett had asked me to dance only once, I should have felt much honoured. He may not be very young, or very beautiful, or even very amusing——"

"He isn't the least bit amusing," interjected Marcia.

"But he sets a high value upon himself, and that, of course, makes his attentions flattering. Some day, when he is Lord

Chancellor, you will perhaps look back upon this evening with pride."

"Oh, bother him and his attentions!" returned Marcia. "By the time that he is Lord Chancellor I shall be dead, I trust. I don't see what there can be to live for after one is forty—or even after one is thirty," she added, with a sigh.

Marcia Thompson agreed with certain profound philosophers that the whole aim, object, and meaning of life is the attainment of happiness, and, although she was aware that happiness may be attained by diverse methods, she did not make the mistake of imagining that she herself could ever be happy unless she was loved. Moreover, she was persuaded—whether rightly or wrongly—that nobody would care very much about her after her physical charms should have faded. It is, at any rate, certain that her physical charms had caused her to be beloved by many persons of both sexes who possibly might not otherwise have been attracted to her.

"Miss Thompson," her old schoolmistress had said to her in the course of a valedictory interview, "you cannot but be conscious that you have a beautiful face. Beauty, my dear, is a gift of God, like rank and wealth and intellect, and we, who possess none of these things, are not sincere if we pretend to underrate them. See, however, that you make a good use of what has been given to you, and remember that it must inevitably expose you to dangers and temptations. I am glad to think that you have the safeguard of a kind heart."

This was handsome on the part of the old lady, and was tolerably true into the bargain. That her well-meant platitudes should produce much effect upon a young girl who was about to be launched into society was hardly to be expected; but Marcia really did not intend to make any bad use of her advantages. She proposed, indeed, to use them, as she always had used them, for the subjugation of the hearts of others; but that did not prove her own to be an unkind one. Hitherto her conquests had been of a very innocent description, and it may be taken as redounding to her credit that she was adored by her school companions; yet one may doubt whether she would have achieved so large a measure of popularity without her beautiful face and her pretty little ways.

Chief among her school friends had always been Laura Beaumont, with whose hospitable parents she had spent more than one happy vacation. For Marcia was an orphan, with no

near relations, and her guardians, who were business men residing in Liverpool, were only too glad to place her temporarily under the wing of so unexceptionable a chaperon as Mrs. Beaumont. Still more glad were they when, on the completion of Marcia's education, the same good-natured lady offered to bring her out with her own daughter, to present her at Court, to take her into society, and—as the guardians fondly hoped—to find a suitable husband for her. Well, it ought not to be difficult, they thought, to find a suitable husband for a girl who was extremely good-looking and had a nice little fortune of her own. So Marcia was now installed in Grosvenor Place for the season, and the ordeal of her first Drawing-room was a thing of the past, and it only remained to her to amuse herself to the best of her ability, which in that direction was considerable. She did not think that it would amuse her at all to flirt with Mr. Brett ; and when, some days after this, Laura informed her that the future Lord Chancellor was coming to dinner, she only made a face, saying that she hoped he would not take her in. However, he did take her in, and, in spite of herself, she was somewhat impressed and overawed by him.

A good many people of greater importance and experience than Miss Thompson were overawed by Eustace Brett at that period of his life. Judges, it was said, were a little frightened of him, for he was not only a clever and effective advocate, but a good lawyer, and he had an awkward way of being always in the right, whereas their lordships, like other mortals, were occasionally in the wrong. In private, as in public life, he had contrived to make himself respected, admired, and to some extent feared ; though how or why he had done so would be difficult to explain. He was a tall, spare, middle-aged man, with a smooth-shaven face, clear-cut features and thin lips, which rarely smiled ; his conversation was not brilliant, he had no high connections, nor was there any reason, save his eminence in his profession (which could hardly be called a sufficient one) for his being admitted into the best houses in London. Yet he was so admitted, and he refused more invitations than he accepted, and he did not always trouble himself to be civil to his entertainers, which naturally made them take a good deal of pains to be civil to him. His manner with Marcia was not quite the same as it was with the rest of the world. She knew that, although she had had so few opportunities of observing his manner with the rest of the world, and the distinction flattered her vanity if it did

not precisely touch her heart. His voice changed when he addressed her ; he was evidently anxious to interest her ; and he succeeded, though perhaps not quite after the fashion in which he had intended to succeed. For the rest, he did not hesitate to put direct questions to her about her tastes and ambitions, nor was he at all lenient in his criticisms on her replies.

"Oh, but you can't live simply for amusement," he said, in answer to one of her remarks, "nobody can do that. Some men—that is, if they have large properties or keep racing stables or something of that kind—may make their amusements a sort of substitute for work ; but I don't see how women can. You would never be able to persuade yourself that it was your sole mission in life to attend balls and dinners and evening parties."

"What should you think was my mission in life, Mr. Brett ?" inquired Marcia, turning her large dark eyes upon her neighbour.

"The same as that of other women, I imagine. If you marry—as you certainly will—it will be your mission to be a good wife and mother. Which implies a good many hours of daily work."

"I suppose so," returned Marcia, with a grimace. "The moral of that seems to be that I had better amuse myself while I can."

The man was doubtless a prig, possibly also a little impertinent ; yet he impressed her. His style of making love (for that he meant to make love was obvious) was at all events original and very unlike that adopted by her other admirers. Of other admirers Miss Marcia very soon had quite as many as she could manage. Some of them were apparently serious, others were doubtful ; but all were welcome ; and she was the more kind and encouraging with them when she discovered that Mr. Brett strongly disapproved of the levity of her conduct. After the evening of the dinner party in Grosvenor Place she was continually meeting Mr. Brett, who went into society that season more than he had ever done before, and she knew that he did this for the sake of meeting her ; and he had a way of glancing at her severely and drawing in his lips, when she passed him on the arm of some gay youth or other, which afforded her much gratification.

"You make that poor man waste a great deal of valuable time," Laura (who was not herself overburdened with admirers, and consequently had leisure to observe the proceedings of others) told her. To which she replied that she was innocent of any wish to draw Mr. Brett away from his professional labours.

Nevertheless, it pleased her to think that he was wasting his time for her sake, and she was glad to know that he was jealous of her, nor did she object to the little lectures which he saw fit to administer to her from time to time.

"Does the conversation of these young swells interest you, Miss Thompson?" he asked her one evening, "or do you only look as if it interested you by way of increasing your popularity?"

"All sorts of people interest me," she answered. "I don't think I care particularly what they say, so long as they do their best to be pleasant. You never try to be pleasant, do you?"

"Oh, yes, I try to be pleasant to the people whom I don't care about; with the others I try to be honest."

"That is very flattering to me; because, from the general style of your observations, I suppose there can be no doubt that you class me amongst 'the others.' Honestly speaking, you consider me a very frivolous sort of young woman, don't you?"

"Not yet," he answered, in his quiet, deliberate way. "But I should say that there was some danger of your becoming so. It seems to me that you care a little too much for admiration and not quite enough whose admiration it may be. That is the nature of most women; but I hope it is not your nature—and I don't think it is."

"What is my nature, Mr. Brett?" Marcia inquired; and, as she spoke, she turned her face towards his with an expression of candid curiosity.

"Well," he said, "you have strong affections."

Marcia nodded. "Quite right, so far. Go on, please."

"You are not exactly vain; but you are extremely anxious to be liked or thought well of by everybody, and that often leads you into saying things which you don't really mean. I shouldn't wonder if it sometimes led you into doing things of which you don't really approve. You are rather deficient in moral courage, and you have not much self-confidence. Your instincts are certainly good; still it is doubtful whether you will follow them, because you will always be under the influence of those with whom you may happen to associate."

"You are like those tiresome people who grab one's hand after dinner and pretend to decipher one's character from studying the lines on one's palm," remarked Marcia.

"Have I deciphered it successfully?"

"Oh, yes, I dare say you have. Let me see; I am vain,

insincere, rather cowardly, and miserably weak. Yes ; I should think that was all right. Any more compliments?"

"I didn't know that you wished for compliments," said Mr. Brett, with a grave smile.

"Yet you appear to have discovered that there is nothing in the world that I value more."

"I can pay you compliments without turning aside from the path of strict honesty. I can tell you—only I am sure you are aware of it—that you have a fascination for which there is no name that I know of, but which will suffice to bring any man or any number of men to your feet just as often as you choose to exercise it. I can tell you that you are already very powerful, and that you may travel a long way before you reach the limits of your powers. Then, of course, I can tell you, if you care to hear it, that you have eclipsed all the ladies who are called beauties to-night."

Marcia coloured with pleasure. Of such speeches as that she felt that she could never have too many. But perhaps Mr. Brett thought that he had now been complimentary enough ; for he added :

"The risk is that you may be spoilt by all this adulation. You may think flirtation so delightful and so amusing that it isn't worth your while to aim at anything else than reducing that art to perfection. If you do that, you will drive away the only people whose—er—friendship is worth having."

"Meaning your own—er—friendship?" inquired Marcia, with a very fair mimicry of his intonation.

"I won't say that," Mr. Brett replied ; "I don't give or withdraw my friendship lightly. But I confess that I shall be grievously disappointed if you turn out a hard-hearted flirt, like most of the girls whom one meets. I hope better things of you."

Marcia laughed and cut short the colloquy by signalling to one of her partners, who had been hovering in the offing for the last minute or so. There are certain accusations which have never given offence to any woman since the world began. It is wrong to be a hard-hearted flirt ; but it is not disagreeable to be stigmatized in that way by persons who are incapable of forming a just judgment and whose incapacity is due to circumstances for which allowance may easily be made. At least, Mr. Brett could not say that she had flirted with him.

Nevertheless, other people said so ; for this is a censorious world, and nobody will ever know how good we really all are

and how little we intend to work mischief until we learn to judge of our neighbours by ourselves—which is a very hard lesson to learn. Laura Beaumont, for instance, told her friend in so many words that she was behaving abominably.

"It isn't fair, Marcia," said she. "I don't complain of your amusing yourself with these young men, who very likely are only amusing themselves with you; but you know quite well that Mr. Brett is in earnest, and, unless you are in earnest too, you have no business to go on like this."

"Like what?" inquired Marcia, with an air of innocent amazement.

"You ought not to make him think that you are purposely teasing him, and that you care for him in reality a great deal more than you care for anybody else."

"I do hope that he is not so disgustingly conceited as to think any such thing!" Marcia declared.

"I don't know about the conceit; I know that is what I should think if I were in his place. It stands to reason that you wouldn't sit out two or three dances in succession with him, if you didn't either care for him or wish to make him believe that you did."

Marcia put her head on one side and considered this point for a short space of time before she answered:

"Well, I like him, you know. He is different from other men; he scolds me instead of flattering me, and when he is in a good humour he is really rather nice. I don't see why I am bound to refuse his friendship."

"But perhaps he hasn't offered you that?" suggested Laura.

"He has, though. At least, he kindly gave me to understand that I possessed it, and that I might possibly lose it if I didn't amend my ways."

"Oh, he has got as far as that, has he? Well, one knows the true name of such friendship. Perhaps, after all, you won't lose it."

"I am sure I shall not deserve to lose it," Marcia replied demurely.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the above conversation had little influence, one way or the other, upon a young woman whose actions were guided rather by her heart than by her head, and who was disposed to regard the affection of her fellow-creatures as her prerogative. Marcia was a good deal more impressed by some remarks which fell from her hostess a few

days later. Good-natured Mrs. Beaumont, who had already married several daughters successfully, and expected to marry the youngest of them without much difficulty in the course of that season or the next, was, for the time being, greatly interested in the orphan who had been committed to her charge. What with her face and her fortune, Marcia ought, she thought, to make a good match, and, although Mr. Brett might fairly be counted eligible, he had certain blemishes to which it seemed only right to call the attention of the inexperienced. She therefore felt it to be her duty to say to Marcia :

"My dear, I have noticed that you see a great deal of that Mr. Brett, and he is always calling here now, instead of leaving a card at the door, like other people. I have nothing in the world to say against him ; only—he isn't very young, and I should think he might be a little bit exacting. I see that you don't like my speaking so plainly ; but the fact is that a word in season often prevents subsequent unpleasantness, and perhaps you will forgive me when you remember that just at present I am standing in the place of your mother."

"What do you wish me to say, Mrs. Beaumont?" asked Marcia, after a moment of hesitation.

Mrs. Beaumont laughed. "Not very much," she answered. "I only wished to consult you as to whether I had not better tell them to say 'not at home,' the next time that Mr. Brett calls."

"Of course you can do just what you choose in your own house, Mrs. Beaumont," said Marcia.

"Quite so, my dear ; but this time it is a question of what *you* may choose. I don't think that, if I were you, I should choose Mr. Brett. I believe he is pretty well off, and he is certainly clever and his character is all that it ought to be ; still he is too old for you and rather too solemn, according to my notions. Fortunately, he is man of the world enough to take a hint, and probably a very delicate one will suffice to prevent him from troubling you any more."

Mrs. Beaumont would not have said that if she had understood her *protégée* better. Marcia was quite certain that she was not in love with Mr. Brett ; but she was equally certain that it would be painful to her to dismiss him, and she never, if she could possibly help it, gave herself pain. So she said :

"I wouldn't for the world drive any one away from such a pleasant house as this, Mrs. Beaumont. There really is nothing

between me and Mr. Brett—nothing at all! I hope you won't snub him on my account."

Mrs. Beaumont laughed again and replied, "Very well, my dear." No girl could be expected to proclaim her sentiments more distinctly, and if Miss Thompson liked middle-aged lawyers that, after all, was Miss Thompson's affair. No objection was likely to be raised against this particular lawyer by Miss Thompson's guardians.

Thus it came to pass that, without any special exertion on his own part, Mr. Brett attained to the position of a recognized suitor.

CHAPTER II.

TWO ENGAGEMENTS.

Success in life is perhaps more often achieved by those who start without advantages than by those who, being favourably handicapped, have leisure to ask themselves whether the game is worth the candle. At all events, the men who know that they have only their own talents and industry to rely upon are likely, if they have any ambition, to exert these to the utmost; and it was doubtless, because he had done so, that Eustace Brett had risen, at a comparatively early age, to the front rank in his profession. The son of a provincial banker, he had declined to join his elder brother George in carrying on the paternal avocations, and had been thought foolish for throwing away such a chance. Possibly he had been foolish, for his brother had become a London banker and a rich man; yet he had attained to such eminence in the calling of his choice that his brother, like the rest of the world, respected him, and at the time with which we are now concerned he was making a large annual income. He was, in truth, rather industrious than talented, although experience had enabled him to acquire a knowledge of human nature which stood him in good stead. He believed himself to be an excellent judge of character, as indeed he was, within certain limits. No man can be a judge of what he has not seen, and there are many phases of human nature of which this distinguished lawyer was necessarily ignorant. However, he did not know that, and he would have had to be a much-larger-minded man than he was to have even surmised it. He was in all things thoroughly honest and conscientious; he had,

while still young, faced the religious difficulties which honest and conscientious men pretty generally have to face, and had obtained answers which had seemed to him satisfactory from teachers of the Evangelical school ; he was now (after passing through this mild form of a common disease) quite at rest in his mind with regard to the problems of a present and future life ; he went twice to church on Sundays and gave away a fair proportion of his professional gains in charity. Evidently, the proper course marked out for him was to persevere in well-doing until he obtained the legal prize which was his due—to marry some worthy and submissive woman, to die in an honoured old age, and eventually to be deposited in Kensal Green beneath a sufficiently imposing weight of marble.

But Fate, which laughs at the oldest and gravest of us, had decreed that Mr. Eustace Brett should make himself ridiculous by falling over head and ears in love with a school-girl ; and, as he had never been in love before (possibly he had never had the time), his love was as serious and earnest as everything else about him. He did not think himself ridiculous for loving Marcia Thompson, although he had at the outset great doubts as to whether she would be a suitable wife for him. These doubts were overcome when he had seen more of her, because her conversation convinced him that she had a yielding and affectionate nature ; but, even if he had not reached that happy conviction, it would have made no difference, for he loved her, and it would have been as impossible to him as to any other mortal to resign his hopes of winning her from considerations of prudence. Now his hopes of winning her were tolerably strong. It may be that, having hitherto obtained everything upon which he had set his heart, he was a trifle more self-reliant than a modest man should have been ; yet he was not wrong when he said to himself that she displayed an encouraging willingness to defer to his wishes. She was very young ; she liked dancing and flattery and admiration, but she was discriminating enough to distinguish between true gold and mere gilding ; added to which, she could, if she had chosen to do so, very easily have dismissed a suitor who wearied her. Such was Mr. Brett's analysis of Marcia's character, and, although it was not quite accurate, it did not lack plausibility.

During this period of his life, Eustace Brett managed to get on with an extraordinarily small allowance of sleep. Work had to be done ; but then also balls had to be attended, and naturally there was nothing for it but to take pleasure first and work

afterwards—which is not to be recommended as a system. He consoled himself with the reflection that it was only temporary. A married man who has professional duties to discharge cannot be expected to go to balls, and a married woman should have other ambitions than that of shining in society. He did his love-making in a quiet, steady, methodical way. He was aware that his age was a little against him and that he had not a face which could be counted upon to captivate a young girl's fancy ; but he aspired to reach Marcia's heart through her reason, which was, no doubt, somewhat absurd, and yet was perhaps his best chance.

In obedience to the instructions which she had received, or imagined that she had received, Mrs. Beaumont gave orders that he was to be admitted whenever he called ; and very soon it came to be an understood thing that he might be expected every Sunday afternoon. Possibly that was why Mrs. and Miss Beaumont, being both of them kind-hearted people, happened to go out one Sunday afternoon, and were thoughtful enough to tell the butler that, if Mr. Brett should call, he was to be shown into the drawing-room, where Miss Thompson might entertain him until their return. However that may be, Mr. Brett did call at his accustomed hour, and was at once ushered into the presence of Marcia, who held out her hand to him, without rising from the arm-chair in which she was reclining, and said :

“ I was wondering whether you would put in an appearance to-day. I am so glad you have, because they have left me all alone, and I don't know what to do with myself.”

Mr. Brett was somewhat given to the use of long and ceremonious phrases. He replied, “ I am doubly fortunate in finding you alone, and of being the humble means of providing you with some relief from the monotony of your own company. At the same time,” he added gallantly, “ it is difficult for me to understand how your company could possibly be monotonous.”

“ You wouldn't,” observed Marcia, “ have the slightest difficulty in understanding it if you lived with me.”

“ I should be glad,” answered Mr. Brett, “ to be allowed an opportunity of deciding that point by the test of experience ; meanwhile, I venture respectfully to dispute it.”

Marcia thought that in any case it would not take her very long to grow weary of so long-winded a companion, and it will be admitted that she had some reason for her belief. He was

always wearisome and heavy when the conversation took that turn, and perhaps he was not without a glimmering of the truth, for he hastened to change it.

"You look tired, Miss Thompson," he remarked. "Are you beginning to find out that a London season is not only a very fatiguing, but a very monotonous thing?"

"I don't think I am," answered Marcia musingly; "but it isn't quite such fun as I thought it would be. If other people enjoyed it, it would be pleasant enough; the unfortunate thing is that most of them seem to be too stupid to enjoy it."

"On behalf of the stupid majority," said Mr. Brett, "I beg to assure you that we are less stupid than you think us. We enjoy society under certain conditions; that is, when it enables us to meet certain individuals."

"Oh, I wasn't thinking of *you*!" returned Marcia, not over-civilly.

"No; but I was thinking of you. I am hardly what can be called a society man, but I have liked going into society this year for a reason which you can easily guess." And, as Marcia laughed without replying, he resumed presently: "I don't say that I should like it for two years in succession, because my spare time is so limited. I am glad to think that you also have found one season of perpetual racket enough to satisfy you."

"But indeed I haven't," Marcia declared. "I should like to have any number of seasons of perpetual racket. I am not like you, you see—my spare time is unlimited."

"Well, at present perhaps it is; but it will not always be so. Miss Thompson, I know you will not be surprised when I tell you that I love you, and that my dearest wish is to call you my wife. You must have seen that for a long time past; and what gives me some hope is that you have never discouraged me. I am not a very young man; but perhaps it is better to be loved by a man who has passed the age of change; and this, I think, I may say for myself, that if you will intrust your future happiness to me you will not regret it."

Marcia was considerably taken aback. She had not expected Mr. Brett to make his offer so soon, nor, indeed, had he contemplated doing so when he entered the house. He now sat, with dispassionate calm, awaiting her reply, which, when it came, was a somewhat ambiguous one.

"But, Mr. Brett," she said, "have you considered what you

are doing? I—I don't think I am at all a domestic sort of person."

He answered, smiling, "My dear Miss Thompson, you can't very well know yet what your tastes are. I may be permitted to doubt whether the kind of life that you have been leading lately would not very soon pall upon you. But pray don't think that I should ever wish to exclude you from the society of your friends. I should be very well content to leave the question of excessive gaiety to be decided by circumstances and by your own good sense."

"And if I were to decide in favour of the excessive gaiety?"

"I don't think you would; but I am willing to take the risk. I am willing, in fact, to take any and every risk. Now can you accept me?"

She really did not think that she could. She did not love him, yet she was curiously reluctant to dismiss him, and she knew instinctively that he was not the kind of man to give her a chance of reconsidering her refusal. What she would have preferred would have been to keep him hanging on for a little longer; so at length she said, "I can't feel sure that we care enough for one another, Mr. Brett."

"You may feel sure, so far as I am concerned," he answered quickly. "I know I have not been an impassioned lover; it is not my way to be impassioned. But the simple truth is, that I have never loved any one but you, and never shall love any one else. As for your feelings, I don't ask or expect that they should be very warm towards me just now; I only hope that they may become so; and I believe that they will, if absolute devotion on my part can make them so."

Marcia gazed out through the open window across the blaze of flowers in the balcony, and hesitated. What was there about this grave, pedantic man that attracted her? Why had she in the course of the last week refused two offers of marriage from men who were younger, probably richer and certainly more attractive in the general acceptance of the term? She could not answer these questions, although the answer was not such a very difficult one to discover. She was drawn towards Eustace Brett, in the first place, because she did not quite understand him; in the second, because she was a little afraid of him; and in the third, because she was not a little proud of having captured him.

"You know what I am," she began, after a long pause.

"I believe I do pretty well," he answered smilingly.

"Well, if you will take me for what I am—but Mrs. Beaumont says you are very exacting."

"I do not think that you will find me that."

"Then, if you are sure you will never expect me to be what I am not——"

The next moment Eustace Brett's thin lips were pressed upon Marcia's forehead, and the moment after that she regretted her precipitancy. She had done a foolish thing, and she was frightened and would have liked to draw back, only she had not the requisite courage. Yet it is not improbable that she would have made her condition of mind apparent to him, and that he would have granted her her release—for, in spite of his solemnity and priggishness, he was neither an ungenerous man nor a fool—if at this moment Mrs. and Miss Beaumont had not appeared upon the scene. Their entrance, of course, put an end to the interview, and after a few minutes Mr. Brett got up and took his leave.

Scarcely had he quitted the room when Mrs. Beaumont, who was looking happy and excited, announced that she was the bearer of a piece of news, which she was sure that dear Marcia would be glad to hear. This was nothing less than that Lord Wetherby had proposed to Laura that afternoon and had been accepted.

"A complete surprise to me," Mrs. Beaumont declared, "though I dare say it may not be so to you."

But it was a very great surprise to Marcia, and somehow or other it was not quite as pleasant a one as it should have been. This Lord Wetherby, who was one of the frequenters of the house in Grosvenor Place, but who had never, so far as Marcia's observations had gone, been specially attentive to Laura, was in all respects an excellent match. He was young, he was rich, he was by no means bad-looking and his temper was as good as his manners. Now, Laura was doubtless thoroughly worthy of any matrimonial prize; still it was a little bit astonishing to hear that she had secured one, and Marcia could not repress a sharp pang of jealousy, together with a sense of personal humiliation. As for making known her own engagement, she felt that, for the moment, it would be impossible to do that. What was her distinguished, but mature and plebeian lawyer in comparison with this unexceptionable young noble-

man? To proclaim her destiny, after hearing what Laura's was to be, would be a descent to positive bathos.

All these thoughts passed rapidly through her mind, but were not legible upon her face, because she had promptly cast herself into the arms of her friend; and by the time that the embracings were over she had recovered her outward serenity sufficiently to resume her seat smilingly, and beg to be told all about it. But, although her request was complied with, it may be doubted whether she heard very much of the triumphant pæan which good Mrs. Beaumont proceeded to sing. Not until late that night could she make up her mind to confide to Laura that she also was about to become a bride, and the warmth with which she was congratulated seemed to her to be a trifle excessive.

"I am so very glad!" Laura exclaimed. "I was sure you cared for him, though you wouldn't admit it."

"Were you?" returned Marcia. "Then you knew more than I did. More than I know even now perhaps," she added, with a smile and a sigh.

"But then, my dear Marcia, why in the world——"

"Ah, exactly! that's just what I can't tell you. Well, he seems inclined to let me have my own way, which is some comfort. He said he was prepared to take any risk."

"I hope you won't accept that too literally," said Laura gravely.

"Oh, I warned him that I was not a domestic person. I dare say I shall go to more balls than he will care about; but then of course it will always be open to him to stay at home."

Laura shook her head, for this did not sound to her like a very hopeful beginning; but her mother, to whom she subsequently reported Marcia's remarks, laughed and did not seem to think much of them.

"Marcia is a good girl and will settle down into a good wife," the experienced matron said. "I am rather sorry that she is going to marry a man so much older than herself; but, after all, it is her own choice, and he will certainly be kind to her. I should think he was just—and even generous, in his way."

In the way of money, at all events, Mr. Brett proved himself to be generous; for he insisted that Marcia's fortune should be settled upon herself; and this gave her guardians a good opinion of him. The guardians, indeed, thought that the girl had done quite as well for herself as could be expected. They

were not sorry to be relieved of their responsibilities ; they considered that she had shown a discretion beyond her years in selecting a husband of established reputation and unblemished character, and they gladly fell in with Mrs. Beaumont's suggestion that the wedding ceremony should be solemnized at the same time and place as that of her daughter and Lord Wetherby. Marcia herself, after the first moment of repentance which has been mentioned, was disposed to acquiesce in her lot. She really liked her betrothed, who was not always as tedious as he has appeared in the last few pages ; he gave her some beautiful presents, he deferred to all her wishes and seemed sincerely anxious to make her happy. Evidently his love was of a practical rather than of a demonstrative kind ; but perhaps, under all the circumstances, that was hardly a matter for regret.

So Marcia's first London season, which was also to be her last as a spinster, passed away, and on the eve of the day appointed for the double wedding the two girls renewed the vow of eternal friendship which they had exchanged at school, promising that in the future, as in the past, they would tell one another everything.

"Not that you will have much to tell," Marcia remarked. "You adore Lord Wetherby, who adores you, and you will just go on like that until one of you dies. You will be perfectly happy, and do you think you will ever be a little dull? No ; I suppose not."

"I hope not," answered Laura, "and I hope you will be as happy as we shall."

"Oh, there's no telling. I may have a dull life or I may have a merry one ; the doubt is what consoles me. Nowadays when people start for India or Australia they simply take their passage as if they were getting into a railway carriage. It is safe and comfortable ; but it isn't interesting. In old times, before they undertook such a voyage, they made their wills and took leave of their friends, and there was no certainty at all that they would ever reach their destination. All sorts of exciting adventures might happen to them. They might be wrecked or captured by pirates, or fifty things. Now, that is the sort of voyage that I am about to set out upon."

"I think I prefer the safety and comfort to the excitement," said Laura.

"Well, I don't think I do. That is the difference between you and me, my dear."

CHAPTER III.

TEN YEARS LATER.

It is always the unexpected, we are told, which comes to pass ; but perhaps, if this be the case, it is less by reason of the numerous accidents of life than because so few of us have insight or foresight enough to discern probabilities. It was not, for instance, really probable that Marcia's career as the wife of Eustace Brett would be marked by any startling or exciting incidents, although she herself half hoped, half feared, that it would be, and although an unconcerned bystander might very well have thought the conditions favourable for the development of a domestic drama. Here was a husband no longer young, sedate beyond his years and immersed in work during the greater part of the day and night ; here was a wife utterly without experience, eager for admiration and possessed of a face and form which were pretty certain to provoke it ; better materials for the construction of the time-honoured tragi-comedy could not be desired. But, as a matter of fact, nothing of the sort was enacted. What happened was what more often than not does happen when such a man marries such a woman. They were not happy together, nor were they particularly unhappy ; he yielded a little and she yielded a little ; they did not quarrel, but they soon became hopelessly estranged, because they had not a single interest in common, and because the deep affection which he had for her was not evidenced in the only way that she could have understood. Of the two he was doubtless the more unhappy ; for he loved his wife, and by the end of a year he had reached the conviction that she did not love him and never would. At the same time, it is only fair to her to say that he had grievously disappointed her, and that he was in a great measure to blame for that. She had imagined him a masterful man, and if he had shown himself masterful and had also been a little less sparing of small endearments, he might possibly have made a conquest of her. But he did not do so. He allowed her to have her own way, while often expressing disapproval of it ; he neither issued commands nor asked favours ; and so they gradually drifted apart until a gulf opened between them which was all the more impassable because neither of them quite realized its width.

Marcia sought consolation in society ; and it must be admitted

that she sought it pretty successfully. She became very popular ; she entertained a good deal, at first on a small scale, afterwards, as her acquaintance increased, more extensively ; her beauty developed as she grew older, and she soon acquired the tone and habits of a fashionable woman. Her admirers were many in number ; but they were such admirers as husbands do not commonly object to, and if Mr. Brett objected to any of them, he refrained from saying so. To some of her lady friends he did object, but that was in early days. When she had gained a little experience, she found that there were certain houses in which it was as well that she should not be thought to be upon a footing of intimacy, and she wisely avoided those houses. The beautiful Mrs. Brett was commended for her discretion, and indeed it was very necessary that she should be discreet, for her husband rarely accompanied her into the gay world, the press of his avocations rendering it impossible for him to do so.

He, like Marcia, had to seek for consolation somewhere, and he found it in unremitting labour. Thus he filled up his time and had no leisure for despondency, and made large sums of money, which were spent as soon as made ; for he had a big house in Portland Place, and his wife's parties were expensive. In one sense he may have been wise ; in another he was fatally foolish ; for a system of all work and no play often has results more disastrous than that of mere dulness. The result in poor Mr. Brett's case was a total nervous break-down, accompanied by an illness which for some weeks threatened to end his life. He pulled through ; but he rose from his bed a changed and aged man. The doctors enjoined a long period of absolute rest ; so that for six months the house in Portland Place was closed, while its owners wandered through Southern France and Italy. It was a sad journey for them both. They were thrown together more than they had ever been since their marriage, and their lack of mutual sympathy necessarily became accentuated. Eustace Brett, who had never learnt how to amuse himself and was too old to learn by that time, was bored to death. He gradually recovered his health to some extent, but he was often suffering, sometimes peevish, and always longing for the unwholesome atmosphere of the law courts. As for Marcia, she would have been miserable enough, but for the companionship of her only child, a bright-faced boy, whom she adored. She could not be unhappy while she had Willie with her ; and who knows from what perils and temptations and evil thoughts and

foolish actions that little black-eyed mortal may not have saved her? Never, surely, since the world began was there such a dear, good boy! That, at all events, was his mother's opinion, and indeed she might be pardoned for holding it. He was a sturdy little man, and sometimes he got into mischief, like other children; but he was as brave as a lion, and he told no lies, and he loved his beautiful mother with all his heart. On the other hand, he had no great affection for his father, who alarmed him and did not know what to say to him.

Eustace Brett returned joyfully to London and work; but his joy was of brief duration. A very short time sufficed to make it manifest to him that the ambitious dreams which had been nearer to his heart than he had supposed must be laid aside at once and for ever. A competent authority told him as much in plain words.

"Of course, Mr. Brett," said his doctor, "you can kill yourself if you choose; you will easily accomplish that in about a year, I should think. But you cannot go on as you are doing now and live. I am far from saying that you are not to use your brain in moderation; only you have overtaxed it, and it will not serve you in the future as it has served you in the past."

The unfortunate man bowed to a decision which his own sensations confirmed, and went away with a heavy heart. What was to become of him? He had secret hopes of a judgeship; but for various reasons these hopes were not realized, and one morning he announced to his wife, in his usual deliberate, unimpassioned voice, that he had been offered the appointment of a London Police-magistrate, and had accepted the offer. From every point of view, it was a melancholy descent. Marcia had long ceased to take a lively interest in her husband's fame and fortunes, although she had always imagined that he would eventually become one of the Law-officers of the Crown; but what appealed to her feelings far more than the abandonment of this prospect was the necessity which was now explained to her that they should greatly reduce their style of living. Between them, she and her husband would henceforth be able to make up something over £3000 a year, which certainly cannot be called poverty; still everything is relative, and they had been accustomed to expend every penny of a much larger income. When Marcia removed herself and her knickknacks from Portland Place to Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park, her sensations were akin to those which a patriotic emigrant may be supposed to experience

on bidding his native land good-night. She could not believe that anybody "in society" could dwell in the Regent's Park, and that small section of the society of London into which she had found her way seemed to her to be the only society worth living in. Of course she was mistaken, because there are plenty of charming people quite outside the fashionable world ; yet her mistake was not unnatural, for when all has been said against it that can be said (and that is a good deal), the smart society of London remains, upon the whole, the pleasantest, the best-bred, and the easiest society in the modern civilized world. Marcia, who, like many of its members, did not belong to it by right of birth, had assimilated its habits, and the thought of severing herself from it caused her to shed some bitter tears.

Yet the new manner of life did not prove to be so unlike the old one as she had feared that it would be. She was too popular to be allowed to drop out of sight, and her change of address caused no sensible diminution in the number of daily invitations which she received. It was her husband who was forgotten, and whose existence was not always recognized upon the invitation cards. For that matter, he seemed very willing to be forgotten, and even when he was asked to dinner, he generally requested his wife to send an excuse on his behalf.

One evening, some ten years after her marriage, Marcia was going out to dine without Mr. Brett, who had, as usual, declined to accompany her. She was bound for the house of her old friend Lady Wetherby, and she looked forward to a pleasant evening, because Lady Wetherby gave nice little dinners, and always took some pains in assorting her guests. In Lady Wetherby's case the unexpected had not occurred. She was a happy, prosperous woman ; she and her husband were the best of friends ; she had two children, a boy and a girl ; she discharged her social duties with ease and success, and she was interested in many charitable undertakings. Whether she and Marcia had adhered strictly to their engagement that they would tell one another everything may be doubted—after a certain age, one perceives the difficulty of carrying out such pledges,—but their friendship had stood the test of time, and when Mrs. Brett was attacked (for, indeed Mrs. Brett was far too handsome to escape attack), it was not in the presence of Lady Wetherby that any one ventured to make insinuations against her. It was a somewhat stout and matronly personage who embraced Marcia on her arrival in St. George's Place, and made some perfunctory

inquiries about the health of the absent Police-magistrate : Lady Wetherby, like other people, had learnt to regard Mr. Brett as more or less of a cypher. About a dozen guests were assembled in her pretty, dimly-lighted drawing-room, and with most of these Marcia was already acquainted. She did not, however, remember to have met before a young man whom her hostess presently led up to her and introduced as Mr. Archdale.

"Mr. Archdale tells me that he hasn't the pleasure of knowing you," Lady Wetherby said ; "but you must know him very well by name."

"*The* Mr. Archdale?" inquired Marcia, with a smile, after bowing to the stranger.

"Oh, I suppose so," he replied, shrugging his shoulders and laughing. "At least, I am the man who paints the careful little pictures—which is probably what you mean."

"I am not an art critic," said Marcia ; "but I like your pictures better than anybody else's, and if they are carefully painted, isn't that an additional merit?"

"Oh, they are carefully painted," answered the young man. "I take a lot of time and trouble about them ; but people who are said to be judges tell me that they aren't first-rate, and I can well believe it. However, they have brought me fame and money ; so that I ought to be contented. In point of fact I *am* contented."

He certainly looked so. His perfectly chiselled features, his sleepy blue eyes, with their long dark lashes, the pose of his small head, the smile that perpetually hovered about his lips and the slight drawl with which he spoke—all expressed a lazy satisfaction with the world into which he had been born, and which in truth had so far brought him a great deal more happiness than discomfort. He wore a short peaked beard and a moustache which was twisted upwards ; his crisp, curly brown hair was cut close, and his clothes fitted him very nicely. Evidently he was a bit of a dandy as well as a celebrated artist. Marcia at once took a fancy to him—she was not peculiar in that respect—and was glad when he told her that he had received instructions to conduct her to the dining-room.

"And now," said she, by way of opening the conversation, after they had taken their places at the table, "I want you to improve my mind a little with regard to art. It isn't every day that I get the chance of sitting beside a genius."

"If you will promise not to betray me, Mrs. Brett," he replied,

"I will confess to you that you haven't that privilege to-night. I can draw pretty well, and I know something about colour : more can't be said for me. It is true that the public and the newspapers say a good deal more, but that is only because they know no better."

"Is that the modesty of true greatness or only an unworthy attempt to extract compliments?" asked Marcia.

"It's neither, it's the unvarnished truth. I'm afraid I can't say anything that is likely to improve your mind, because my own is of the earth, earthy. I love everything beautiful"—here he suddenly raised his eyes for a moment to his neighbour's face—"and I suppose that is why I am a painter, but when my brother-artists begin to talk transcendentalism, I'm out of it. I simply don't know what they mean—I don't feel that I have any high mission ; I don't want to elevate the human race ; the human race in its present imperfect condition is good enough for the likes of me. As far as I know myself, I want nothing except to have a good time while I can. Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Marcia assumed that he did not quite mean what he said ; yet his sentiments did not fail to find an echo in her own heart, and indeed he was so handsome that he might have said far worse things without shocking her. She, too, loved beauty ; she, too, had a very great desire to enjoy herself ; and although she went to church regularly and accepted the doctrines of Christianity in a theoretical sort of way, she was far from thinking the world as bad a place as some Christians would have us believe it. She and her companion had a long talk about art, in the course of which they contrived to say many things altogether irrelevant to their subject, and to become very well acquainted with one another. When the ladies left the room, and Lady Wetherby asked her how she had got on with her partner, she answered :

"I think he is quite charming. He isn't a bit conceited or shoppy, and he seems to like all the things that I like."

"I wouldn't answer for his not being conceited," returned Lady Wetherby, laughing ; "but he doesn't appear to be shoppy, and I can quite understand that your tastes agree. He is coming to stay with us in the country later on. Wetherby has given him an order to paint some panels for us, and I daresay he will take a long time about it ; for he is a very idle youth, notwithstanding his cleverness."

"Is he well off?" Marcia asked.

"Well, yes, I believe he has a little money ; and, of course, now that he is the fashion, he gets long prices for his pictures. For his own sake it is unfortunate that he isn't obliged to work harder."

"But for the sake of other people it is fortunate that he sometimes has time to dine with his friends," observed Marcia. And she thought she would like to ask this interesting young artist, who so little resembled other artists, to dine in Cornwall Terrace.

However, she could not do that without leave ; for her husband, who was becoming more and more of a recluse, detested strange faces. Besides, Mr. Archdale disappointed her a little by making no effort to join her when he appeared with the other men. She noticed that while ostensibly conversing with the two ladies behind whose chairs he had seated himself, he was surreptitiously sketching something or somebody upon his shirt-sleeve, and when at length the groups broke up and he slowly approached her, she said—

"If it isn't an impertinent request, might I look at your cuff, Mr. Archdale ?"

"Oh, certainly," he answered, laughing ; "but I have made a mess of it. I daresay you won't guess whose profile this is meant to represent."

She had not, however, any difficulty in recognizing the subject of the outline submitted to her, and in truth the portrait was not an unflattering one. "I should be very ungrateful if I complained of that," she remarked, smilingly. "Is it a habit of yours to amuse yourself in this way when you dine out ?"

He shook his head.

"Too dangerous," he answered. "Still once in a while I venture to run the risk, because there are chances which one would never forgive oneself for losing. You see, Mrs. Brett, for anything that I know, this first meeting of ours may be our last."

"Oh, I hope not," said Marcia, in her friendly way—and it was this friendly way of hers which had won her such a number of friends. "In London one can generally meet people whom one wants to meet, I think. Besides, if you care to call upon me, I shall be very glad to see you any Wednesday afternoon, when I am always at home."

She gave him her address, which he wrote down upon his shirt-cuff, beneath her portrait, and soon after that she went away. Archdale, who was upon a footing of intimacy with his

host and hostess, lingered until the other guests had departed, when he said—

“Your friend is simply divine! Who in the world is she?”

“Oh, she is human enough,” answered Lord Wetherby, with a laugh. “She is the wife of the beak, and she is about the most confirmed flirt that I know; and if I were you, my young friend, I wouldn’t attempt to captivate her, because that is a little game at which she can give you points and a beating.”

“Don’t believe him, Mr. Archdale,” struck in Lady Wetherby, “he knows nothing at all about it. Marcia Brett, who is one of my oldest friends, is no more a flirt than I am. It isn’t her fault that her cantankerous old husband chooses to shut himself up, and it isn’t her fault that she is beautiful, or that men who ought to know better fall in love with her. I hope you are not going to be so silly, Mr. Archdale. If you are, and if you imagine that she will ever care a straw about you, you will be disappointed, I am afraid.”

“My dear Lady Wetherby,” replied the young artist, “the mischief is already done; I am desperately in love with her. Oh, you needn’t look so shocked; there’s nothing wrong about it; my love is purely platonic, and I haven’t the slightest hope of its being returned. All the same, I hope the beak isn’t a jealous husband.”

Lady Wetherby did not smile. She knew that this young man, whose familiarity her good-natured husband had encouraged to an extent of which she did not entirely approve, had the reputation of being a lady-killer, and she also knew that Marcia, if not a flirt, was not always so circumspect as her friends could have wished her to be.

“I don’t think Mr. Brett is jealous,” she said coldly. “At any rate, I am sure that he has no reason to be so.”

Lord Wetherby stuck his hands in his pockets and walked up and down the room, whistling softly.

“Come and smoke a cigar before you go, Archdale,” said he. “Laura is such a good woman herself that she thinks other women must be like her. They ain’t, though.”

CHAPTER IV.

MARCIA’S SON.

Lord Wetherby was perhaps a little unfair in describing Marcia Brett as a flirt; yet he was not alone in holding that

opinion of her. Of course all depends upon the meaning which may be attached to the word "flirtation;" but a pretty woman who prefers the society of the other sex to that of her own can hardly expect to escape censure, and Marcia had not escaped it, in spite of her discretion. It may be that she had been discreet for the simple reason that no man had as yet succeeded in touching her heart; but several had made the attempt, and with a great many she had had periods of close intimacy. She frankly confessed that she liked men, and that she did not, as a general rule, like women. Of the latter, some had scandalised her, some had deceived her, while almost all had made her acquainted with the little spites and meannesses which are too apt to disfigure feminine nature. "With men," she was wont to say, "you know at least where you are. They can't deceive you, and they very seldom try. But I have never yet met a woman, except Laura Wetherby, of whom I should dare to make a friend."

With ladies, therefore, experience had taught her to be upon her guard; but in other respects she was little changed at the age of twenty-eight from what she had been at eighteen. She had the same warm affections, the same intense longing to be loved, or at all events liked, the same youthful capacity for enjoying herself. And what change there was in her appearance was (as she perceived with joy from a daily and careful study of her features in the looking-glass), rather in the nature of an improvement. She had had some troubles and anxieties; but these had passed away without leaving any of the indelible traces by which the countenances of nervous persons are so often scored; she certainly did not look her age, and there seemed to be ground for hope that she had still many years of juvenility before her.

As she was being driven homewards in her brougham she experienced that pleasant feeling of anticipation and excitement which the acquisition of a new acquaintance always gave her. She knew very well that she had produced an impression upon Mr. Archdale, and he, on his side, had produced a certain impression upon her. He was, at any rate, something of a novelty. The young men whom she had hitherto taken up and invited to dinner, and associated with until she and they had grown mutually tired of one another, had been very nice in their way, but had somewhat lacked variety. They had all belonged to the class which shoots in autumn, hunts in winter, attends

the principal races in summer, and is more or less in London at every season of the year. She had at one time tried to make something of the gentlemen learned in the law whom Mr. Brett occasionally brought home with him, but had found them quite impossible. She had therefore been forced to fall back upon the well-dressed youths whom her husband, without much discrimination, stigmatized as "mashers," and whom he regarded with ill-concealed aversion. Marcia regretted this; because, although Mr. Brett was not a jealous man, it made her uncomfortable to see him looking so cruelly bored; added to which, he would not permit any addition to be made to her visiting-list without his previous sanction.

Well, anyhow he would like Mr. Archdale, she hoped. He could not call that eminent artist a masher, or speak of him as an utterly useless member of the community. If there was one thing that Eustace respected it was intellect; and she herself was beginning to think that a little display of intellect would be welcome, by way of a change. She really wished to please her husband when she could; and so, after reaching Cornwall Terrace, she entered his study with a smile upon her lips; for this time, at all events, she would be able to tell him that she had made a new friend from whose conversation some improvement might be derived.

He was sitting at his big writing-table, with a shaded lamp by his side and a pile of books and notes before him. At the sound of the opening door he turned his head, and, on catching sight of his wife, sighed rather wearily. He had become quite an old man; the little hair that he had left was grey, and his thin cheeks were deeply wrinkled. "Well," he said, "have you had a pleasant evening?"

This was what he invariably said when she came in, and the eternal question generally irritated her, not only because it was rather silly in itself, but because she knew that he never paid any attention to her reply. On the present occasion she made no reply at all, but said: "How tired you look! Why do you sit up working like this?"

"I am not more tired than usual," he answered peevishly; "nor am I working. I was only looking up the authorities upon a point which was raised to-day in the Court of Queen's Bench, and which—but you wouldn't understand."

He pushed away his books and papers, with another sigh, turned his chair so as to face that in which she had seated

herself, and passed his hand over his forehead. "Let me see," he said; "where have you been to-night? Oh, to Lady Wetherby's, wasn't it? I suppose you met the usual nonentities."

"Yes," answered Marcia, yawning and drawing off her long gloves; "most of them were what you call nonentities. May I have something to drink, if I am not interrupting you?"

She was interrupting him, and he looked as if he thought so; but he replied politely, "Not at all," and rang the bell for Apollinaris.

"There was one rather brilliant exception, though," Marcia resumed; "Mr. Archdale, the artist, you know."

"Archdale? Oh, yes, the man who apes Meissonnier in a humble way. Yes; I have been told to admire the pictures that he exhibits. So he was brilliant, was he?"

"Not offensively so. He seemed to be pleasant and clever, and I thought of asking him to dinner some night, if you don't mind."

"More dinner-parties!" sighed Mr. Brett. "We have had four in the last fortnight."

"Yes; but three of them were in one week, and it is impossible to go on accepting everything and doing nothing in return."

"Oh, of course, said Mr. Brett, "if you start upon the presumption that everything must be accepted——"

Marcia gave her shoulders a little impatient jerk. All this had been said so often before, and she had explained so many times that one cannot pick and choose, that one must either accept hospitality or refuse it! Her husband, for his part, was fully aware of the futility of the protests which he could not refrain from making. He was not convinced that it was necessary to entertain as much as they did, and the expense of their entertainments had become a source of anxiety to him; yet, since his wife's income was now equivalent to his own, he did not feel justified in prohibiting her from spending it as she pleased. After a pause, he said:

"If Lady Wetherby receives Mr. Archdale, that may be taken as a guarantee of respectability, I suppose. By all means ask him. He cannot be more inane than the others, and he may possibly be less so."

"He is not in the least like the others," Marcia declared, "and if only you could divest your mind of the prejudice that you

always have against any friend of mine, I believe you would find him an agreeable companion. That is why I wanted to cultivate his acquaintance, because, after all, I would rather invite people to the house whom you could get on with, if I did but know where to find them."

"The difficulty, no doubt," observed Mr. Brett, with a faint smile, "is to find people who can get on with me. But perhaps if Mr. Archdale decides to honour us with his company, it will not be for my sake; so that my unsociability is of no great consequence."

"I don't see why you should determine in advance to be unsociable," said Marcia.

"You mean, perhaps, that you don't see why I should recognize an indisputable fact. But the recognition of facts has always been my strong point, whereas it is scarcely yours."

After this there was another long pause, during which Mr. Brett looked wistfully at his books, while Marcia sipped her Apollinaris meditatively. She knew that he wanted to get rid of her; but for some reason or other she felt more anxious to conciliate him that night than usual; so she lingered on, and at length—for she could think of nothing better to say—she asked, "What have you been doing all day, Eustace?"

"What do I do every day?" he returned. "I sat in Court until the usual hour; then I went to the club for a little; then I came home and dined by myself——"

"That was your own choice," interrupted Marcia.

"Of course it was my own choice. And since dinner I have been reading and writing."

"It does seem to me to be a great pity that you should choose to lead such a life," Marcia said. "You don't like it, it doesn't agree with you, and I don't believe it would agree with anybody. If you had gone to the Wetherbys' with me to-night they would have been very pleased to see you."

"You think so? I have my doubts as to that; but I have no doubt at all that it wouldn't have pleased me to see them."

"Yet you profess to have such an admiration and esteem for Laura Wetherby."

"I think Lady Wetherby is an excellent woman who performs her duties unexceptionably. In her position it is one of her duties to give dinner-parties. But it is not one of mine to attend them."

"Are you so certain of that? Some people would say that it

is a husband's duty to be seen at least occasionally with his wife."

Mr. Brett's pale cheeks turned paler, which was always a sign of anger with him. "I thought," he replied coldly, "that we had long ago come to an understanding upon that point. I have no inclination for society, and if I had, my health would not allow me to turn night into day. Under the circumstances, I might perhaps have told you that I did not wish you to go out without me, and requested you to make some sacrifice of your tastes to mine ; but, for various reasons, I thought it right that you should be free to decide for yourself in the matter. I have not quarrelled with your decision ; but the case will be somewhat altered if I am to understand that you expect me to station myself at the top of a staircase all night while you are dancing."

"You know very well that I never said anything of the sort, Eustace," returned Marcia, with tears of indignation in her eyes. "I never thought of asking you to go to balls ; but I do think that if you would sometimes consent to dine out, you would be a little less—less morose and disagreeable than you are now."

"For Heaven's sake !" exclaimed Mr. Brett irritably, "let us avoid the use of uncivil adjectives. If your suggestion was prompted by a desire for my mental or physical advantage, I am really very much obliged to you, though I doubt the efficacy of the means prescribed ; but what you said was that it was my duty to be seen with you."

"I said some people might think so ; but it doesn't matter. I suppose you will go your way and I shall go mine until the end of the chapter. Probably that is the best plan."

"I confess," said Mr. Brett, leaning back in his chair and folding his hands, "that it appears to me to be the only practicable plan."

Marcia left the room, vexed and disheartened, for she hated to be repulsed ; yet, underlying the mortification of which she was conscious, there was a certain unacknowledged feeling of relief. She had done her best—she was always doing her best ; she had made advances and, as usual, they had been disdained. If, some day or other, consequences should ensue which Eustace might not like, he would only have his own obstinate hostility to thank. She did not say this to herself, but the thought was in her heart all the same.

On the landing at the top of the stairs she met a short, middle-aged lady in a flannel dressing-gown, who said apologetically, "I am afraid we are very late to-night. The truth is that Willie set his heart upon seeing you when you came in, and nothing would induce him to go to sleep. So I have been reading to him."

This was Miss Wells, the governess to whom Willie's education had been intrusted. She was a worthy, kind-hearted woman, devoted to her charge, who was devoted to her, but who tyrannised over her. Mr. Brett thought her a fool—as possibly she may have been—and Mrs. Brett loved her because she loved the boy, but was sometimes a little jealous of her. Perhaps she was a little jealous of her now, for she said—

"Oh, Miss Wells, you ought not to keep him awake so long. Of course, I can never tell whether I shall get home early or late."

"He is fast asleep now," Miss Wells answered. "I tried him with Hans Andersen's Fairy tales; but that was no use at all, so I fell back upon Russell's '*History of Modern Europe*,' which I have seldom known to fail. He didn't see you before you went out to-night," she added, by way of excusing herself and him.

The excuse seemed to be considered sufficient; for Marcia smiled and wished Miss Wells good-night without further remonstrance. She opened the door of her son's room softly, and stole in, shading her bedroom candle with her hand. The boy had tossed the bedclothes off him; he was lying with one arm under his head and the other outstretched by his side, the palm of the hand upwards; his closed eyes displayed to advantage the long dark lashes of which his mother was so proud; his rounded cheeks had the faint flush which slumber brings in childhood; his parted lips were curved into the smile which seldom deserted them, whether he was awake or asleep. Willie Brett was now nine years old, and it was certain that he would have to be sent to school before long, though his mother could not bear to think of that. He was hardly to be called a pretty boy, nor was there much prospect of his growing up into a handsome man; nevertheless he had a charming face, and one person in the world, at least, was prepared to maintain against all comers that no conceivable change in him could partake of the nature of an improvement.

Marcia stood gazing at him in rapt admiration for some minutes,

and as she looked, she forgot all about the stern, unsympathetic student of law downstairs, all about the fascinating Mr. Archdale, and all about her numerous engagements for the morrow, which, as a general rule, claimed her last waking thoughts. She was quite sure that she did not really care for anything or anybody a tenth part as much as she did for her boy ; and it may be that she was not mistaken, for when one thinks of the person whom one loves best, it is customary and allowable to withdraw oneself from the competition. Well, she could not go to bed without giving Willie one kiss ; so she bent over him and just touched his warm cheek with her lips. That should not have been enough to disturb anybody's slumbers ; but perhaps his were not very deep, for he stirred, stretched himself, yawned, and finally opened his eyes. He winked and blinked for a second or two ; then the smile upon his lips grew broader, he broke into a low laugh, and said, as if imparting a piece of information which might possibly astonish his hearer, " I've been asleep."

"Yes, and you must go to sleep again, dear," his mother answered. "It's the middle of the night, and I didn't mean to wake you. I'm going away now."

"Oh no, don't go," pleaded the boy, who had struggled into a sitting posture ; "if you do, I shall lie awake for ever so long. Stay just five minutes and talk." He added, after a brief scrutiny of her : "How pretty you look !"

"Do you think so ?" said Marcia, smiling back at him and letting her cloak fall from her shoulders, so as to show her diamonds.

"You are always pretty, Mummy," answered the boy ; "don't you know you are ? Come and sit down close beside me and tell me about the dinner. It was a dinner to-night, wasn't it ?"

Marcia nodded and did as she was requested, taking the boy's warm hands in her own, which had grown a little chilly in the course of that interview with her husband.

"Nice people ?" Willie inquired.

"Oh, pretty well—not particularly," his mother replied. "Yes, there was one whom I rather liked."

"What was his name ?" asked the juvenile inquisitor ; and it was a little significant that he was in no doubt as to the sex of the individual who had been so fortunate as to please his mother.

"He was a Mr. Archdale, an artist," Marcia answered. "Upon second thoughts, I'm not sure that I did like him so very much."

I don't often meet artists, so that he was a novelty ; but he hadn't a great deal to say about art."

"Artists are rather muffs, aren't they?" suggested Willie. "What *did* he say? Did he tell you how pretty you looked?"

"No," answered Marcia, laughing, "he didn't say anything so nice as that ; it is only you who always say nice things, Willie. Oh dear ! I wish we could go away to some desert island—just you and I—and never be heard of again."

"I shouldn't mind," observed Willie, meditatively ; "but I expect you would get tired of it after a bit. Oh yes, you would want new dresses, and—and new people to talk to, and all that."

"I suppose I should," agreed Marcia, sighing. "Well, we mustn't talk any more nonsense now. Good night, my darling !"

She threw her arms round the boy and kissed him again and again. Then she held him at a little distance from her, looking into his eyes. There were tears in her own ; though she could not have explained the cause of them.

"Willie," she said, "do you love me best in the world—quite best?"

"*Quite* best," Willie replied, unhesitatingly.

"Better than Miss Wells?"

He laughed at the absurdity of the question. "Oh, Miss Wells! She is an old dear ; but she is isn't *you*, Mummy."

Marcia smiled ; but her smile soon faded away. "How dreadful it is," she exclaimed, "to think that a day will come—*must* come—when you won't love me best any longer ! I shan't be 'Mummy' then, and I shan't be pretty ; I shall be 'Mother' and an ugly old woman, from whom you will conceal all sorts of things. It hasn't come yet, though. Perhaps, after all, I may die before it comes."

She left the room without waiting to hear Willie's protestations. It is useless to protest against the immutable laws of human nature, and although we sometimes try to persuade ourselves that they may be suspended in our particular case, we always know in our hearts that they cannot be.

(*To be continued.*)

Fleets and Forts.—A Reply.

I.—BY REAR-ADMIRAL P. H. COLOMB.

I CANNOT but take Sir E. Du Cane's paper in the December number of this Magazine as a friendly challenge to me to restate the case of "The Relations between Local Fortifications and a Moving Navy," because I believe I was not only the prime mover of the discussion to which Sir Edmund alludes, but have remained up to this moment in the forefront of it. And as I am one of those who think that for this country "strong land defences *are* a costly mistake," while I "admit the advantage of slight lightly armed works," my attack has been one of these honoured by Sir Edmund by the epithet "formidable."

Sir Edmund's article is of the kind which assures me that there is a great deal to be done, a great deal of discussion to be carried on, before we shall be in the position to appeal to the Royal Commission which he suggests. For I see that we have not yet got as far as to set out a clear enunciation of the problem. We cannot ask for a Royal Commission until we are in a position to put some plain questions to it, and it is made clear by this article that we are not agreed as to what those questions ought to be. The title I chose on which to raise discussion was that already quoted, "The Relations between Local Fortifications and a Moving Navy." And I should have thought—indeed I was sure when I chose the title—that it would be understood that what I aimed at was the ascertainment of some limiting conditions, when we came to expenditure, as to how much should go upon naval defence, and how much on local fortification. I took up the position because I observed that, as we stood, there was no limit. The military authorities in their expenditure, always supposed no navy available; and

the naval authorities repudiated in the strongest terms all responsibility for the defence of any one of our ports, whether fortified or not. In this way it seemed to me certain that a great deal of money was wasted annually, because the War Office was assuming impossible conditions in order to justify its expenditure. Those who have read Sir E. Du Cane's paper will see that he places himself more clearly as an opponent of my view of the problem than most of those who may have been credited with being on his side. He holds "that land defences" (meaning fortifications) "*in considerable measure* are equally necessary" (with a perfect navy I suppose) "for a perfect and efficient system of defence." I cannot read these words in any other way than as declaring that every attackable point on the sea-coast should be defended on the land, as if its naval defence might at any moment prove a failure. In other words he disagrees with me in the proposition that fortification is permissible to this country as an ally of the navy, but not as its substitute. He always thinks of naval force as absent.

To convince him, I would refer him to the Royal Commission of 1859, whose work he commends. The chief achievements of the Commission were the great fortifications of Portsmouth and Plymouth, on which many millions were sunk, and over which much money is expended yearly. The only excuse offered for the expenditure was that in any time of trouble there would be *no naval force* available. The very first paragraph of the report makes this plain :—

"In taking into consideration the general question of the defence of the United Kingdom against foreign invasion, your Commissioners turned their attention in the first instance to the Channel, and to our naval resources as the means of retaining the command of it. This is the first and most obvious line of defence ; *but it is one which could not in our opinion be entirely relied on at the present day*, even if England had no greater interests to protect than the countries which may be opposed to her. *Its adoption would involve retaining in the Channel, for purely defensive purposes, a fleet equal to any which could be brought against it*, not only by one European state, but by any probable combination of maritime powers. . . . *Even if it were possible that a fleet sufficient to meet the emergency of a sudden naval combination against this country could be kept available and fully manned in time of peace, such an application of the resources of the nation would lead to an outlay of the public revenue, far*

exceeding the expenditure which would suffice for that object under other circumstances."

However obscure the exact meaning of these passages may be, I think it is quite certain that the absence of sufficient naval defence in the Channel was made the justification of the Commissioners for the large expenditure on the Portsmouth and Plymouth forts. And I think I am justified in going further, and in saying that Sir E. Du Cane, or any one else who adopts the language of this Royal Commission, must declare that no limit should be put on the expenditure on fortifications. For if this country is not in future to have sufficient naval defence in the Channel, she cannot reasonably be expected to have it anywhere else. Some of Sir Edmund's words cut off retreat from this position. "Instead of saying, Dispense with land defences as much as possible, it would be much more reasonable to say, Dispense with naval defences wherever it is possible, that is, wherever the objects to be defended are themselves fixed, and so set the navy free for duties which it can alone fulfil, viz., those for which mobility is required."

Sir Edmund's references to the past strike my mind as singular, side by side with his claim that the views taken by me, and that increasing body who think with me, are "new lights." If Sir Edmund will look a little further into the matter, he will find that such views as he puts forward are entirely recent, and were in fact never put on paper until 1860. I can easily and safely challenge him to show me the expression of such views before the date I have named, while I can as easily begin with Sir Walter Raleigh, and go on with abundant expression of views exactly opposite to those he holds. Raleigh said, "But making the question general, the position whether England, without the help of the fleet, be able to debar an enemy from landing, I hold that it is unable to do so; and therefore I think it most dangerous to make the adventure."

And now let me observe that I think Sir Edmund is the first authority who has deliberately assumed that "invasion" of this country may be prevented by fortifications. A little study of the Report of the Royal Commission in 1860 shows us that the Commissioners at least were possessed of no such ideas. They plainly gave up invasion as a bad job, if Naval forces could not stop it, emphasising in this, the opinion of the Duke of Wellington in 1847. The Commissioners say, in paragraph 13, that between the Humber and

Penzance, there are three hundred miles of coast "on which a landing may be effected." And this they observe it would be impossible to fortify. And in the 8th paragraph they say, "we are led to the opinion that neither our fleet, our standing army, nor our volunteer forces, nor even the three combined, can be relied on as sufficient in themselves for the security of the kingdom against foreign invasion." If we would not keep in the Channel—and they then assumed that we would not—a fleet sufficient to prevent an enemy landing in force, then he would land, and the only object in fortifying Portsmouth and Plymouth—the advisability of which was not referred to them—was to secure the naval arsenals and hold them, *after the enemy was in possession of the surrounding country*. This is plain, not only in the report, but in the nature of the fortifications now standing. Naturally one would have supposed that a Royal Commission free to advise, and finding that the fleet could not be depended on to prevent a landing in force on the 300 miles of accessible beach, would have recommended such an increase of standing army or militia as would ensure the defeat of the enemy after he landed, and so prevent him from entertaining the idea of landing. But, according to the Commissioners, this again could not be done. It would be too expensive, as shown in paragraph 11, where the defence of the arsenals by troops alone is condemned on that account.

Invasion, therefore, which Sir E. Du Cane thinks can be prevented by fortifications, was held by Sir Walter Raleigh first, and by the Royal Commission of 1859 secondly, to be impossible of prevention by such means. Let us see what was said in the past on the question of protecting Portsmouth and Plymouth by fortification merely as arsenals, and apart from the general question of invasion.

A Royal Commission sat to consider the matter in 1785, but the data given to them to go by were such that, had it been given to the Commission of 1859, it is certain that not a penny would have been spent on the dockyard forts. It was agreed in the terms of the reference that no enemy coming over sea could attempt to attack either Portsmouth or Plymouth, *unless he had, beside artillery, 30,000 men to land, and three months clear time before him*. Had there been in 1859 anything so definite as the amount of force and time required to be in hand by the enemy before he attacked these places, it must have come out plainly that while steam had not helped the attacking party in the way

to increasing his force, it had certainly greatly reduced the possible time at his disposal, supposing—which was the hypothesis—that a sufficient Channel Fleet was in existence, though absent. But a strong Minority of the Commission of 1789, containing the name of one, afterwards to be amongst our greatest—Jervis—took exception to the data. And it was stronger even than it reads, when we remember that they knew how for three successive years, the whole available fleet of England had been away, each time for two months, on the service of preserving the great “Fort” of Gibraltar from falling into the hands of the enemy. Said this Minority, “Our proceedings have been founded on the supposition of the whole fleet being absent for three months, as mentioned in the second datum, and therefore that the enemy may bring over an army of 30,000 men with artillery, proportionate to an attack on Portsmouth or Plymouth, having three months to act in, uninterrupted by the fleet. The bare possibility of such an event we do not pretend to deny, but how far it is probable that the whole British fleet may be sent on any service requiring so long an absence, at a time when the enemy is prepared to invade this country, we must humbly leave to your Majesty’s superior wisdom, and therefore, whether it is necessary in consequence of such a supposition, to erect works of so expensive a nature as those proposed, and which require such large garrisons to defend them.” The sound reasoning of the Minority prevailed, and the expenditure was not incurred until the “new light” appeared in 1860.

One strange hallucination is generally present in the minds of those who think with Sir E. Du Cane, which I am reminded of by the above passage. It is always held that while ships may move away from a place, forts must always remain to defend it. It is really much the other way. We need not go beyond Sir George Rooke’s capture of Gibraltar, with only 150 men in it for garrison, to remind ourselves that a garrison is every bit as movable as a ship, and that if an enemy’s fleet were to drop from the blue to the attack of Plymouth to-morrow, it would be met and fought at sea by ships which could be manned and armed and out, long before the forts were garrisoned effectively.

The only time I know of when this country followed the policy proposed by Sir Edmund was the unhappy year 1667, when with just scorn, and a clear apprehension of what would follow, Pepys denounced it:—“To the Duke of York, where we
t, and there was the King also; and all our discourse was

about fortifying of the Medway, and Harwich . . . and Portsmouth. . . . And indeed all their care they now take is to fortify themselves, and are not ashamed of it !” And then Sir Edmund in going over some of the designs for invasion quite omits to state plainly that it was always the fleets and never the forts which prevented it. Moreover, he fails to note that at least on two occasions, in 1690 and 1779, it was a very inferior fleet to the enemy's which prevented it. It is the misunderstanding of the nature of naval strategy which misleads so many military men on this question. Before the battle of Beachy Head, in 1690, Lord Torrington, though so inferior to the French that he dared not face them, was absolutely certain that his mere presence rendered them powerless as regarded invasion. And even when he was half beaten, he knew, and the French knew, that still nothing in the invading way could be done.

It is in fact no use going to history and experience for support of Sir Edmund's views. It is all against him, and most of those who defend his case, are wise enough to begin by saying that neither history nor experience are of any value on either side. Sensible Naval officers, however, can hardly forget the sacrifice of Byng. It is useless thinking what might have been if the garrison of Minorca had been larger, or if the fortifications had been stronger. It was then, and afterwards, a question of time only with that island, and only the Navy could save it. But Byng went with a fleet which he bitterly complained was too weak for the work. He failed, and was shot for it, and it became henceforth rather difficult for a Naval officer to think that garrisons and fortifications would “relieve” him in the long run. Minorca fell twice for want of relief from the sea. Gibraltar would certainly not be in our hands now, had not our whole Naval force been put out three times to save it. There is hardly a spot on the French or Spanish coast, which has not known what it is to be ravaged by the Men in Command of the Sea ; there is scarcely a spot in these islands which knows what ravaging means. There is not the smallest hope of our holding Malta and Gibraltar, if we cannot relieve and protect them from the sea ; and the Royal Commissioners of 1859 have themselves plainly told us that if we cannot protect ourselves as Raleigh said we should, we cannot protect ourselves from the invasion that is so much talked of.

These observations are sufficient, I think, to show that we are not ripe for a Royal Commission on the whole subject yet,

and that those who hold that fortifications ever were, or ever could be a substitute for fleets, must get out some better enunciation than they have put forward at present. Those who think with me do not want the enunciation, for we have no problem. We only speak as our forefathers spoke, and think that if our forefathers were alive they would say with us that steam has rather intensified than weakened the great principles of naval warfare.

But as the really strong defence of fortification is its supposed cheapness, I think a Royal Commission might very well be asked to tell us what it is we are spending on fortification and its concomitants. I never heard of any one who knew, and I suspect it would be a tremendous labour to find out. But my deep conviction is that fortification and its concomitants are the chief reasons why we can only produce an insignificant army for £19,000,000 or £20,000,000, when we can produce the greatest navy in the world for about a third less.

II.—BY LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR ANDREW CLARKE, G.C.M.G.

WITH Sir E. Du Cane's general conclusion I find myself in full concurrence. By all means let the first principles of national defence be authoritatively laid down, and the sooner the better. Nothing has so effectually tended to the waste of public money as the practice, hitherto consistently followed, of approaching great questions at the wrong end. Authoritative decisions based upon a careful examination of facts, and arrived at after a full appreciation of real Imperial needs, are urgently required. Misconceptions of all kinds, irregular discussion producing a general sense of insecurity, defences extravagant in one place, starved or non-existent in another, and panic expenditure of the most ill-advised kind whenever any cloud looms on the political horizon, are a few of the results which the want of such decisions inevitably entails.

Failing authority, however, we must fall back on private judgment, and, as an Irishman, I may perhaps be allowed to say that I cannot follow Sir E. Du Cane far beyond his conclusion.

In a single sentence, he sums up his views—"Instead of saying, Dispense with land defences as much as possible, it would be much more reasonable to say, Dispense with naval defences wherever it is possible, that is wherever the objects to be defended are themselves fixed, and so set the navy free for duties which it alone can fulfil." This sentence is somewhat enigmatic. All defences are to be avoided "wherever it is possible," as involving unproductive expenditure, injurious *pro tanto* to the national welfare; but the idea embodied in the formulæ which Sir E. Du Cane recommends appears to be eminently fallacious.

The British Empire does not require mere protected ports, but *ports which can be kept open in war*. The coast defences of Germany were rudimentary in 1870; but had they then possessed the costly perfection recently described in the *Times*, of what possible use would they have been? And if our navy in home waters were ever as thoroughly neutralized as that of Germany in the Baltic and North Sea, in what position should we find ourselves? The first essential of national existence in war is breathing power. The great arteries which carry our life blood may be pricked here and there; but they must never be cut. The main "objects to be defended" are communications, not ports, and there is no manner of interchangeability between "Fleets and Forts." Beyond its little rayon of five or six thousand yards the Fort is worthless, and the sphere of action of the Fleet begins. Take a map of the British Empire and mark all the principal ports. Assume them to be fortified with all the elaboration that recommended itself to the Commission of 1859. Let them be impregnable, if you will. Even so, the real vitals of the Empire have to be defended. Make of Portsmouth or Liverpool a Kronstadt or a Kiel, and, unless you are prepared to maintain the command of the two channels, of what avail is all your expenditure?

These principles are now generally accepted even though their full significance is but imperfectly realized. It is the further step which divides the schools.

At all cost, on peril of national extinction, we must retain the command of the seas, and this Sir E. Du Cane would doubtless admit. But, if a navy of a given strength *must* be maintained for this purpose, the inference that its existence will necessarily have some bearing on the scale of coast defence at home and abroad appears to be inevitable. If it is objected that we have not got such a navy, then let us join forces and

influence public opinion till we get it ; but at least let us carefully avoid deluding the nation with the false idea that we can substitute forts for fleets.

Both schools admit the necessity for a navy, whose strength has been scientifically calculated so as to enable it to meet any combination of Powers, which the Government on its own responsibility must specify.

One school maintains, however, that it is on the strength of the navy that the whole standard of coast defence depends, and that, given an adequate navy—the adequacy being necessarily determined on other grounds—that standard might be reduced to modest proportions. The other, like the Commission of 1859, appears to consider that the navy makes very little difference in the matter, and that what Germany or Italy may deem necessary for their coast defence, we must imitate. The one school holds that we can rule the seas if we choose, and that, if we cannot, fortifications are useless to us ; the other, that naval operations are of a peculiarly speculative nature, and that we need strong fortifications as a reserve to fall back upon in case of being defeated or out-manceuvred. The one asserts that, so long as we rule the seas, we need only protection against a mere naval raid ; the other, that our ports must be provided against attack in force lasting for days, and that so great is the danger of invasion that London must be fortified.

Sir E. Du Cane cautions us against accepting "the views of the new lights," but some few years have elapsed since Raleigh advised that—"His Majesty after God will employ his good ships on the sea, and not trust in any entrenchment on land." It is the pretensions advanced on behalf of coast defences which are really modern, and Sir E. Du Cane's appeal to history appears to be peculiarly unfortunate. History, as I read it, indicates in the plainest manner that territorial aggression is impossible without the command of the sea and something more. Sir E. Du Cane states that this term "command of the sea," which we all use so glibly, is "somewhat elastic." I think it is capable of definition, and I adopt as sufficient for my purpose the definition given by a writer in the *Times*. "The command in certain waters exists when, within these waters, no hostile fleet can count on the time requisite for a serious enterprise without a strong probability of having a superior force to deal with." But the teaching of history goes even further than this, and indicates that invasions, or serious enter-

prises against an enemy's ports, will not be undertaken—or if undertaken cannot be successful—even if an equal or a slightly inferior naval force has to be reckoned with. Something more than the command of the sea, as above defined, is needed by that unspecified "combination of Powers" of which we hear so much, in order that a naval expedition may be directed against these islands or any of our distant colonies with any prospect of success. The Egyptian expedition of Napoleon in 1789, is surely an infelicitous instance for Sir E. Du Cane's purpose. Had Nelson possessed more frigates, it is tolerably certain that the battle of the Nile would have been considerably ante-dated. And, in the result, the French fleet was destroyed, and the force landed was soon abandoned by Napoleon in a strategically false position, which, if Egypt had been the territory of a European Power, would have involved swift and absolute disaster. Even less happy is the allusion to Napoleon's projected invasion of this country in 1805. I do not think that any careful student of history will admit that the mere crossing of the Channel was "as nearly as possible successful," still less that the expedition could have had any other fate than disaster, or that Trafalgar was essential to our security from an imminent danger. Napoleon was careful to throw the blame of his utter failure on Villeneuve, and that he was wise in so doing is evident from Sir E. Du Cane's reading of the matter. Moreover, it is as well to remember that Napoleon counted upon an insurrection in England in his favour, the wisdom of which calculation will scarcely be admitted. Coming to later days, it was unquestioned naval supremacy which alone made the siege of Sebastopol possible, and sanctioned such operations as those against Charleston. Complete as was apparently the command of the North Sea and the Baltic by France in 1870-71, M. René de Pont Jest, the French Admiral's secretary, states, "Colberg was once more saved, for hardly had they (the French fleet) reached the anchorage (Kioje Bay) when Vice-Admiral Bouët was informed that the North Sea Squadron had returned to Cherbourg, that the blockade of the Jahde was raised, and that very probably the Prussian fleet would take advantage of it to pass into the Baltic with a view of taking him by surprise."* I freely admit that other circumstances may have combined to save Colberg; but the statement above quoted must apparently

* Translated from the 'Moniteur Universelle de Tours,' by Rear-Admiral Colomb. 'Proceedings' R. U. S. Institution.

be taken to prove that the French Admiral did not relish the idea of operating against the German coast line with the possibility of having an inferior force down on his back. In 1877-8 it was naval paralysis in the Black Sea which enforced upon Russia the passage of the Danube, and entailed for many months a line of supply so difficult and precarious as at one period to threaten grave disaster.

All modern as well as ancient experience appears to prove that territorial enterprise across the sea can only be accomplished on the condition of naval supremacy ; but this naval supremacy by no means implies that the seas can be swept clear of an enemy's ships. Territorial enterprises (sea-borne) were utterly impossible to the Confederate States. Yet the *Alabama* was—to our cost—able to work easy havoc with the commerce of the North. "The unquestionable command of the sea at all times and places, which is necessary to justify the argument of those who would have us rely on the navy and nothing but the navy,"* appears to imply a state of things which no naval preponderance could give us, at least till after long months of war.

There is one stock argument which the advocates of fortification with unlimited liability never fail to set forth in one form or another. "We have to prove our superiority afresh under modern conditions, as we did under the old conditions. Most of the elements of our superiority in the old war have disappeared in the changes of naval construction and armament, &c., &c." All this I emphatically deny. Nothing is certain in war, and it is probabilities with which we have to deal ; but the teaching of the past is our surest guide, and the broad principles of naval warfare are unchanging. Every condition which made for victory a hundred years ago, makes for it to-day. The change of construction from wood to steel has been entirely in favour of Great Britain. Almost any one could build a wooden ship. No country can approach us in steel ship-building power. As regards the rare combination of moral qualities which is required for modern naval war, it is not for me to speak ; but a comparison of the naval manœuvres as carried out by the British fleet with those of other Powers is not without instruction. At least, the burden of proving national deterioration lies with those who are unable to place the least trust in the navy.

* In these last words Sir E. Du Cane appears to have shifted his ground, since he previously credits the school he attacks with sufficient sense not to decry *all* defences.

But "the fort is sure to be on the spot when required;" whereas the ship, being cursed by mobility, can so easily be decoyed, or spirited away. True the fort must be always on the spot; but it is not always the kind of fort which is capable of effective defence, and its original cost may have been so great as to entail reluctance to clear it away to make room for something more suitable. It may, in fact, merely cumber a good site. The services of the British fort, if required at all, would probably be called upon at the outset of hostilities. Are the very numerous forts of the Royal Commission manned, equipped, organized and ready for war? I have no wish to press this argument to the disparagement of fortification; for, if a fort is built at all, it should obviously be completed, fully equipped, and ready for action. I consider, however, that until we have succeeded in developing some better organization than now exists, the multiplication of forts is on all accounts to be avoided as far as possible. We fortunately do possess a naval organization which is being proved every day all over the world.

Comparisons of cost are futile. The fort and the ship are required for different purposes and have different spheres of action. Each is necessary in its proper place, and the whole question at issue is, What is the proper place of forts in the defence of the British Empire? I do not think it is necessary, therefore, to discuss the relative advantage of fifteen *Warriors* as compared with "six millions" worth of fortification, beyond pointing out that the six millions were expended in Great Britain and Ireland alone, that the sphere of action of the *Warriors* would have extended far beyond these shores, and that as fast as commissioned they would have become efficient fighting machines. Some of the works adopted by the Commission of 1859 have never been efficient fighting machines yet. It would be altogether unjust to cast blame upon this Commission. The terms of its reference virtually excluded the main question—the relative spheres of the navy and of coast defences—from its consideration. An elaborate scheme was flung at its head and accepted almost bodily. Few things are more difficult or require more careful expert consideration than the project for the defence of a harbour. Of such projects the Commissioners had perhaps a dozen to deal with. What were they to do? Moreover, a relatively far more costly scheme, now an acknowledged failure—the conversion of Alderney into a fortress—had been previously adopted. A mixed Commission can perhaps

lay down sound principles ; but it is utterly unfitted for the discussion of details. Personally, I disagree entirely with the thesis this Commission appears to have adopted, to the effect that the insular position of this country was a disadvantage to the defence ; nor am I able to accept the schemes laid before it, as the best practicable at the time. The country could, however, doubtless afford these millions, whether rightly or wrongly spent. The rearing of a false standard, the perversion of the national aims, the effectual obscuration of the first principles of the defence of the Empire ; these are matters of far more serious and lasting import.

To bring back opinion into sounder channels, and to secure that first principles shall receive full consideration instead of being smothered in a flood of technical jargon, are the objects of the school against whose teachings Sir E. Du Cane solemnly warns the country. Our only real grudge against the Commission of 1859 is that it has made our task so difficult.

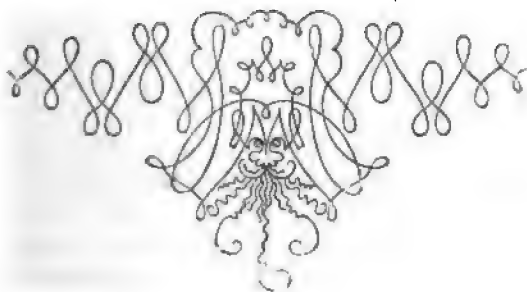
We hold that in the policy advocated by Nelson lies our only security—"We must keep the enemy as far from our coast as possible and be able to attack them the moment they come out of port."* We believe in the navy as Nelson did, when he wrote in 1801 : "I trust, and am confident that if our seafaring men do their duty, either the enemy will give over the folly of the measure (invasion) ; or if they persist in it, that not one Frenchman will be allowed to set his foot on British soil." We maintain that naval supremacy is even more essential now than in Nelson's day, and that our vast Empire can be held together and handed down intact to our children only on the condition that we rule the seas. Finally, we consider that all attempts to delude the country into the idea that fortifications can be substituted for fleets are dangerous in proportion to the difficulty which the masses evidently find in realizing the conditions of Imperial existence.

It fell to my lot to initiate the measures of defence which are being taken at the coaling-stations abroad in accordance with the recommendations of Lord Carnarvon's Commission. I strongly urged the protection of the great mercantile ports of the Kingdom, which I regret has not yet been carried out. I cannot, therefore, well be regarded as an uncompromising opponent of fortifications. I hold, however, that Great Britain must maintain an adequate navy, or be effaced, and that the fixed

* Letter to Lord St. Vincent.

defences of the Empire should be kept within strictly moderate limits, but should be organized and ready for war.* Defences are not required to resist the attack of the main body, but to repel the light cavalry who may pass round to the rear of our only real line of Imperial defence—the Navy. If the attacks in force which Sir E. Du Cane contemplates are ever practicable, then, *ex hypothesi*, the game is already lost.

* Abroad, like a ship in commission ; at home, like a ship in reserve.



Authors and Publishers.

LITERATURE and bookselling existed from an early period; though the publication of books in large quantities is comparatively modern. The first books were written by the Egyptians on cellular pith made from the stems of the Papyrus plant; hence the survival of the word *paper*. The Chinese invented the manufacture of paper from pulp about the beginning of the Christian era. A few centuries later, the Arabians learnt the art from the Chinese, and imported it into Spain, where, under the Moors, paper was made from the pulp of cotton, as well as of hemp and flax.

Among the Romans, the papyrus was wound round small rollers, and was styled *volumina*—hence the English word “volume.” The ancients also used parchment to a considerable extent in the production of books. As types had not yet been invented, the transcribers of manuscripts were known as *librarii*; and when they had completed their works, they were handed over to the *Bibliopolæ*, or Booksellers, for sale. The booksellers abounded in Rome; one of the best known journals, the ‘*Acta Diurna*,’ had a large circulation. The fastidious Horace was shocked to find the plebeian vulgar revelling in his Odes.

Libraries were then established. The Library of Alexandria was the literary wonder of the world. It is said to have contained more than 400,000 manuscript volumes. Part of it was burnt by Julius Cæsar; the rest was destroyed in the time of Theodosius the Great.

Books were very dear in early times; for every word had to be written out by hand. In the eighth century, the English monk Alcuin was engaged for twenty-two years in writing out a copy of the Bible for his friend and patron, the Emperor Charlemagne. This interesting monument of piety and labour is still preserved in the British Museum.

Then came types and hand-presses, though books still continued comparatively dear. In England, Bibles were chained to the reading-desks of the cathedrals and churches in which they were placed. Books nevertheless continued to increase, especially when the art of printing had become established. There was, however, no literary class. Learning was pursued by patient students, though they did not live by literature. It was long before a professional literary class existed. In what is called the Augustan age of English Literature, the professional writer belonged to a craft that was tolerated rather than honoured.

Caxton was unquestionably the first printer and publisher in England. He had been bred a mercer in London, but went abroad to occupy the important position of Governor of the English in Bruges. Caxton was an educated man, and began his literary career by translating from the French the 'Recueil of the History of Troy.' This was circulated in manuscript in large numbers. But the art of printing from blocks and movable types had been invented—first by Coster at Haarlem, and afterwards perfected by Fust and Guttenberg at Maintz. This remarkable invention attracted the attention of Caxton, and he set up a printing office at Bruges, assisted by one Mansion. On his return to London, Caxton brought his types with him, and for many years—between 1476 and 1491—he printed and published a large number of books, some translations, and others of which he was the author. He sold his books at the Almonry, or Alms-distributing house, near the western door of Westminster Abbey. He died in 1491, when he was about seventy years of age.

There was little demand for books in those days. The *News-letter* and the *London Gazette* were enough for the ordinary country reader. There were no provincial papers. At the beginning of last century, the only printing-press in England, north of the Trent, was at York. Lancashire did not possess a single printer. "There were none, I am sure," said Thomas Gent, in 1714, "at Chester, Liverpool, Whitehaven, Preston, Manchester, Kendal, and Leeds." Nor were there any circulating libraries or book clubs. The sale of books was so small, that a writer of the greatest name could only expect a pittance for his best performance. Copy-right or copy-money was a thing almost unknown.

The first volumes printed in England were for the most part copies of ancient manuscripts and old books. Though new

books were rare, the old ones were still in request. They were edited, re-edited, and re-published. "Give me dead authors," said a printer; "they never keep one waiting for Copy."

The number of new books was small because literature was very unremunerative either to authors or booksellers. Authorship was felt to be a bad trade, and a worse profession. It was only men of leisure and men of learning who wished to spread truths abroad, who were the first professional authors. The Fathers of the Church stood foremost. Indeed, it was long before literature was regarded from a pecuniary point of view.

It is curious to know who was the first bookseller who gave an author copy-money for the production of a book. It is stated by Hearne the antiquary, that Dr. Henry Hammond "was the first man in England that had copy-money;" and that it was paid to him by Royston, the King's printer, for his 'Annotations on the New Testament,' published in 1653. In like manner, the first book published in England, by subscription, was a Polyglot Bible, prepared by Dr. Brian Walton, and published in six volumes in 1657. Thus the publication of books by copy-money and by subscription began about the same time.

Authors could then obtain but little money for the work of their brain. Unless they possessed independent means, the remuneration gained by them did not suffice, except in rare instances, for their support. Men wrote for pleasure, or because they desired to propagate their opinions on religion or politics. The early poets were for the most part members of the aristocracy; such as Surrey, Wyatt, Sackville, Sydney, Raleigh, and Suckling. Some wrote for the stage, which was the most remunerative form of authorship. Shakespeare and Ben Jonson flourished about the same time. It is not known whether Shakespeare obtained remuneration for the copyright of his works. Indeed, it is not known whether he edited or authorized the publication of any of his plays. The dates at which they respectively appeared are mere matters of conjecture.

Milton was one of the first poets who received copy-money for his works. In 1667 he entered into an indenture with Samuel Simmons, the printer, selling him the right of printing and publishing his 'Paradise Lost' for the sum of £5, and £5 more when 1300 copies had been sold. Thirteen years passed before the third edition was disposed of, and the poet was then in his grave. His widow resigned all further claim to the copyright on the payment to her of "the present sum of £8."

Simmons transferred the copyright to Brabazon Aylmer, with whom Tonson bargained for one-half of his interest in Milton's Poems. The original indenture between Milton and Simmonds was eventually sold for 100 guineas, or ten times the sum that Milton, during his lifetime, had received for 'Paradise Lost.'

Milton's poem did not burst forth with its full brilliancy* until after he had been about forty years in his grave. Addison devoted eighteen Saturday papers of the *Spectator* to the review of 'Paradise Lost;' and thus made Milton a universal favourite. His editors were much better remunerated than himself. Dr. Bentley received £105 for editing the work; and at a subsequent period, Dr. Newton, Bishop of Bristol, received £630 for editing 'Paradise Lost,' and £105 for editing 'Paradise Regained.'

The difficulties of authors began with the commencement of literature. Who knows not of their perils and penalties, especially when they had no other means of support? Some obtained, by royal favour, rewards for their literary labours; but the greater number lived and died poor. Chaucer was protected from arrest for debt by a royal letter. Spencer was reduced to extremities when he presented his poems to Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty sent him a gratuity of £100, on which Lord Burleigh, then Lord Treasurer, exclaimed, "What! all this for a song!" The Queen repeated the order, and from that time the Minister was Spencer's personal enemy. The poet died forsaken and in absolute want.

Southwell wrote his poems in prison, and, having confessed himself a Romish priest, was executed. Butler, the author of 'Hudibras,' lived in penury, and died poor. Otway died of want in a public-house on Tower Hill. Savage died in prison at Bristol, where he had been confined for a debt of £8. Collins made a bonfire of his Eclogues and Odes, and saw them slowly consume before his eyes.

In the autumn of his life, Philip Massinger wrote of himself:—"He enlisted in youth amongst divers whose necessitous fortunes made literature their profession." Massinger's works were lost sight of for seventy years after his death; and then he was brought to recollection by Nicholas Rowe, who pirated one of

* Sir Walter Scott, in his 'Life of Dryden,' says that "the elder Richardson has told a story that Lord Buckhurst, afterwards Earl of Dorset, was the first who introduced the 'Paradise Lost,' then lying like waste paper in the bookseller's hands, to the notice of Dryden." But this tradition has been exploded by Malone.

his plays. He put Massinger's 'Fatal Dowry' upon the stage as his own 'Fair Penitent,' and made money by the transaction. The booksellers and book-vendors of Little Britain were unable to keep authors in meat and clothing, and the reward for a dedication was often the only guerdon which the literary dwellers in garrets received.

Who could believe that De Foe went the round of the trade before he could find a publisher for his 'Robinson Crusoe'?—a book of which Marmontel said—"It is the first book I ever read with exquisite pleasure, and I believe every boy in Europe might say the same thing." Booksellers were in those days too poor or too spiritless to buy the manuscript from De Foe. At length he found a keen-sighted man, one William Taylor of 'The Ship' in Paternoster Row, who gave him £60 for it. Taylor made more than £1000 by the book; and it has since passed through innumerable editions in all languages. So little was literature then protected, that four pirated editions of the work were published during the first year of its publication. De Foe himself is supposed to have died insolvent.

It was the same with music. Booksellers were unwilling to give much for the works of comparatively unknown men. Handel had composed two operas; the first, "Almira," was performed in Hamburg; his second, "Roderigo," was performed in Florence. He then came to London, and brought out "Rinaldo." It was a great success; and he sold the copyright to Walsh, the musical publisher, for twenty guineas. It came to Handel's ears that Walsh had gained £1500 by the publication; on which the composer said to him: "It is only right that we should be upon an equal footing. *You* shall compose the next opera, and I will sell it." Handel, however, was more fortunate in his later publications, especially when he became better known. Famous Italian singers were then receiving from £1200 to £1400 a year.

So little was literature supported in England, that nearly all the best types and paper were imported from Holland. Maitland relates that when Thomas Guy (the founder of Guy's Hospital) opened his shop in 1668, "the English Bibles printed in this kingdom were very bad, both in the letter and the paper, which occasioned divers of the booksellers in this city to encourage the printing thereof in Holland, with curious types and fine paper, and they imported vast numbers of the same, to their no small advantage. Mr. Guy, becoming acquainted with

this profitable commerce, became a large dealer therein." After a time, he furnished himself with types from Holland, and set about the printing of English Bibles in London. It was in this way that he laid the foundation of his fortune. In like manner, the famous Tonson made a special trip to Holland in 1703, for the purpose of purchasing paper for his fine edition of 'Cæsar.'

It was not until about fifty years later that Baskerville, of Birmingham, turned his attention from jappanning to printing, and gave the art of typesetting its first impulse in England. He spent years, and labour, and money, before he was able to produce types to his satisfaction. He then printed editions of Virgil, Milton, the Bible, Juvenal, Persius, Horace, and other works which are still cherished for their typographical beauty. But the public taste was not yet ripe for luxury in printing, and although Baskerville offered to print for the London booksellers at a very low price, his types were eventually sold to a French Library Society, where they were used for printing Beaumarchais' celebrated edition of the 'Works of Voltaire'—a work unsurpassed in typographical beauty. Baskerville wrote to Benjamin Franklin in 1767: "After having obtained the reputation of excelling in the most useful art known to mankind, of which I have your testimony, is it not to the last degree provoking that I cannot even gain bread by it?" "while every one," he wrote to Horace Walpole, "who excels as a player, fiddler, or dancer, lives in affluence, and has it in their power to make a fortune."

Foulis, of Glasgow, was another great printer. In 1742, he printed and published in Greek character, 'Demetrius Phalerius de Elocutione.' His immaculate edition of 'Horace,' his edition of 'Cicero' in twenty volumes, and his 'Cæsar's Commentaries' in folio, are well known and highly valued. He succeeded in what was then called "a romantic design," the establishment of an Academy for the cultivation of the Fine Arts. This institution was the means of bringing forward the "Scottish Hogarth," David Allen, and Tassie the medallist, originally a stone mason. The celebrity of the Foulis press expired with the splendid edition of Milton's works, published in 1770.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the publication of books continued to increase. If there were few new books, there were sufficient old ones to be reprinted and sold. Books were distributed principally by book-hawkers and chapmen. At the

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beginning of last century there was not a single bookseller's shop in the thriving town of Birmingham. It was the same in most of the large county towns. Dr. Johnson's father hawked his books about from place to place; he kept a stall at Birmingham on market days. About the year 1676, book-auctions began in London, and soon came into vogue. The booksellers set up their stocks to auction, and sold them to the highest bidder. The practice extended into the country, and became generally established. The selling of books and pamphlets by the chapmen received a heavy blow in 1712, by the tax on all printed papers of a half-penny on every half sheet. The tax had the effect of reducing the sale of Addison's *Spectator* by one-half; yet it continued to be issued for two more years.

Before the period of the Commonwealth, the printing and publishing of books was licensed by the Government. Milton pleaded for 'The Liberty of unlicensed Printing,' and it was at length established. But until the passing of the Copyright Act of the 8th of Queen Anne, there was no protection for literary property. Addison described the printers and publishers of his time as "a set of wretches we authors call pirates, who print any book, poem, or sermon, so soon as it appears in the world, and sell it, as all other thieves do stolen goods, at a cheaper rate." The passing of the Act of Queen Anne put an end to piracy in England, but it was transferred to Ireland. In 1753, Richardson, the novelist, composed, printed, and published his own works. The sheets of 'Sir Charles Grandison' were stolen from his warehouse, and published in anticipation of their appearance in England, by three Irish booksellers. This piracy of English books in Ireland continued until the Act of Union in 1801.

Dryden published his works by subscription. At first he had difficulty in obtaining money for his manuscripts. He offered his 'Troilus and Cressida' to Tonson for £50; but the bookseller could not raise the money. Dryden then applied to Lavalley, another bookseller, for a portion of the copy-money, and the two booksellers published the work conjointly. Dryden, like his fellows, prepared plays for the stage, which were more remunerative than his poems and translations published as books.

Dryden's 'Translation of Virgil' was one of his most successful enterprises. It was published by subscription; and Dryden

received about £1200 for the translation. He was less successful with his 'Fables,' which contained about twelve thousand lines. The work included 'Alexander's Feast,' one of the noblest Odes in our language. Tonson gave him two hundred and fifty guineas for it, and offered to make up the amount to £300 when a second edition was called for. Dryden dedicated the book to the beautiful Duchess of Ormonde, and received for his incense a present of £500—a donation worthy of that noble house. The book, however, went off slowly; fifteen years elapsed before a second edition was called for; and the poet was by that time in his grave. Tonson paid the agreed surplus to Lady Sylvester, daughter of one of Lady Elizabeth Dryden's daughters, for the benefit of his widow, then in a state of lunacy.

Pope was much more successful than Dryden. As the success of Tonson had been founded on the reputation of Dryden, that of Lintott was established by his connection with Pope. Three thousand copies of the 'Rape of the Lock' were sold in four days, while a new edition was in the press. Pope was even more fortunate with his translations from the Greek. Lintott published for him, by subscription, the translation of Homer's 'Iliad,' by which Pope realized the sum of £5320. The translation of the 'Odyssey' was not so successful, yet it realized £2885, the largest sums earned at that time for this description of literary work, and perhaps not since exceeded. "I find subscribing," said Pope, "much superior to writing; and there is a sort of literary epigram I more especially delight in, after the manner of *rondeaux*, which begin and end in the same words, viz. '*Received: A. Pope.*' These epigrams end smartly, and are each of them tagged with two guineas."

Dr. Conyers Middleton's 'Life of Cicero' was equally successful. It was originally published in 2 vols. quarto, and was subscribed for by 3000 persons. Middleton realized sufficient profit from his work to enable him to purchase the estate of Hildersham, about six miles from Cambridge, where he chiefly resided during the remainder of his life, a thoroughly beneficial result of the fruits of literature.

But Pope, notwithstanding his success as an author, and especially of his translated works, published by subscription, inflicted a heavy blow on the Profession of Literature, by his publication of 'The Dunciad' in 1728. Before then, distinguished literary men had been promoted to high offices, especially in the reign of Queen Anne. Thus Addison, after the appearance of

his papers in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, was appointed Secretary of State. Prior, after the appearance of his Poetical Works, was appointed Ambassador to France; Tickell was Under-Secretary of State; and Congreve, Gay, Steele, and Dennis, were rewarded with Commissionerships and other lucrative appointments.

But after the appearance of Pope's 'Dunciad,' literary men seemed to become ashamed of their profession. Thackeray says that 'it was Pope who contributed, more than any man who ever lived, to depreciate the Literary Calling.' Indeed Thackeray himself lived to experience the bitterness of authors to each other. Success provokes spitefulness in small and mean natures, with whom no crime is so great as in daring to excel.

Though Pope did not begin, he established the Grub Street Tradition. Grub Street—now Milton Street, City—abounded in mean houses let out in lodgings at low rents. It was the resort of the poorer classes of authors—translators, critics, booksellers' hacks, newspaper writers, small poets, political libellers, and literary dunces. Pope's 'Dunciad' was his greatest satire probably because it was inspired by hate. He had been lampooned, and he paid the lampooners back with more than their own coin. His first edition bore the vignette of an ass laden with a pile of books, and an owl perched upon the top. The original hero of the Dunce-epic was Theobald, who had attacked Pope because of his edition of Shakespeare.

But Pope, in his satire, did not confine himself to Theobald. He attacked old and young, rich and poor, princes and prelates. He railed against the pulpit, the bar, and the throne. Womanhood was not proof against his lash. He traduced the fallen, the friendless, the exiled, and the dead. He spurted out the venom of his brain at his fingers' ends. "Wretched Withers," the admirable poet, was dug from his grave and satirized. Even Daniel Defoe was again pilloried :

"Earless on high, stood unabashed De Foe."

Poor Defoe! He might have been spared the insult. He had been struck by apoplexy, and was no fit subject for the poet's satire. But death itself could not avert the rage and malice of Pope. He lashed unmercifully his personal enemies, his critics, and "all the Grub Street race." Theobald and Dennis were vituperated, as well as Cibber, Blackmore, Quarles, and others—many of whom would long since have been forgotten, but for the 'Dunciad.' Pope made his satire pay too. He accepted a

thousand pounds from the Duchess of Marlborough for suppressing a satirical attack upon her character, but the bribe did not prevent him from publishing it in a future edition.

Pope's 'Dunciad' woke up Grub Street. He was at once assailed by coarse and libellous satirists. The whole impression of the first edition of the 'Dunciad' is said to have been bought up by several noblemen and persons of the first distinction. They no doubt thought it great fun to see the satirists and critics cutting each other up—like so many Japanese disembowelling themselves. The public began to think them as bad as they proclaimed each other to be. "Pope's Satire," said Johnson, "had the effect which it intended, of blasting the characters which it touched." The whole literary class was for a time sunk in contempt.

"One would imagine," said George Colman the Elder, "that every author is a natural enemy to every other author; and that the pursuit of letters, which should refine and humanize the mind, serves only to embitter it. No persons can be more jealous of a neighbour's growing power than some authors of a contemporary's fame. . . . Other men differ, and are reconciled in secret; but the contention of authors is studiously carried on in the most open manner, and they cut each other to pieces, like prizefighters, for the diversion of the rest of the world." A singular commentary upon this passage may be found in Isaac D'Israeli's 'Quarrels of Authors.'

The consequence of this literary turmoil was, that men feared to be ranked amongst the literary class. The author who had trod upon another author's toes was always in danger of having a stab in the back in some newspaper or review to which the latter had special access. Pope himself, who supported and wrote for a time in the 'Grub Street Journal,' had a constant dread of his critics. "There are indeed," he said, "a sort of underling auxiliaries to the difficulty of the work, called commentators or critics, who would frighten many people by their number and bulk. They lie entrenched in the ditches, and are secure only in the dirt they have heaped about them, with great pains in the collecting it." *

And again he wrote:—"All unsuccessful writers are your declared enemies, and probably some successful ones your secret enemies; for those hate no more to be excelled, than these to be rivalled. . . . Critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever a

* Elwin's 'Works and Letters of Pope,' vi. 207.

natural inclination to carrion ; and though such poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is so beggarly but he can keep a critic."

The position of authors and critics became alike depreciated in public opinion. The author was regarded as an adventurer. Hogarth caricatured him in Grub Street. In the 'Rake's Progress' the poet was exhibited as out of elbows, haunting the lobby of the great to receive payment for his fulsome dedication. The public began to believe that a man had only to write lampoons to be classed with what Johnson called the lowest of human beings—the scribbler for a party. "Few characters," he said, "can bear the microscopic scrutiny of wit quickened by anger ; and perhaps the best advice to authors would be, that they should keep out of the way of one another as much as possible."

It is scarcely to be wondered at, that authors should have become ashamed of their profession. "I have taken a thorough dislike," said Horace Walpole, "to being an author. You know how I shun authors, and would never have been one myself, if it obliged me to keep such company." David Hume said, "I have thoughts of settling in Paris for the rest of my life. I have a reluctance to think of living among the factious barbarians of London. Letters are there held in no honour. The taste for literature is neither decayed nor depraved here (Paris), as with the barbarians who inhabit the banks of the Thames." Yet Boileau could write in his '*L'Art Poétique*':—

"Soyez plutôt maçon si c'est votre talent,
Ouvrier estimé dans un art nécessaire,
Qu'écrivain du commun, et poète vulgaire."

Congreve, like Walpole, was ashamed of authorship. When he received a visit from Voltaire, he desired to be considered not as an author, but as a gentleman. "Had I known," replied the Frenchman, "that you were so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman, I would never have called to see you."

The daughter of Addison was brought up with a contempt for authors. She prided herself more upon her connection with the house of Warwick, than with the illustrious literary reputation of her father. Gray could not bear to be considered as a man of letters ; and without birth, fortune, or position, other than what his poetry had made him, he declared that he wished to be looked upon as a private independent gentleman, who merely read for his own amusement. It is probable that Gray

was provoked by the criticisms on his poems, which, on their appearance, were condemned as failures.

Authors and critics were themselves to blame for the contempt into which they had fallen. They could not keep the peace; for they criticized and condemned each other with the utmost vehemence. It was dangerous to meddle with them, or even to help them. As a distinguished author said to the elder D'Israeli, "They waste a barrel of gunpowder in squibs." When David Williams proposed, in 1773, to form a Literary Fund for the benefit of poor authors, he consulted an aged and experienced bookseller, as to the best means of removing the difficulties which lay in his way. "Sir," replied the old man, "nobody will meddle with authors." At last he gave his consent to become a subscriber, "provided literature were associated with the arts, or with any class or description of objects, less obnoxious to general apprehension or terror." *

Samuel Richardson combined the pursuits of author and bookseller. He sold in his front shop what he had written in his back parlour. He was first induced to compose a work by the demand which existed in the trade for a volume of letters on ordinary subjects—a sort of Letter Writer for the use of country readers. The result was the composition of 'Pamela.' It was written, he says, "to instruct handsome girls, who were obliged to go to service, how to avoid the snares that might be laid against their virtue." The extraordinary success of the book induced him to write 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison.' Richardson was amongst the first of modern novelists. He has indeed been called the Inventor of the English novel.

Singularly enough, the publication of 'Pamela' in 1741, led to the production of 'Joseph Andrews,' by Fielding, in the following year. It was intended as a parody and satire of Richardson's 'Waiting Gentleman.' Richardson's 'Pamela' and Fielding's 'Joseph Andrews' afford curious illustrations of the accidental circumstances by which books are occasionally produced. To Fielding we owe the admirable creation of Parson Adams—a character worthy to rank with Sir Roger de Coverley, Uncle Toby, and the Vicar of Wakefield. Fielding proceeded with his 'Tom Jones' and 'Amelia,' in which he delineated country life and character, to the enrichment of English literature.

Next appeared Smollett, who in 1748 published his 'Life and

* Report of the Literary Fund.

Adventures of Roderick Random. This was followed by '*Peregrine Pickle*,' and other novels, ending in his '*Humphrey Clinker*.' His '*History of England*' proved his most remunerative work ; he profited by it to the extent of about £2000.

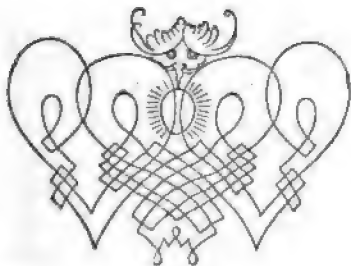
About the middle of last century, two reverend authors appeared in London—Laurence Sterne and Charles Churchill. Sterne brought with him from Yorkshire the first part of '*Tristram Shandy*.' He offered the manuscript to Dodsley, who declined to risk £50 on the venture. Sterne then resolved to print the two first volumes at his own expense, "merely to feel the pulse of the world." All of a sudden the country parson became famous, and people began to ask, "Who is Laurence Sterne?" The first edition went out of print, and Dodsley, melted by the author's success, gave him £650 for the second edition, supplemented by two more volumes. Sterne went on from one success to another. He published more volumes of '*Tristram Shandy*,' and finished his career of authorship with '*The Sentimental Journey*,' for which he received a considerable sum. But Sterne became a vagrant ; he gave up his charge ; abandoned his wife and daughter ; lived mostly in France ; stole from other authors, mostly from Burton's '*Anatomy of Melancholy* ;' and finally died in a common lodging house in London, robbed of all he had in his last moments by those who attended him.

Churchill's fate was still more unhappy. He was ordained by Bishop Sherlock, and on the death of his father, he was presented to the curacy of St. John the Evangelist in Westminster. A change for the worse suddenly took place in his character. He got into debt and was imprisoned ; but was released by compromising with his creditors for five shillings in the pound. He then resolved to seek his living by authorship. He first tried two poems, but failed to find a publisher. He then wrote the '*Rosciad*'—a clever satire on the theatrical managers and performers of the day ; which he published at his own expense. The public, always fond of scandal, received it with almost as much acclamation as Pope's '*Dunciad*.' "Who was the author?" became the problem of the town. Churchill put an end to the mystery by publishing an advertisement announcing himself as the satirist, and promising a second work addressed to his critical reviewers. The new poem assailed the Authors with as much fury as he had assailed the Actors. Churchill cleared about £1000 by his satires. To his honour, be it said,

that he paid the remaining fifteen shillings in the pound due to his creditors. Nevertheless, he went rapidly downward. He gave up his curacy, left his wife, and abandoned himself to licentiousness. He next published a poem, entitled 'Night,' as an apology for his nocturnal orgies. Of course, he made many enemies, among authors as well as actors. Pope had a robust Irishman to attend him after he published the 'Dunciad ;' but Churchill was a big, burly fellow, and could take care of himself. He carried with him a heavy bludgeon to warn off intruders.

Churchill and Wilkes—"hail fellows! well met"—were intimate friends. They were associated in the *North Briton*, and when they charged the King with falsehood in his speech from the throne, a warrant was issued for the apprehension of the authors, printers, and publishers. Wilkes was committed to the Tower, and Churchill escaped to the country. Hogarth's caricatures of Wilkes and Churchill will be remembered by all who have looked at his engravings. After his release from the Tower, Wilkes returned to Boulogne for a time, and Churchill went over to see him. There the latter contracted a fever, from which he died in October 1764.

(To be concluded.)



Madame Schumann and Natalie Janotha.*

WHILE the celebrated Clara Schumann was residing at Berlin, I determined to go and place my daughter under her tuition.

From what I heard of Clara Schumann I had formed a picture of her in my mind very different from the reality. She was of middle height, rather stout, with a pale face and aquiline nose. I was charmed by her deep blue eyes, full of expression, and her broad genial forehead.

After a warm welcome, she asked my daughter Nathalie to go to the piano, and when she had finished playing gave her some eagerly treasured hints, recommending her, among other things, to practise certain passages more slowly, but perfectly distinctly, so that each finger might be heard singly.

The Villa Schumann, as it is called, is situated in Lichtenthal, near Baden, and there Madame Schumann was often amused at seeing Englishmen, guide-book in hand, searching with the greatest interest among the splendid palaces for the Villa Schumann; they could hardly believe their own eyes when they at last discovered it to be such a small and unpretending house. But, when, as often happened, there came from the open windows, in the twilight, the enchanting echoes of Clara Schumann's piano, they would stand as it were spell-bound around the house which seemed to be suddenly invested with a glory far surpassing the most sumptuous palaces. The interior of the villa was full of interesting things, manuscripts

* This paper has been compiled from the diary of the late Madame Janotha, mother of the celebrated pianist Mdlle. Natalie Janotha. It was originally published in Polish; but, as few of our readers are likely to be acquainted with it in that language, we make no apology for presenting them with an English version of the most interesting portions.—ED.

of Schumann's, his letters from different celebrated artists, and a most choice musical library, busts of great masters of music, and last, not least, a striking portrait of Madame Schumann herself as a girl.

Madame Schumann's lot was very sad, though she found an ideal in her husband, whose musical greatness she felt so intensely, and for whom, as a man, she felt unbounded admiration. Her father Wieck made her career, and to him, after God, she owed everything. He it was who educated her and superintended her musical instruction. Her parents separated when Clara was only seven years old; but, like the tenderest mother, Wieck cleverly developed the physical and musical powers of his child. In her ninth year Clara gave her first concert in Leipsic, and this made her name famous; she soon began to improvise on certain given themes, and even sang small solos. Her facility was so great, that once when Chopin was passing through Leipsic he gave her the manuscript of his barcarolle, and by the following day she knew it by heart and played it at a concert even to the satisfaction of the composer. A few years later she met Schumann, and fell head-over-ears in love with him, worshipping his genius, which found an echo in her own musical spirit. She showed Nathalie the criticism which Schumann wrote upon her talents, "but nothing pleased me so much as to read in his diary," she added with a smile, "the words 'Clara played beautifully yesterday, but looked still more beautiful.'" Wieck, a man of great penetration, did not like the idea of his daughter marrying an artist, perhaps thinking, from his own experience, that the union would not be a happy one. But, although he set his face against it, her patience gained the day, and at the age of twenty-two she became the wife of Schumann. Her musical training was now still more rigorously continued; often when returning from a concert, radiant with the success she had obtained, she was met at home with reproaches and blame from her stern critic, and on one occasion her father even threw the music at those feet which had been covered with flowers on the platform a moment before.

Once her carriage was upset when driving to a concert; she was thrown out, and fell on her hand, hurting it severely; her father, however, paid no attention to her pain, but made her play, and even insisted on her singing, so she made a strong effort and rendered one of Schubert's pathetic songs with as much feeling as if nothing had happened. The doctor after-

wards declared, that the fact of having been forced to use her hand had in reality been beneficial to her. Since that time she has played continually in public, and now that the number of her performances has amounted to over 3000, no wonder sometimes her memory is at fault. She told us of one occasion, when she had promised to play at a concert given by Mendelssohn at Leipsic, in which, out of compliment to her, he was to conduct the orchestra himself. She appeared on the platform, amidst the usual thunders of applause; Mendelssohn, beaming with delight, gave the signal for the orchestra to begin, and they performed their part to perfection, but when it came to the passage for the piano solo there was dead silence. Poor Clara had completely forgotten the opening of her part. Her nervousness was attributed to the presence of Mendelssohn; the public applauded, the orchestra repeated the prelude, still Clara was silent; at last she was obliged to have recourse to the music, then she recovered, and charmed Mendelssohn by the way she rendered his composition.

The early happiness of her life with Schumann was too great to last long. She ceased to give concerts, all her time was taken up by home duties and the care of her seven children, whom she was obliged to bring up herself. Later on, the severe illness of her husband, which lasted many years, completely engrossed her. Schumann, even when in health, was wrapped up in his music, and took no interest in household matters. There is a story told of him that on one occasion, meeting his own children out walking, he was astonished at the demonstrations of affection they showed him, and, looking at them through his eye-glass, exclaimed, "What lovely children, and how well brought up! Whose are they?" When, later on, his brain became affected, he was never able to be left alone; he would often rush from the house under the influence of fearful visions, and during one of these attacks he threw himself into the river. He was rescued, but it was afterwards found necessary to have him placed in an asylum, where, after much suffering, he died.

Madame Schumann, though broken down by sorrow, was obliged to continue working for her livelihood and her children. Jenny Lind, the celebrated singer, was her great friend. She told us that during her husband's illness she was often forced from extreme poverty to appear in public. How hard a struggle it must have been. After one of these performances, at which Jenny Lind sang for the benefit of the Schumanns,

she returned home with Clara and her husband. During the drive, Schumann, who, though indifferent to everything else, had still a soul for music, sat silent with a look of blank despair upon his face. He refused to utter a word, and would not even look at his wife. With tears in her eyes, she begged him to tell her what was the matter, but he would not answer; at last it appeared that his anger had been excited by a small fault she had made in the Sonata of Beethoven she had played at the concert. "What audacity," he exclaimed, "to make a mistake playing Beethoven!" Jenny Lind said that she would never forget those reproaches, nor the effect they seemed to produce on poor Madame Schumann.

As a widow, England and Germany did their utmost to help and provide for her. At last, after many years of hard work, the Schumann Fund was set on foot, by which means a sufficient income was secured to the widow of so great a genius. But Madame Schumann's sufferings did not end with the death of her much-loved husband. The eldest son inherited his father's disease. Besides this, she lost a married daughter after a long illness, receiving the news of her death on the day of a concert in London. It was heartrending to see the mother trying to drown her sorrow by work. A few days later she gave a concert in Berlin, and there was no trace in her playing of the sorrow that had just fallen upon her, though a few moments before the concert she had told us, with tears in her eyes, how unhappy she felt. But love and enthusiasm for art kept her up, took her out of herself, and soothed her sorrows. Subsequently her youngest son, who was remarkably like his father, also died. During his illness she used to go to concerts trembling with fear lest on her return she should find him dead. By one of those strange contrasts we often meet with, at the height of her anxiety about that beloved son, a joyous jubilee fête was being set on foot to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of Madame Schumann's artistic career. On the day of the jubilee Madame Schumann went to Leipsic. In the evening, when she appeared in the Gewandhaus, the public, who filled every nook and corner, rose as one man to welcome her, and greeted her with such an avalanche of wreaths and flowers that the platform was literally covered, and she could not find the pedal when she sat down to play.

Before beginning her husband's concerto the conductor presented her on the part of the members of the Leipsic

orchestra with a golden laurel-wreath, on each leaf of which was inscribed the name of some famous composer. He reminded her at the same time of that day fifty years ago, when on the very spot, and at that very same hour, she, then a child of nine years old, appeared in public for the first time with a wreath of natural flowers on her head, which she had now exchanged for an artistic crown wrought by her own genius. After this discourse the applause redoubled, and then from those fingers, still so full of power and strength, the first notes of the concerto sounded. It ended in a perfect ovation, and she returned home feeling as one who had reached at length the goal which, amidst many trials and struggles, she had never lost sight of, and who had found her reward in the universal appreciation of her talents. She felt that this happiness was God's gift, and bore her success with the utmost modesty, seldom mentioning the many honours and presents which, during her artistic career, were showered upon her. So little value did she set upon them, that the loss of her trinkets, which were stolen on one of her visits to London, did not greatly affect her. As soon as the theft was known to the English, with their characteristic generosity, hastened to repair her loss to the best of their power.

But, careless as she was of these material tributes to her fame, she would hear of nothing but the best as being worthy of her beloved art. The Empress Augusta once met her at the house of Countess Fleming in Baden, and begged her most amiably to play something. "The piano here is bad, I cannot play upon it," was Madame Schumann's answer. The Empress most graciously renewed her request, asking her to play at least some small piece, adding that, under her fingers, no piano could sound bad. Madame Schumann held to her point, and said, "Only if the instrument is a really good one, and not a bad one like this, can it sound well." The Empress, unaccustomed to refusal, was at first offended by this answer, but excused Madame Schumann by saying that as an artist she was right not making an exception for any one, if by doing so her art was to suffer.

On the first occasion when Natalie was engaged to perform before the Empress, she was naturally much elated at the honour, but Madame Schumann threw cold water on all her excitement, saying that music was something higher than earthly fame, and that it was understood least by the great. Natalie timidly asked what she should play and how she should behave at court.

Madame Schumann smiled ironically, and declared she would never attempt to play her husband's compositions or Beethoven before such an audience. She advised something gay and easily understood. Natalie returned home depressed and almost in tears; how different had been her feelings a few minutes before! However, it was soon proved that Madame Schumann had only wished to give her pupil a little wholesome advice. Before the evening was over she sent for Natalie again and arranged a charming programme, which she made her rehearse with her, not forgetting to say at parting, "The aim of art ought not to be pleasing and amusing people. Remember that."

Not long afterwards we had another example of Madame Schumann's lofty standard in all things musical. Natalie was playing at a great concert in Baden, at which her mistress was present. Having been recalled by an "encore," she appeared all beaming with smiles, and Madame Schumann made her a sign to play something more. She played a valse by Chopin, which she was often obliged to play afterwards, as it became the favourite one of the Empress, and, ending it with a brilliant passage, she raised her hands at the finale, a little flourish that did not escape Madame Schumann's observation. She left the concert hall before us, leaving Natalie in the midst of friendly congratulations. At the door of her house, she was there to welcome us, but spoke coldly to Natalie, and scarcely looked at the flowers which had been given to her. Chilled by such a greeting, we entered the drawing-room; then Madame Schumann could no longer conceal her dissatisfaction, but began to condemn that unhappy raising of the hands. "You spoilt all my pleasure," she said, "by doing that. Did you ever see me do such a thing? You took a great liberty, you wanted to show the public that such passages are nothing to you, that they tumble out of your sleeves without an effort. A real artist never does that; it is only a habit of *dilettanti*. They raise their eyes, shake their head, and cast conceited glances round the hall, when the loftiness of their aim ought to compel them to rise above earthly things, and seek to give fitting expression to the great work of which they are the interpreters. When an artist comes on the platform he does not belong to the public; his personality is merged in that of the master who speaks through him. Are not smiles and simpers fatal to an elevated and serious state of mind? It is only a bad actor who tries to earn his pittance of applause by cajoling the audience."

While listening to these words and seeing Natalie's face, so bright a moment before, now bathed in tears, I still could thank God for giving her such a grand mistress, and all thoughts of the ovation we had just received were banished from my mind till Madame Schumann herself reminded me of it by kissing Natalie and saying, "I must kiss you for the joy you have given me; you played as I wished, and you know that I am not easily satisfied with anything."

It was the same kind friend who subsequently introduced Natalie to the English public. Nothing was more dear to Madame Schumann than her annual concerts with Joachim at St. James's Hall, but one year repeated attacks of rheumatism obliged her to postpone her departure from Germany. She hoped, however, to get to London before the concerts were all over. At last she saw it was impossible to move; she then sent to me, and told me that she had made every arrangement with the director and with my daughter, Natalie, who happened to be away from home on a tour, for taking her place at the last concert. When taking leave of me, she added that she gave up London, and with it all that was dearest to her, to Natalie, and that she should never feel happy until she had heard that the public were satisfied with her pupil. These words made my heart beat fast, for I knew the reserve of an English audience, and I felt how difficult Natalie's position would be in having to take the place of an artist who was quite idolized. Next came a telegram from Natalie, who was as much alarmed as myself at Madame Schumann's sudden arrangement. She asked me to meet her at the station at Brussels, but we missed each other, and I looked out for her in vain. The train reached Calais at 11 P.M. I could see no one; so I went to the boat in despair, and remained alone amongst the English sailors, whose language I could not understand. At last I went down into the cabin, leaving as it happened on deck a parcel containing Natalie's music. A few minutes afterwards she suddenly appeared, to my intense relief. She had arrived before me, having travelled by the express, and had recognized her parcel, which showed her that I was on board; then we returned at once to the deck to enjoy the sight of the sea, while the sailors, at Natalie's request, sang their national songs, and she sang Polish airs to them.

Madame Schumann had taken comfortable lodgings for us in London, and as soon as the landlady appeared I asked her in French where we could put a piano? "You cannot play

here," she answered, "as there are sick people close by." In vain I tried to explain to her that we could not do without a piano. All my explanations were met by the same answer, delivered with a *sang-froid* that annihilated me, "You cannot play here." We went straight to the director of the concert. He looked at Natalie with an eye that betokened incredulity as to her powers, and seemed greatly dissatisfied at the non-appearance of Madame Schumann. He helped us, however, a little in our troubles, and showed us the way to some vacant lodgings opposite his office. As no objection was made to the piano, we were contented to remain there, and immediately went off to Broadwood's to hire one. At the shop we met with a polite reception from the representatives of the firm, who left us to choose an instrument, and went away. Seating herself at the piano, the perfection of which delighted her, Natalie forgot the fatigues of her journey and the worries of the morning, and played through the programme chosen by Madame Schumann. After the last piece, which was a valse by Chopin, full of melody and life, truly Polish in spirit, all the people, who had received us coolly, came back into the room to offer compliments on the performance, and prophesy success for the concert, the thought of which had alarmed us so much. A beautiful piano was immediately sent to our lodgings, and they promised to send another to the concert-room. Scarcely had we got back to our rooms when the incredulous director came to say that he could only agree to Natalie's playing one piece, and that a very short one, as he wanted Joachim to play as much as possible. So we drove off to Phillimore Gardens to see Joachim, who immediately accompanied us back to the director, and succeeded in arranging everything as Madame Schumann wished.

Soon the programme was published, and posters met our gaze with the terrible words, "FIRST APPEARANCE OF MADEMOISELLE NATALIE JANOTHA," etc.

"Oh, may my Polish spirit support me now! English coldness shocks me!" said Natalie, to my great consternation. We presented ourselves in the afternoon at St. James's Hall, and took our seats in the artists' room. Here we were joined by Joachim. He told Natalie she must not expect to be applauded as she came on the platform, as it was not the custom in England when an artist appeared for the first time. Trembling with fear, I awaited the moment when my daughter was to

begin playing. I thought of Madame Schumann, and feared she had been too sanguine as to the success of this concert ; but to my great astonishment, both on her entrance and at the conclusion of her piece, Natalie received enthusiastic expressions of approval. I could not understand this, and Joachim shared my surprise. I was afterwards told that the audience at once recognized the influence of Madame Schumann's teaching, and were drawn towards the young artist, whose marked national idiosyncrasy deeply touched them. The director's manner as he came to congratulate me was quite altered. He said he had telegraphed to thank Madame Schumann for sending this pupil, whom he had so much distrusted at first sight.

Shortly afterwards we were summoned to Windsor, where Natalie played before the Queen and royal family nearly the whole evening, and was quite delighted at the kindness she experienced from Her Majesty and from each member of the royal circle. The manner of the Queen was perfectly natural, and full of sweetness and dignity, and charmed Natalie, who was much touched by her simple mourning attire and white head dress. The grave splendour of Windsor struck us beyond what words can describe. The tapestried walls and portraits of centuries of kings arranged in historic order, the severe style of the furniture, everything produced an impression of solemnity and grandeur that suited the august presence of royalty.

At a dinner-party at Rudolf Lehmann's, the painter, we met the queen of song, the Swedish Nightingale, Jenny Lind Goldschmidt. I was surprised that Madame Schumann, who admired her so much, had not given us a single word of introduction. She told me later that she abstained from doing so, knowing that Jenny Lind did not like talent recommended to her notice, as she preferred finding it out for herself. Seemingly hard and unapproachable, proud and capricious, she is in reality full of sympathy and kindness. She had always been ready to sing in aid of charitable institutions and to help private cases of distress, so that she was generally beloved and respected.

When Natalie was introduced, she scarcely looked at her ; a moment afterwards she made her a sign to approach, and began to talk to her, complaining of the want of feeling and inspiration in German musicians. Natalie was unable to bear this, and warmly expressed her admiration for Madame Schumann. "She is an exception," said Madame Goldschmidt.

The celebrated violinist Sarasate was expected to dinner that

evening, and the company was obliged to wait for him. At last he came, and his frank and jovial looks quite disarmed the hostess, who was annoyed that Jenny Lind should be kept waiting. She was seated in the place of honour, close to her was Natalie, and opposite Sarasate. The hostess had counted upon her young guest amusing and cheering up the famous artist, but her hope was disappointed.

Sarasate did not ingratiate himself with Madame Goldschmidt during dinner. He went away soon afterwards without trying to make amends, and I would gladly have followed him, for the position of the remaining guests was not agreeable; but Natalie happily thought of playing a composition by Schumann which Jenny Lind had mentioned enthusiastically a little time before. The great artist turned to the piano, her face beaming with joy, and after the last pathetic chord had died away she took Natalie in her arms, pressed her to her bosom, and kissed her heartily, saying earnestly, "May God bless you, my dear beloved child, we understand each other, our hearts beat in unison. I shall write to Madame Schumann to-day to tell her that I owe to her one of the most delightful moments in my life."

We became intimately acquainted with Madame Goldschmidt after this, and often spent a few days at her house. She told us many interesting details about her life. Her father was a captain in the Swedish army, her mother a singer. In her seventh year she began to study singing, and astonished every one by the beauty and compass of her voice. She never knew what it was to have loving parents. They only tried to make money out of her talent without considering her youth and want of strength, while her general education was entirely neglected. This sowed the seed of distrust in her young heart; she grew up to dislike the world and avoid it.

At twelve years of age, being already a tall girl, she appeared on the stage as substitute for a prima donna who was suddenly taken ill, though she had not studied the part at all, and was only present at the rehearsals. She was inspired with genius of no common order, which raised her heart above the things of this earth, and filled her with love of the true and beautiful. Her whole life was like a noble and elevating poem; on the stage her character was universally respected. There is hardly a town in either England or Germany where she has not won the gratitude of the inhabitants by the help she afforded to

charitable institutions. God gave her a vast fortune in her voice, and she shared her wealth with the poor. The presents she received after her concerts she distributed among benevolent establishments. Her husband generally made all the arrangements connected with her singing; this entailed a large correspondence, in which he was helped by two secretaries. They spoke with enthusiasm of the time they spent in the service of Jenny Lind and of the incredible triumphs which never caused her to show any foolish pride. It often happened in America that, when all the tickets for a concert were sold, the crowd would besiege the hall and threaten Mr. Goldschmidt, who, on one occasion, met with serious injuries. On hearing some one express sympathy with his misfortune, he answered with a smile, "It is not for nothing that I am the husband of a celebrated artist." Mr. Goldschmidt was a pupil of Mendelssohn, and had also studied under Madame Schumann. He is a composer himself, and a beautiful accompanist. We sometimes used to hear of the disagreeable encounters Jenny Lind had with those who envied the unbounded homage that was paid to her. At a Court concert at Windsor, the Queen approached her with an amiable smile, and thanked her for the pleasure she had felt in listening to her, adding a personal compliment upon the fulness of her poetic inspiration. Jenny Lind feared lest her triumph might cause pain to Grisi, who was present, and, in order to gratify her, asked to be introduced; but the irritated singer answered the proffered courtesy with an ill-concealed sneer. This painful scene spoiled all the pleasure of the evening as far as she was concerned: "I hate envy," she said, "and I never felt it towards any one." After this experience she avoided appearing with other artists, and shortly afterwards refused to sing with Grisi any more. In one town, where she stopped to give a concert, the son of a laundress, who was bringing back her linen, sold it to buy a ticket to hear the great singer. Madame Lind, with her usual kindness, excused the deed, and did not try to get compensation for the loss.

She was once invited to sing at a concert in Hanover to celebrate the anniversary of Beethoven's birthday. She was warned that arrangements had been made for a shower of flowers to fall on the stage from an aperture in the ceiling after the last encore. To avoid this, without coming forward, she slipped away home. She said she was annoyed to find that people forgot in whose honour the celebration was held.

"It was a feast for Beethoven," she remarked, "and I sang for his glory." Few, however, understood such an attitude, and her avoidance of the ovation was attributed to mere caprice.

On account of weak health, she left the stage in her twenty-eighth year ; but often in later years, when we have been with her, she would delight us by unexpectedly singing some song that she remembered. I shall never forget the impression she made on me one Sunday morning when she sat down at the piano and sang a hymn. What a prayer it was ; how full of adoration and tender love for the Creator ! That voice must have pierced the heavens ! Finding Natalie moved to tears by her singing, she clasped her to her arms, and, embracing her, said, "That is my way of praying, I cannot pray otherwise. My whole heart, my whole soul, and all my voice sings the glory of my Creator !"

In St. James's Hall we saw a popular entertainment called the Christy Minstrels. Englishmen with blackened faces, to imitate the negro singers so well known in America, appear in rather incongruous-looking evening dress and white gloves. The performance consists of songs, burlesque, dialogues, and dances, while the Hall rings with barbarous holloas and shrieks. I could not get over my astonishment that English people should like such representations. Yet such and even stranger eccentricities do not amount to a blot on the character of a nation for whose real worth I have a deep respect. Their cold, indifferent manner, which is the result of natural reserve, is only a sort of armour worn upon a heart ever ready to acknowledge and defend whatever is right, or noble, or beautiful. From such a character the springs of enthusiasm, not poured forth recklessly upon every trivial subject, gain greater impetus, and rise all the higher for having been pent up long behind strong barriers.

The love of music is almost general in the higher spheres of English society. Amongst others I may mention the late Lord Dudley.

At the concerts given in his splendid house, which was almost like a garden in its wealth of flowers and foliage plants, the leading artists were often to be heard ; as was the custom at State Concerts, they remained apart, and did not mix at all with the guests. These parties usually begin after the theatres, late at night. The following day is lost to work ; but the musicians profit by the opportunity they have of making acquaintances and receiving invitations from house to house, and the celebrity

they thus attain is more profitable to some than giving public concerts would be.

Yet neither Madame Schumann, Joachim, nor Rubinstein, considered such performances worthy of the greatness and dignity of art. I heard an anecdote in London about Lord Dudley and Rubinstein which illustrates this.

One day, his Lordship proposed that Rubinstein should play for him, and offered very high terms. The artist replied to his noble impresario, "The ticket for my concert to-day won't cost so much, my Lord." Lord Dudley was not offended by the answer; he went to the concert and listened to the great pianist from a modest corner, having paid several times over for his place.

Madame Goldschmidt had announced her intention of giving a *matinée* for Natalie before we returned to Germany; up to the last moment she kept a surprise in store for us, and it was not until the programme came out the day before the concert that we learned she had arranged to sing herself. She had not done so for years, but now she said she wanted to prove to all England how highly she appreciated Natalie. I mention this trait as characteristic of the kindly feelings and ways of this noble and genial woman. She sang one of Mozart's grand arias, finishing with a long-sustained shake, accompanied on the violin; now rising into crescendo, now murmuring into pianissimo, till it finally died away on the wings of the air. It was something unearthly. Those notes remained long, a very long time in our grateful memory. In our journey to the Continent, they haunted us amidst the splashing of the waves on the Channel; the shrieks of the engine, as we flew towards Paris, could not drive them away; they were still with us as we neared our own dear native land, and now as I write they hover around me! Happy are those who are able by their talents, their love of the beautiful, and their noble deeds, to leave with others such glowing memories!



Miss Blake of Monkshalton.

BY I. O. F.

CHAPTER I.

And if I pray, the only prayer
That moves my lips for me,
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,
And give me liberty."

E. BRONTË.

THE pavement was hot, the walls were hot, the iron railings were blistering with the heat. Dust was everywhere, covering everything, making the lilac bushes and trees in the garden of Portman Square look grey and parched, although it was still early summer. The Virginian creeper which climbs sadly over so many London houses, was hanging wearily over the hot balcony of No. —, Portman Square, throwing out thirsty tendrils in longing desire after that happy land of fresh air and cooling showers, which it could never reach, but of which it had heard murmurs from the birds. A faint steamy odour, as of roasting and cooking, floated lazily up from area windows.

A dusty uninteresting world, full of sordid people and unsatisfied desires, thought Anne Blake, as she stood under the striped awning on the balcony, leaning on the creeper, and ruthlessly crushing its delicate stems with her round firm arms.

Behind the muslin curtains, inside the hot drawing-room, were Aunt Jane and Aunt Emma, who, with discreetly lowered voices, were discussing something concerning their niece; for though Anne could not hear their words, the tone of the low murmur was quite sufficient to make her aware of the drift of their talk, and also that on Aunt Jane's part it was, as usual, not favourable to herself.

"It's a wonder to me," Aunt Jane was saying, "where the child has got all her notions from; our poor dear father brought

us up so wisely, he never let us have any new-fangled notions ; what was good enough for him was good enough for us, he said, as you know quite well, Emma ; and if any of us wanted to do anything out of the way—which, I am thankful to say, I for one never did—he used to say that if we must make ourselves the laughing-stock of our neighbours, we must wait till he was gone, for as long as he lived he would be master in his own house.”

As Aunt Jane paused for breath and glanced triumphantly round the room, as if a once rebellious-minded, but now crushed audience were seated there, Aunt Emma gave a gentle sigh, and her knitting fell on to her lap. These reminiscences, which Jane was never tired of repeating, were full of pain to Emma, for she had thirsted after many forbidden things in her youth ; and though the state of constant repression in which she lived had not embittered her and made her hard and intolerant, as had been the case with Jane, it had nevertheless worn away her courage and faith, so that when twenty years ago their father died, and with his death freedom had come, Emma found herself a middle-aged woman with a mind unable to grasp any definite purpose : even her visions seemed to have faded away, leaving only a vague yearning after some misty glow of unattainable sunlight. Of course these feelings were carefully concealed from Jane. Knowledge of the existence of this repressed and wasted energy in Emma had indeed no place in Jane's mind ; the elder sister regarded the younger as a person, certainly possessing grace and refinement of character and both religious and sweet-natured, but exceedingly weak and unreliable, and, above all things, requiring a guiding hand. To do her justice, Miss Blake had no notion how that guiding hand worried Emma, for most of the more subtle feelings of life were mere “stuff and nonsense” to Jane.

Emma had always stood a good deal in awe of her sister, being ten years the younger of the two. She regarded Jane as a perfect standard of excellence and greatness, being convinced that her habit of fault-finding arose not only from a deficiency of personal knowledge of, and therefore sympathy with, the weaknesses to which ordinary mortals are prone, but also from a true desire to show them that higher path which she herself trod by nature. Unconsciously the strain of living with this unswerving pinnacle of excellence was wearing Emma's life and strength away. It was as if she felt the constant pressure of Jane's soul near her day by day, gazing even into her inmost

depths : and this intangible contact, with which no words or looks were mingled, so powerfully gnawed into her being that she sometimes felt as if life itself were growing weaker and fainter. Sometimes, after an hour of silence, with a great effort she left the room, and the relief from cessation of bodily presence brought back the blood to her heart and brain ; but, as time went on, the relief grew feebler and the horror stronger, till sometimes for days Jane seemed to be ever there, everywhere—in the street, at her elbow, all around her.

And still they loved each other. Emma did not know why Jane's presence unnerved her, nor Jane why Emma's air of submission irritated her and tinged her words with anger. The habit of years was so strong, that neither could imagine living without the other, and apart, happiness would have seemed a feebler possibility to each. What could they do? Continue this murderous life together, or live stuntedly and apart? The ties we find most irksome are often our strongest motive for living if we could but know it.

"Why don't you answer me, Emma? you sigh as if I were saying something wrong ; you really seem to take a pleasure in making me feel I've been unkind to that girl."

"Dear Jane, as if I don't always think you in the right!" which remark irritated Jane to the extent of producing an angry sniff, making Emma drop a stitch in her nervousness.

But what was there to say? In her heart of hearts Emma sided with Anne, but how to tell Jane that judiciously without making her angry Emma could not imagine. Much of the wasted energy of her monotonous life was centred in a deep love for her niece, who, fourteen years ago, when her parents died, had come to live with her aunts. Anne always found a warm though tactless ally in Aunt Emma.

"Why shouldn't the child be content to stay quietly here, instead of gadding about paying visits, I should like to know?"

This was a somewhat wide statement of Aunt Jane's, seeing that Anne was never allowed to pay visits, and if she had been allowed had few friends to visit, for the strict seclusion in which she was kept by Miss Blake—ten months of the year at their country house in North Lancashire and two months in Portman Square—necessarily narrowed the number of their acquaintance to a considerable extent. The "gadding about" here discussed was a request made by an old friend living in Bayswater, that Anne should be allowed to dine with her that very evening,

accompanied by her two aunts it is true, but to be left behind to spend a few days at her house, to enjoy some of the season's gaieties, of which the poor child had seldom more than a glimpse.

"What is it she complains of? She has good food, good clothing—I'm sure that last evening dress of white silk cost enough to satisfy any silly, discontented young woman—drives in the park every day, no cares, no responsibilities, what more can she want? What more did we ever want, and why should she ask for what we never asked?"

Another pause and another sigh from Emma, checked as it rose lest Jane should be annoyed by it.

"You see, Jane, every one isn't alike, and she hasn't your strength of purpose; duty cannot always be her ideal, she wants a little gaiety and brightness."—"How I longed for pleasure at her age!" she added to herself.—"You see, she's only twenty, and I do really think she might pay this little visit," she concluded somewhat incoherently, for her courage was rapidly oozing away after this unusually bold opposition on her part to Jane's opinions.

"And pray what's the good of it all? When the visit is paid, she'll only come back here more discontented than ever; once open the cage door you can't shut it again! Well, well, I suppose she must go, or I shall never hear the end of it; but I must say I never thought it becoming, myself, to want more than one could get," said Jane, in such a clear sharp tone that her last words reached Anne's ears as she stood on the hot balcony, gazing discontentedly down the dusty street.

"Just like Aunt Jane," she thought; "what a shame it is that I always have to stand alone like this with every one against me; for though dear Aunt Emma tries to take my part, she cannot hold out against Aunt Jane—no one can; I know that woman is slowly killing her! But what can I do? I don't know how to help her! If it goes on much longer I shall become petrified, frozen up, or else I shall do something wicked and desperate. Oh, what must I do? how will it all end? Very soon Henry will bring in tea, and we shall all three eat, and drink, and think just the same as we do every day of our lives, when the clock strikes five. If only something would happen to break this horrible suffocating monotony! Just because Aunt Jane had a tyrannical old father, who never let her do what she liked, why should she revenge herself on me and Aunt Emma, and

every one she comes near? Oh, dear me! if only I could marry some one, any one, it would be better than this life of slow torture. Aunt Emma is old, I do think it is different for her; but I am young, and I shall die and never have seen anything of this wonderful thrilling world!"

A bitter choking sob rose in her throat. She put up her hand and snapped off a young tendril of the creeper, which was waving softly in the heavy air, and crushed it in her hot hand. "If only I could crush Aunt Jane so," she thought. She threw the leaves away, and they sank into the dust in the street. Within, a large bluebottle was lazily buzzing and thumping against the ceiling, and Emma's fingers were growing hot and tremulous over her knitting. She hated knitting and all kinds of sewing or work, but it irritated Jane to see her idle, she felt sure, so work she must: little knowing that Jane partly suspected her motive, and at the sight of her heated efforts always experienced a spasm of exasperation flavoured with remorse—the flavouring unfortunately lending a sharper tone to her voice. It is a sad pity that remorse generally makes people disagreeable.

A door decorously closing downstairs, heavy footsteps and a subdued rattle of tea-cups announced Henry's approach with tea. Anne appeared at the window with smuts from the creeper clinging to her arms, and a look of sullen indifference on her face.

"Shall I pour out the tea for you, Jane?" said Emma, in a deprecatory voice; "let me, it is so hot and you have been so busy all day, you must be tired."

This constant desire on Emma's part to save Jane, virtuous active Jane, from all extra trouble and fatigue, was another cause of friction between the sisters. Emma was filled with a never-ending craving to do something for another human being—any one; if the washerwoman had been there instead of Jane the desire would have been just as strong, indeed perhaps stronger, for a stranger sometimes awakens the feeling of abstract love for humanity in our soul more keenly than kith and kin can do. All the expression which these waves of love in Emma's helpless soul could find, beyond giving away blankets and coals to the poor people at Monkshalton, was in doing little menial offices for Jane. Besides, it was only right, she thought, that the menial side of their life should be done by her, the feebler partner, for Jane, she loved to think, represented the better part.

Jane was always irritated at this assumption of fatigue on her part; to admit she felt tired was ignoble, therefore, however

prostrate she might feel, Emma's words invariably acted like a sudden stimulant, stringing her up to the most energetic action. Her better feelings, too, made her dislike to see Emma assume this humble rôle; it was unfair to Emma, she felt, as well as humiliating to herself.

"Certainly not, thank you, Emma, I am not in the least tired; why should I be? and even if I were, why should you fatigue yourself with doing my duties for me?" She would have indeed considered it most improper to allow the younger sister to pour out tea, even on the most private occasion.

"But, my dear Anne," she continued, "how is it you are so hot and flushed? Pray remember the dinner-party to which you are going to-night. If there is one thing I dislike to see, it is a young lady looking hot and sunburnt like a milkmaid."

"What will it matter how I look to-night? No one will care, no one will look at me or think about me. I know exactly what it will all be like. Sir James will be there, and will take you in, Aunt Jane, or else Mr. Taylor will, and old Forbes Aunt Emma, and"—

"And how often must I beg of you not to call Colonel Forbes 'old Forbes'? I really wish you had more delicacy of feeling and language."

But Anne for once was not to be checked, and with her mouth full of toast, continued eagerly, "And I shall go in with young Forbes, Bernard—at least *you* call him young, *I* call him middle-aged—I know you want me to marry him, Aunt Jane."

"My dear," exclaimed Emma, perfectly aghast at Anne's boldness and indecorum—Jane was speechless—"how can you speak so to your Aunt Jane? you know she doesn't approve of such things at all; she doesn't think them nice, and of course I do not either," she loyally added, her agitation causing confusion in her mind as to what exactly were the things which Jane did not consider nice. Anne eagerly took advantage of this.

"Do you mean, Aunt Emma, that you and Aunt Jane don't approve of people marrying? Of course I think it's generally a great mistake; but then it's better than nothing—better than droning away at home all your life, for a married woman can at least do as she likes. I certainly mean to marry, and I shall have everything my own way." But here Jane's wrath was poured out on Anne's head in a torrent of stern rebuke which reduced even that bold young lady to a state of quiet limpness, and increased still more Emma's nervous depression.

Silence came at last, and the bluebottle could again make his melancholy thumping and buzzing audible. Outside in the misty sunshine carriages rolled past, the cheerful ring of the horses' hoofs and the occasional jingle of bells on their necks making the heavy silence within the stately drawing-room seem more and more unbearable to poor Anne. A coach drove past, gaily blowing its horn, a brilliant type of happiness and dissipation. It was too much ; she hastily took up a book, and, putting her fingers in her ears to drown all these unendurably pleasant sounds, began to read diligently.

But it was useless ; she could not understand anything she read, for the thought of Aunt Jane and her tyranny, her continual snubbing and putting down of everyone round her, filled and overflowed her mind.

She put the book down and listened again to the carriages.

"If Aunt Jane died how happy we two, Aunt Emma and I, should be," was the thought which gradually shaped itself in her brain with startling distinctness. It was an old thought, and she was used to it, but somehow to-day the buzzing of the fly and the hot heavy air outside made it take stronger and more definite shape than usual. As she looked at the spindle-legged chairs, at the tall cabinets with glass doors full of precious china, at the old-fashioned engravings on the walls, she seemed to see on everything the words, "if only *she* would die." She dared not meet Jane's eye at last, for she felt sure the dreadful words must be written on her face and Jane would surely see them. She got up, and sat down close to the open window, but still the thought followed her, and even the bluebottle seemed to be humming it. Jane must know what he was saying, she must know why she was so restless. She could bear it no longer ; at all costs she must break this dreadful spell which was binding her, and pushing back her chair, she rushed to the door and upstairs to her room, hearing, as she did so, a shocked chorus of exclamations on the impropriety of such rapidity of movement in a well-brought-up young lady.

As she ran up the staircase a gloom seemed to follow her and close round her, and her ears were full of the sound of the words, "Death—Aunt Jane's death." She flung her window open, and sat looking at the wide vista of roofs and red chimneys ; but even up here the hazy air was full of sultry thoughts, and Aunt Jane's hard face seemed to be pressing against the window-pane looking at her with a cold smile.

"Go where I will she follows me, and my wicked thoughts follow me—this dreary house is full of shapes and sighs and horrible thoughts. All Aunt Jane's people must have been gloomy and hard; and now the very walls, even the chairs and tables, are full of their hardness and misery: I can never escape from it all—never! Thank Heaven Aunt Jane is the last of them; but woe, woe to Aunt Emma and me, who have to live with her, and whose lives she is grinding away. Poor Aunt Emma is sinking into silent despair, and I into madness or wickedness, or both!"

Resting her chin on her hands, she gazed drearily at the roofs, trying to shape impossible plans for escape. She thought over all the people she knew; could any of them help her? At Monkshalton their nearest neighbours, the Forbes, lived two or three miles away, and all their other acquaintances much farther, so that the distance, combined with Miss Blake's usual mental attitude of severity towards mankind in general, had reduced their intercourse with the other county families to stately calls exchanged at proper intervals, and in the summer-time occasional flower and vegetable shows, when Jane, together with the other elderly magnates of the district, distributed prizes, and Anne was only allowed to walk sadly and silently about under her aunt's all-shadowing wing. How often had she cried in secret over the invitations to balls which were always refused, for Jane did not like late hours, and of course would not allow Anne to go to such affairs under any other chaperonage than her own.

"And it's just the same here in London," murmured the poor child to herself. "If it wasn't for my singing lessons when we are up here, and for my rides with Bernard Forbes when we are at Monkshalton, I should have committed suicide long ago," she concluded, with that youthful scorn of life and belief in our ability to end it at any moment, which is so rapidly destroyed with advancing years.

At least age teaches us the futility of such a philosophy, which (to my mind) belongs along with other unhappiness to that much praised period we call youth—the period surely when we are most burdened with a sense of our age, and of the responsibility of living.

CHAPTER II.

As the clock was striking eight Anne came slowly down the staircase, clad in soft creamy silk which fell in graceful lines around her tall, slim figure, thinking that, after all, a dinner party was something not to be despised—that an evening with “young Forbes” was better than one with Aunt Jane. As she passed Aunt Emma’s door it opened, and Emma came out with an expression of restrained excitement on her face.

“Your Aunt Jane has got one of her dreadful headaches and cannot go out this evening; you and I must go alone. But it doesn’t seem the right thing somehow for me to go out without her; I never do such a thing. Perhaps I had better stay at home with her,” she added, in a slightly questioning tone, and evidently wishing to be contradicted.

Joy leapt into Anne’s heart. Something nice must surely be going to happen at Mrs. Taylor’s since Jane would not be there to freeze up all pleasure.

“Stay behind—what nonsense, Aunt Emma! Why, we shall have all the more fun, you and I by ourselves; and *she* won’t mind being left behind, for I sometimes believe we worry her nearly as much as she worries us; at least, I know I do.”

“My dear,” said Emma remonstratingly, “don’t speak unkindly of dear Jane, especially since she has given leave for you to visit Mrs. Taylor till Friday. I have just told Coates to follow us to Bayswater to-night with your things, so you will find her waiting for you when you go upstairs to bed. I told her to be sure and pack up your prettiest dresses,” she added, looking tenderly at Anne’s eager face, which was now crimson with excitement at her news.

“Aunt Emma—dear Aunt Emma, do you really, really mean it? It can’t be true; you must have misunderstood Aunt Jane. You know I never am allowed to pay visits by myself—never!”

Henry’s solemn voice at her elbow announcing that the carriage was at the door stopped any further questioning on her part, and debate on Emma’s concerning the propriety of going out to dinner without Jane; for whatever happened, Jenkins must not be kept waiting, so without more words the two ladies drove away.

There was a striking contrast between the two figures sitting

side by side in the heavy old-fashioned carriage drawn by its pair of solemn-paced bays, yet both touched you alike with a feeling of pathos. Emma's thin face with its mild grey eyes, the wistful lines round her gentle mouth, her brown hair streaked with white, which she wore in little old-fashioned curls fastened down on her temples by small side-combs, all bore the impress of an ever-increasing melancholy. You somehow felt sure, as you looked at her, that she had never known the greatness and beauty of life, and now was becoming dimly conscious that in the little portion of it left to her, her soul was not widening towards the vast sea of eternity, but was slowly narrowing and suffocating within the walls of its prison-house—those intolerable walls of inherited circumstance—which she was too feeble to break down.

Anne, sitting erect and eager, her blue eyes looking dark with joyous excitement, and her hands folded tightly on her knee, was full of the most delightful anticipation of the evening's happiness; and her look of assured belief in this happiness in store for her, was as pathetic in its way as was Emma's despondency.

How delightful it was, thought Anne, that to-day was only Tuesday, and what unheard of, unprecedented joy, that she should have two whole days and a half, almost three days, at Mrs. Taylor's! It was true she did not know Mrs. Taylor intimately, but she had known her most of her life, and was not at all afraid of either her or Mr. Taylor, a kindly hearted though rather irascible old gentleman, much afflicted with gout. They had no children, which was an acknowledged sorrow to them both, and Mrs. Taylor often told the Blakes how much she envied them their possession of such a pretty and charming niece as Anne. Many were the invitations which they had sent Anne to stay with them both in London and on their Scotch moor, but hitherto they had been all refused on the ground that Anne was not old enough to be allowed such gaiety. No wonder then that she sat smiling to herself, and pitying the passers by in the street who were not going to such a delightful dinner party as she was.

But an anxious thought was troubling Emma, ruffling her forehead into lines as she slowly buttoned her gloves. Should she let herself be announced as Miss Blake instead of Miss Emma Blake? She preferred the first, for it would increase the guilty feeling of freedom which Jane's absence created, and yet

could she, would she, when the trying moment arrived, behave with suitable coolness and dignity?

Before the weighty question was decided, the carriage drew up at the Taylors' door. The butler, blind to Emma's nervous tremors, took the law into his own hands, and announced in a ringing voice "Miss Blake." The room swam before her eyes at the unaccustomed name, as she walked across the large drawing-room. The rays of the setting sun were streaming in through the windows and fell on her sweet thin face with its pretty look of timid dignity, her inward excitement adding light to her grey eyes and a slight flush to her cheeks.

"Why, I never thought Emma Blake could look so well—she looks nearly as pretty as her niece," thought old Sir James Haughton, who was hungrily watching the company arrive, and wondering whether "Taylor would have his best port out to-night or his second best." The arrival of an old clergyman with a cheery red face decided that matter satisfactorily.

"Thank heaven here's Dr. Ridsley, so we shall have the '47 port," he murmured; and, settling his waistcoat and collar, with a contented air he walked across the room to where Emma was standing by Anne. Anne Blake was a strikingly pretty girl, though when you came to examine her face in detail it was difficult to say where the charm exactly lay. I think it was chiefly in the lovely contour of her head and neck, and in the beauty of her eyes, which to-night were brilliant with eagerness. The graceful lines of her figure were accentuated by her style of dress. She never wore tight tailor-made costumes, partly from an innate artistic perception of their vulgarity, and partly from a dislike to be reduced to the mere counterpart of every other young lady in the room. To-night she was looking prettier than ever, for her face was shining with happy expectancy of the something nice which must surely happen.

"I am to have the pleasure of taking you in to dinner, Miss Emma," said Sir James with a gallant bow. Emma's spirits rose still higher—she then was to be the object of his attentions. She felt rather flustered and anxious, and gave her pretty old lace cap a hurried pat, and the folds of her soft grey satin gown a hasty smooth down. "I hope he will find me pleasant to talk to," she thought; "but if I cannot talk like Jane, I can at least listen."

They sailed in to dinner, and as Emma nervously settled herself into her place, she wondered whether she ought to begin

the conversation, or wait for Sir James to do it ; which did Jane do ? However, her fears soon fled, for Jane's absence, she found, took a weight off her mind. No one could make unpleasant comparisons between them this evening she felt, and there was no fear of severe criticism when she got home : for once she might let herself go. Sir James was astonished ; was this the little nervous, silent Miss Emma, this sprightly sympathetic woman with a pink flush on her cheeks, and pretty grey eyes ! His portly mind unbent itself, and he became less pompous than when Jane's critical eye was upon him. With Jane, he always felt he must act up to his highest intellectual level, and the strain was not pleasant, particularly with one of Mrs. Taylor's good dinners claiming his attention. To-night he could both talk and eat without restraint, and his flow of gallant speeches increased to such an extent, that Miss Emma felt quite nervous, and began tremblingly to wonder what she should or could say, and what Jane would say, if he were to propose to her ! What a free, gay world it was to-night, spiced with a delightful dash of wickedness !

"Don't take that champagne, Miss Emma—take the other ; ladies always like it sweet, you know ; now it never can be too dry for me. 'Gad ! I'm glad that old churchman's here, it's made Taylor get out his best wine. It's not often you'll drink such port as his."

"I'm afraid I don't know much about wine ; it generally gets a little into my head," said Miss Emma gently.

"You're quite right," said Sir James, with a benevolent smile of approval at Miss Emma's feminine inferiority. "I don't like to see a lady enjoying her glass of wine, or drinking her tumbler of stout, but now-a-days these young folks think nothing of their two or three glasses of champagne and their sherry and claret ; and they drink 'em all off at once too, and miss all the delicate flavour. However, everything is turned topsy-turvy from what it was in my young days ! My father used to sigh over it all in his old age, and I suppose it's my turn now to do the same."

"But, my dear Sir James, surely you think the world is improving ! Why, when I think of my young days, and of how little amusement or change we ever got, I am sure of it. Of course, meat was cheaper and servants were better."

It was the hostess who spoke. She was a woman who rather prided herself on her advanced opinions and general broadness of view ; but, like most people, considered it safer and more lady-

like not to go "too far:" you must never be guilty of showing too much interest in any one particular thing.

She was rather in awe of the Misses Blake, partly on the score of social position, for the Blakes were an old county family and had never of course had any connection with trade; whilst poor Mrs. Taylor had a disagreeable and industriously concealed remembrance of her father's warehouse in the city: partly too because she had an uneasy sensation that Jane's keen eye saw through her various little deceptions, and was aware of that vulgar commercial background, whilst Emma's gentle dignity of manner somehow made her uncomfortably conscious of her own shortcomings.

Jane's eye being absent, and Emma more absorbed than usual, Mrs. Taylor felt more courage; like Sir James Haughton, she was happy and unrestrained. The city, trade, all such vulgarities seemed to disappear entirely from her ken, and she gradually found herself talking with so much familiar sympathy of the troubles appertaining to entailed estates in these bad times, of the last drawing-room, of the latest fashionable scandal, that by the time the ladies left the dining-room a look of happy content had settled on her face. Indeed, some of her guests were completely awed by her evident familiarity with the habits and doings of the aristocracy, and in the drawing-room after dinner a little group gathered round her listening reverentially to stories of poor Lady B—— and dear Sir Edmund C——

Amongst the rest of the ladies, before the appearance of the gentlemen, the talk flagged. Emma was feeling slightly ashamed of her animation during dinner, and was beginning to wonder what Jane would have said to Sir James when he made complimentary speeches. How much more properly Jane would have behaved! She smoothed her gown and sighed, while the usual expression of nervous anxiety crept again over her face.

Anne was sitting in a state of listening expectancy for the entrance of the gentlemen. Her something nice had happened after all—contrary to all precedent, "young Forbes" was not there, and an interesting stranger had taken her in to dinner. The meal had passed like a dream. She dimly remembered that tiresome servants had from time to time offered her plates of something; but after the first one or two courses, when the talk had become intense, they had been impatiently waved aside. Now, her thought was, "Will he come and talk to me again?"

The door opened—her heart stood still—in came the coffee. With a sigh she took up an album and made a pretence of examining it, but it contained mostly old-fashioned cartes-de-visite of elderly young ladies in wide sleeves and Garibaldi waists, and married couples arm-in-arm: people who looked, she thought, as if they had never sat by interesting strangers at dinner-parties—whose lives must have been devoid of all romance to others or to themselves. The album was thrust away, and she began to count the waving plumes in Mrs. Taylor's hair.

A voice at her elbow roused her—the voice.

"Miss Blake, do you care for music? shall I meet you at Mrs. B——'s to-morrow night?"

"Yes," said Anne, her heart beating so fast she could hardly articulate the words distinctly. "I am staying with Mrs. Taylor till Friday, and she is going to take me out every night till then—every night," she added rapturously. "You see, my Aunt Jane doesn't approve of much gaiety for young people, so that I am not accustomed to so much happiness as three nights running of balls and 'at homes.'"

"I hope I shall be at all the balls, and that you will allow me to dance with you," said Mr. Stevens, in rather a lower tone.

The bright look on Anne's face caught Emma's attention and made her heart sink. With her usual habit of jumping to groundless conclusions she wondered if Anne were going to fall in love with that dark-haired, uninteresting-looking young man, as he appeared to her dispassionate gaze. If so, she would be left alone with Jane—alone in the gloom of their dull house. Her mind rapidly made a little picture of her future when bereft of Anne's young presence. She saw Henry laying breakfast for two, luncheon for two, the tea-tray with only two cups on it; no third plate to stand between Jane's and hers, no third presence to break their everlasting tête-à-tête. Should she join a sisterhood or go out to nurse sick soldiers on battle-fields? She had the vaguest notions concerning the duties of either calling, and drifted into confused speculations about the kind of dress she would have to wear on the battle-field, and whether nurses had to stand near the guns. She hoped not; for fire-arms, even unloaded, she regarded with nervous distrust, how should she endure the presence of a great cannon?

Sir James Haughton's voice interrupted her thoughts just as

the firing of a gun had made her scream and drop a wounded drummer boy whom she was bearing off the field.

Sir James had a passion for gossip, and for the last few minutes, since he had come into the drawing-room, had been watching with great attention the animated conversation going on between Anne and Mr. Stevens. He was a very old friend of the Blakes, and knowing Miss Blake's extreme conservatism of opinion on all such matters as birth and position, he felt very anxious to find out whether anything more serious than a passing flirtation was going on between the two young people.

"Miss Emma, I should like to know your opinion of that young fellow there, who is talking to Miss Anne. I knew his mother very well in my young days, and a fine girl she was too ! Why, she was the toast of half the country side, and might have married anyone of us ; but she went and threw herself away on a young fellow from London, who was a poet or an actor, or some such useless nonsense. But, as my poor father used to say, 'a woman's harder to follow than a fox. You never know when to have her, or what cover she'll make for next.' I beg your pardon, Miss Emma," he added abruptly ; "really, you see, I had forgotten what I was saying, you must forgive an old fellow like me saying rude things, but talking to you, Miss Emma, is not like talking to most ladies ; it's a treat too that I don't often get," he concluded with a gallant bow.

Miss Emma flushed with pleasure and drew up her gloves. "What would Jane say ?" came up as usual in her mind ; however, Sir James was not a person who required answers, and he continued in a more confidential tone—

"You know I don't think Miss Blake would approve of Miss Anne talking to him so much if she were here."

Emma sighed, and said in a tone which belied the confidence her words expressed, "I think we can always trust our niece to behave in suitable and proper manner."

She felt irritated with Sir James ; why need he help to rivet her chains more firmly by bringing in Jane's opinion. She got up, leaving Sir James somewhat surprised at her chilling reply, for it was unusual for Emma to snub people, and went across the room to where Anne was sitting. Generally, her sympathetic turn of mind made her unwilling to interrupt interesting conversations, but to-night she felt it was her duty to check Anne's impulsive course.

"My dear," she said, laying her hand on Anne's shoulder. "I think Jenkins must be here and I don't like to keep him waiting. I want you to come and help me with my cloak."

Anne gave an impatient toss, but the light in her eyes did not grow less bright, for she remembered she was not driving back to the gloom of Portman Square too: Emma was going alone.

Mrs. Taylor's plumes waved graciously as Emma said good-night. Her feeling of aristocratic descent had been so much nourished by Mrs. Woodford's attitude of reverential attention to all her fashionable gossip, that she shook hands with Emma and thanked her for entrusting Anne to her care with an almost patronising affability. Jane would have soon brought things to their proper level again, but Emma was too much absorbed in her anxiety about Anne, to observe anything around her, and mechanically responded to all Mrs. Taylor's smiles and hand-shakes.

As the drawing-room door closed, she took Anne's hand and began nervously stroking it.

"My dear, I don't think Jane would——"

"Oh, Aunt Emma, leave me alone, please; don't quote Aunt Jane to-night—to-night when I am enjoying myself so much—you don't understand——"

"Don't understand what, dear?" said Emma, as Anne paused confusedly.

"Oh, I mean you don't know how happy it makes me feel, to be going to be free for two whole days—at least, perhaps you don't," she added, feeling that her words sounded rather selfish.

"I don't think you quite meant that, my dear," said Emma sadly; "but perhaps it is best not to say any more. Only, my dear child, don't let us have cause to regret having allowed you this little holiday—don't do anything your Aunt Jane would not entirely approve of."

The unlucky allusion to Aunt Jane destroyed any softening effect her words might otherwise have had, and Anne's farewell kiss was not so warm as usual. Emma felt she was in a hurry for her to be gone, in a hurry to return to the interrupted talk and that instead of having mended matters, she had made them, if anything, rather worse.

As she drove home she looked out at the streets, wondering, could they be the same through which she and Anne had gaily

driven a few hours before, for now they seemed quite different, and the passers-by had a forlorn dull look about them—the night air seemed heavier and more sultry than usual. She thought of Anne sitting happily in the brightly lighted drawing-room, not giving a thought to her aunt driving sadly home alone. How bitter it was to find herself thus cast aside—she who had cared for the child so tenderly all these years! And, after all, did Jane love her much either? was not the irritation caused by her tactless ways greater than the love, in Jane's mind? It would only be natural if it were so, she thought. Oh, why was she such a stupid, worthless person? was there no one to whom she could be of use? could she never find an outlet for the cravings after love and helpfulness which filled her soul? She leaned back with a sigh; "As I have been hitherto, so I shall be till the end, one of the dumb and useless ones of the earth," she murmured.

As the carriage gave a sudden swerve round a corner, she started up and looked out of the window. The sight of an old water-cress seller trudging wearily home, her cress unsold, brought her back to every-day human life, with its little common needs and cares, and with a rush of tears she buried her face in her hands. To some such humble souls as these, the water-cress sellers and crossing-sweepers of life, she might be, she was perhaps, of use, for her sympathy with unimpressive common suffering was surely boundless.

As the footman opened the carriage door for her, a beggar crept up, his ragged boots shuffling over the pavement. "Kind lady, spare me a copper." Emma never left the house for the shortest distance without her purse; Jane said it was so much safer in case of accidents, though the carrying of it caused her a great deal of uneasiness and trouble on account of pick-pockets. She brought out a shilling after a good deal of fumbling and dropped it into the man's hand, who received it with great blessings and gratitude. When the front door had closed on Emma and the carriage had driven away, he shuffled hastily away round the corner to join his companions in the public-house.

CHAPTER III.

Jane, lying in bed in her large mahogany furnished bedroom, heard the front door bang as Emma came in; her head was giving throbs and beats of pain, and the bang intensified them.

"I do think when Emma has been enjoying herself all the evening," she murmured irritably to herself, "she might remember my head and tell Henry not to bang the door—it's such a bad habit he has, as if handles were not made to turn, and it wears out the latch spring—however, I mustn't scold her or she will be so nervous, that I shan't get to hear anything about the party and who was there."

A soft creaking and rustling came up the stairs. It was Emma laboriously walking on tiptoe, in order not to disturb Jane. She paused outside the door to listen whether Jane was awake, and a kind of rustling breathing sound came through the keyhole. Jane could not bear it.

"Oh, come in, Emma, don't wait out there; I am wide awake, and if I were not, that's just the way to rouse any one up, to stand like that creaking and listening. Now don't look frightened," she continued as Emma came in, "you didn't wake me, I tell you. Who was at the Taylors' ? and did Mrs. Taylor give herself airs? Silly woman! when every one knows about her father's business. Why can't she be content to stay in the station she was born in? we must all be born somewhere, and if Providence sees fit to put us in different places, it's not for us to rebel—Well!"

"Sir James Haughton was there," said Emma. "He took me in to dinner."

"Well, and what did you talk about?"

"Really, Jane, I hardly know. We talked about anything which turned up—oh, about champagne for one thing," said Emma, with a feeling of relief at being able to remember something besides Sir James's flow of compliments and their conversation about Mr. Stevens.

"Champagne! what a very odd subject of conversation—and not one *you* know much about, considering that you never drink it; but can't you tell me something more amusing than that? Here have I been lying awake listening for your return, and now you have nothing to say! I might as well have tried to sleep," grumbled Jane, forgetting or ignoring that she would gladly have slept had the heat and the pain in her head allowed her to do so.

Emma felt a throb of pleasure on hearing Jane had been listening for her, but at the same time she could not help thinking how nice it would have been if she had been asleep, and the catechism could have been deferred till breakfast-time.

"Tell me who was there besides Sir James."

"The Woodfords were there—all three of them, and the M.'s, and the S.'s, and Dr. Ridsley."

"Rather a poor set," said Jane, as Emma paused; "except, of course, Dr. Ridsley: and who took Anne in to dinner? Wasn't Colonel Forbes there, or his son?"

Emma's heart quaked within her—the awful moment had come.

"No, neither of the Forbes were there. Anne went in with a Mr. Stevens—a stranger."

"Indeed!" said Jane; "and what was he like? what age was he?"

"Oh, about five- or six-and-twenty, I should think. Sir James seemed to know him," she added hastily; "he used to know his mother; she was a great beauty, he said."

"You seemed to have talked a good deal about him, then. What else did you say about him? Was there anything particular about him that made you talk so much about him? Did he seem to admire Anne?"

What terrible insight Jane possessed! thought unhappy Emma. Everything somehow seemed to be leaking out in the worst possible manner; but then it never was any use trying to hide things from Jane, for sooner or later she always found them out.

"Well, she did look very pretty"—here Jane gave a disapproving grunt—"and I think Mr. Stevens thought so, as was only natural—however, I told her she must not——"

She stopped abruptly, remembering it would have been better to leave out any mention of their good-night in the hall, it would only make Jane think things were more serious than they were; but it was too late.

"Told Anne what? Emma, you are keeping something from me. I insist on your telling me everything at once—what has that girl been doing?"

Jane's voice was loud and clear, and she sat up, fixing Emma with her clear stern eyes.

Emma sat down on a chair with a loud sigh. For once she felt inclined to rebel and not suppress her sighs even if they did annoy Jane. After all, why should Jane cross-question her in this fashion? There was nothing to be ashamed of so long as it wasn't a question of Sir James and his compliments.

"Really, Jane, there is nothing to tell; the child behaved

very nicely ; nothing happened ; she did nothing. I only told her she must behave nicely at Mrs. Taylor's, and not do anything you would disapprove of."

"It's all very well trying to turn it off in that manner, but I feel sure something did happen. If not, why should you and Sir James have talked so much about the young man, and why should you be so confused ? Telling Anne, too, to behave herself nicely—I should think *our* niece would always know how to behave nicely ! Well, well, I shall know better another time than to let you chaperone her alone, however bad my head may be. And why, pray, should you tell her not to do what I disapprove of ? putting it all on me. Don't *you* disapprove of anything ? But you like to make out I am hard upon that child."

"Jane, indeed you speak wrongly, I meant nothing of the sort ; but you know I regard your opinion as the best I know ; you know I always refer to it as better than my own."

Emma's voice ended in a choke of tears, for she was unstrung and worn out with all the emotions of the evening. This made Jane feel slightly repentant of her severity, and she lay down again on her pillows.

"Well, well, Emma, you needn't take all I say too hardly ; of course I don't mean that you don't try to do your duty by the child ; you see, what with this close evening and my head, and Henry banging that door, loosening the handles and the hinges too, I really think you might be more considerate, and not fly off into tears and tantrums at everything I say. There now, good-night ; you look tired," she concluded, graciously. They gave each other their usual nightly kiss—a kind of peck at each other's cheeks, and Emma went to her room, closing the door softly behind her—so softly that Jane felt sure it could not be latched, and lay awake feverishly expecting it to burst open again.

CHAPTER IV.

Two days after Mrs. Taylor's dinner-party, as Sir James Haughton was walking along Pall Mall towards his club, he ran against a tall man in a brown suit, who looked like a refreshing whiff of the country in the midst of the hot streets, full of black-coated men with tall hats. He had kindly-looking brown eyes, with a friendly twinkle in them, and a reassuring way of looking straight at you while he talked, as if you were some one

worth talking to and listening to—with no uneasy, searching glance round you and behind you, as if to find some person or object more worthy of attention.

"Why, Forbes, you're just the man I want. Come and have a glass of sherry with me at the club. I've got some news that will interest you I know, so come in."

"Young Forbes," as Anne had called him, give a faint sigh as he followed Sir James up the steps. He knew the old man's passion for gossip of any kind, and felt sure that for the next hour he was to be regaled with tiresome scandalous stories which would bore him intensely. That he was the very man Sir James wanted, he knew was only a form of words, for any one who would listen, any one who would allow himself to be victimized, would do. Unluckily, he was the first person Haughton had met that afternoon who had allowed himself to be thus fastened upon. However, it was at least cooler indoors than it was outside, so Bernard Forbes settled himself into the most comfortable chair he could find, and stretched out his long legs, hoping he should be able to have a quiet unobserved nap. But Sir James's words gradually roused him.

"Well, I was dining at the Taylors' the other day, and a very good dinner it was too. Taylor's port is something worth drinking, I can tell you. Miss Emma Blake was there, and her niece—a good-looking girl she is grown into, though not as handsome as Miss Blake was at her age. There was a pretty carrying-on between her and that young Stevens—an empty-headed young fellow he is ; and I could see it was something serious, too, by the way Miss Emma snapped me up when I spoke of it to her. A nice flare-up there'll be when Miss Blake hears of it ! 'Pon my honour, I wouldn't be Miss Emma for a good deal. Anne can hold her own, you'll see, for she's as obstinate as Jane herself. However, she's to leave Mrs. Taylor's to-morrow, and I think I must call on the Blakes on Sunday, and then I can find out exactly how the land lies. She's a fine woman, that Miss Jane, and knows her own mind, but Miss Emma's more to my taste ; and she's better preserved too ; why, to look at her, you would never know she was more than five-and-thirty, and she must be fifty if she's a day."

As Sir James paused a moment to lift his glass of sherry to the light and gaze attentively at it through one eye, Forbes drew in his legs and slowly rose out of his chair.

"Why, you're surely not going before you've heard the cream

of the whole story—how I went to the Blakes to call yesterday, and found Mrs. Taylor calling there too, with a request to Miss Blake to let Anne stay a few days longer with her. You should have seen Jane's face, and that poor gentle Miss Emma's look of dismay at such boldness—the Blakes, who, think the Taylors honoured by their mere acquaintance! However Anne was allowed to stay in their house, I don't know. I can see Mrs. Taylor is all for the match by the way she tried to patronize Miss Emma. Miss Blake was too much for her, for it would be a fine come-down for Miss Anne to get into Stevens's set; now that the mother is dead, no one visits them much. However, Jane refused point blank, and the long and the short of it is that the Blakes are all going back into the country on Monday, a month earlier than usual. I wouldn't stand in Miss Emma's shoes for a great deal, 'pon my soul I wouldn't; that sister of hers will bully the life out of her. It really rouses even an old fellow like me sometimes, to see the worried look that poor thing has on her face, when Miss Jane has been harder on her than usual."

Forbes looked meditatively out of the window, still without speaking: he was turning over in his mind what he could possibly do to protect Emma from further bullying, and save Anne from Cyril Stevens. He had known the Blakes all his life; their estates in Lancashire adjoined one another, and his father and mother had been very fond of Jane and Emma's mother—a gentle tender-hearted woman a good deal younger than Mr. Blake, whom her husband had worried and scolded into her grave after a lingering nervous illness. He remembered Anne when she first came to live with her aunts, a silent little girl of seven years old. He could see her now, standing in the dark-panelled hall at Monkshalton, just arrived from her home in London, her fair hair shining like gold as a streak of sunlight fell on it, and an expression of terrified interest in her blue eyes whilst her two aunts stood looking at her, Jane remarking in a satisfied tone that it was a good thing she was more like her father than her mother.

The look of sorrow which came over the little face at the words went to his heart; he had never forgotten it, nor how the blue eyes filled with tears, which Jane wiped away with her handkerchief, saying, as she did so, that little girls shouldn't cry when they came to see their kind aunts, that good little girls never cried.

Bernard, who was then a shy sensitive youth of nineteen, had lost his own mother, whom he adored, the year previously, and the sight of this motherless little stranger filled him with a deep pity that subsequent years never weakened, but which, in the shape of a strong devotion to Anne, had unconsciously become the central point of his life.

For Miss Emma he had always entertained a feeling of reverential tenderness. He used to pour his childish troubles into her ear, for her sympathy was always boundless, and she never regarded any of his griefs as too trifling to be discussed. Now, the sight of her nervous little ways with Jane greatly touched him, and he was constantly trying to smooth her path and rouse in her some interest in exterior things.

All these remembrances were passing through his mind as he looked out of the club window ; he thought particularly of the rusks and jam Emma used to give him when he rode over on his pony with messages. He pictured her again standing at the hall door shading her eyes from the sun and stroking his pony's neck while he ate a crisp rusk well covered with strawberry jam and poured out tales of his lop-eared rabbits.

"Well," said Sir James at last, slightly aggrieved at his silence, "what's your opinion, Forbes ? Which will win—aunt or niece ?"

Forbes gave a little start, for he had forgotten Sir James's presence.

"Really I hardly know ; you see Miss Blake holds the purse-strings, I suppose, and I don't think from what I know of Stevens he is a fellow who will marry any one who hasn't plenty of money, for he's generally over head and ears in debt. I think, when Anne hears more about him, she won't admire him much, and when Stevens finds out that the money won't be hers unless her aunt leaves it to her, he won't be so keen about making himself agreeable. I don't think there's any cause for anxiety after all. I might drop in on Stevens, though," he continued, reflectively, "and give him a hint about it, for he's not the man for Anne at all, or any other nice woman for the matter of that, and anything that can be done to save her, ought to be done."

Sir James felt that after all his story had not been wasted, and if he could only get hold of Forbes after his call on young Stevens, and find out all that had passed between them, he would then have a splendid second chapter ready to tell his sister. His insatiable love of gossip arose at the bottom more from a restless kindly interest in his fellow-creatures than from any

malicious intent. He never read anything but the newspaper, so all his thoughts were turned on his neighbours and their affairs ; and as his sister was rather an invalid, and often spent most of her day in her little sitting-room upstairs, he found immense pleasure in collecting long stories to be afterwards retailed to her over a cup of afternoon tea. He considered indeed that he was fulfilling a duty in thus entertaining "poor Maria"—not in the least suspecting that "poor Maria" was often rather bored with his gossip, and only refrained from checking him because she divined his kindly motive, and because she considered this failing as the best outlet he could have. All men, she thought, must have some outlet for their lower nature, and, after all, James's passion for long stories was a harmless one, better than the turf or cards. Then, too, she thought it wiser to hear all his news, so that she might revise it and prevent him as far as possible from becoming scandalous and mischief-making, his mind being too indiscriminating to discern all the poison there might be lurking in his stories.

"Yes," continued Forbes, "I might as well turn into Stevens's club now, and see if anything can be done."

He walked out of the room without any further good-bye, forgetful of Sir James's presence even, rather to that gentleman's surprise, but as he said to Maria afterwards about it, "Forbes always was rather a queer fellow, you know, always rather abrupt in his manner ; and if he doesn't like you, or you bore him, he as good as says so."

Bernard, when he got outside into the hot street again, began to reflect that after all he would be acting on somewhat feeble evidence if he went and upbraided Stevens for paying attention to Anne Blake for the sake of her money, merely because of Haughton's account of Mrs. Taylor's dinner-party. It would after all be better, perhaps, to go to the Blakes and see Emma—"Aunt Emma," as he had learned in his boyish days to call her—and ask her what was the truth of it all and what he could do in the matter. Yes, he would do that ; it was only four o'clock, Jane might be out of the way, for she was often not visible before five. So he turned up away from Pall Mall and Haughton's club with long rapid strides.

(To be continued.)

Christmas in the Ægean.



It is the eve of Christmas in the world,
But gentle as a morn of spring,—the deep
One opal to the sky line, as in sleep
Drifts past the seagull with her wide wings furled.

We floated on between the isles that lie
Like leaves of lilies in a summer mere,
And dreamed no storm wind ever ventured near
This zone of peace between the sea and sky.

We dreamed of golden galleys and of quays
Bright with their burden of long colonnades,
The shrines of Passion and the mystic glades,
The siren cities of the Cyclades.

Where are the island voices now? The mirth
Is dead or silent; no mad laughter thrills
The dance of Oreads in the happy hills
Where twilight settles on a sadder earth.

For here on that first Christmas eve, men said
They heard a sound like sobbing in the breeze,
A sound that scared the fisher from the seas,
A wail blown earthward, crying "Pan is dead!"

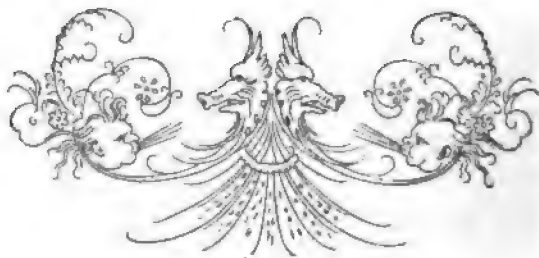
The feet of time have touched the rocky shore,
There is a change behind the changelessness,
The suns of summer warm the world no less,
But the light heart of morning,—never more!

So day went down behind the ocean rim,
While westward the sweet star of silence grew
Through yellow hazes melting into blue ;
The shadows deepened till the isles were dim.

Then like a soul forsaken, hushed in fright
The dark world seemed to pause, no ripple broke,
No wind, no voice of earth or ocean spoke,
While the stars watched from the great arch of night ;

Till faintly eastward flushed the hope of morn,
Pale with one star prevailing, till the grey
Lifted, the new sun triumphed, and strong day
Woke with a song voice, crying, " Christ is born ! "

RENNELL RODD.



Present and Past.

WHAT do I think about London ?

Well, sir, I knew London pretty well before you were born. Forty-five years ago I wrote a dozen letters from this city to a New York paper describing in glowing terms the hospitalities which I enjoyed, and the numerous prominent persons with whom I spent many happy hours. I have lived two winters in London, so I came quite prepared to meet and enjoy its winter weather, whatever it might be. I cheerfully do as they do in Spain when it rains—let it rain. I have visited England thirty times and have nearly as many personal friends here as in America, consequently, I am experiencing continual pleasure in meeting them again, and in making new friends. I have enjoyed numerous festivities at their hands, and regret that I cannot accept one quarter of the invitations which I receive.

I have been in more towns in England than many of its residents have, for I travelled all over it with Tom Thumb in 1844-5 and 1846. Three times we had the honour of appearing before Her Majesty the Queen. My present Great Exhibition has been visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and all the members of the Royal Family who have been in London since our arrival, as well as by Princess Beatrice, who came from Windsor Castle expressly for that purpose. "Olympia" is the largest and best adapted building that my Show was ever exhibited in, though it is not nearly large enough. We are sometimes obliged to turn people away for want of room, though this is usually avoided by booking seats in advance. Although we have several thousands of one-shilling and two-shilling seats, they are usually filled. We have no standing room, and every person who gets even a shilling ticket secures with it a numbered seat. I wish we could supply a greater number of these low-priced seats ; but if "Olympia" was filled

with shilling and two-shilling people twice a day it would not half pay our expenses. It cost us one hundred thousand pounds before we opened, and our daily expenses are fourteen hundred pounds. But I don't care for that. I was determined to show our Mother Country what her daughter America could do in the way of novel and instructive amusement.

I notice that my bill-posters, who have posted large numbers of my full-sized picture throughout London, have placed under them the name "P. T. Barnum," which is all very well for this country; but in America, where every child recognizes my portrait, it is unnecessary to affix the name, and we place under it instead, in large letters, the words, "The Children's Friend." I am a great lover of children and have a number of children, grand-children, and great-grand-children of my own. All my exhibitions for the last forty years have contained many elements for the special pleasure and edification of the little ones.

I expected to lose money, and I told the British Public in a card published before our arrival that a loss of half a million pounds would not disturb my Bank account nor my equanimity. But the immense patronage we are receiving happily places the balance largely on the other side. So when we return to the United States a month or two hence, it is evident that we shall have the satisfaction of knowing our Transatlantic trip with the Greatest Show on Earth was pecuniarily profitable, and received the hearty approval of the British Public. I am asked how we are able to exhibit this great Show in the different American cities. We show twice a day under a tent that seats 25,000 people—one third more than "Olympia." We transport our entire Show all over the United States and Canada, exhibiting in every town containing more than 60,000 inhabitants. The population of such towns is frequently doubled on "Barnum Day," because cheap excursion trains bring their thousands of passengers from distances of more than a hundred miles. Our entire Show is transported in three railway trains, consisting of our own seventy-four freight carriages twice as long as yours, and a long train of Pullman sleeping-cars. We travel only by night, often running more than a hundred miles. Our daily expenses in America are even larger than in London. The receipts of our great Show in America, while exhibiting under its enormous tents, are fabulous. We often take \$20,000 to \$23,000 per day. My manager's great ambition is to touch \$25,000, or £5000 a day, which I have no doubt we shall

occasionally accomplish in the course of the coming season, and probably for scores of years hereafter, mine being intended as a permanent exhibition which we hope and expect will cater for the people a century hence.

I do not travel with the Show, but visit it a few times each season. Whenever my manager advertises that I am to be present, he estimates the increase in the receipts to be £200 per day. My neighbour, Colonel J. L. Watson, the celebrated banker, went West last year as far as Dakota. He said that, after leaving Chicago, whenever he registered his name in the hotels as being from Bridgeport, many persons enquired if he knew Barnum. On his replying that he saw him almost every day, they would say, "Give us your hand," and the Colonel declares that I shook hands by proxy more than 10,000 times during his Western visit. When General Grant returned from his tour round the world, I said to him, "General, I think you are the best known American living." "By no means," replied he, "you beat me sky-high, for wherever I went, in China, Japan, the Indies, &c., the constant enquiry was 'Do you know Barnum?' I think, Barnum, you are the best known man in the world."

My manager and equal partner, Mr. Bailey, is a splendid administrator and possesses remarkable perseverance. He knows all about the Show in every department, and he has more than a score of trained intelligent lieutenants who see that the utmost discipline is observed, and every order of the manager is carried out. So, with my knowledge of human nature and of what the public like, and my manager's practical knowledge of every detail, added to our mutual agreement that the best always pays the best, no matter what it costs, we have formed and continually improved what is known throughout the civilized world as "Barnum's Greatest Show on Earth."

I do not devote all my time to business. I enjoy life very much in the present, and have a store of memories which are an unbounded source of amusement to my friends and myself. I have met so many interesting and amusing characters, that I am writing a book of reminiscences of this order.

When I was in New Orleans with Jenny Lind, during her great tour through the United States in 1851, a wealthy gentleman of that city called on me and told me that his son, a young gentleman of twenty-three years of age, was a great lover of music; that he enjoyed the Jenny Lind concerts immensel

and although the tickets were selling at \$20 to \$25 each, he had gladly given him the money, because, said he: "I have plenty of money to spare, and as the few concerts given here in New Orleans have so delighted him, I want to arrange with you to let him go upon the steamer up the Mississippi and the Ohio Rivers and attend the various concerts which she gives at the different cities on the way. I will give him plenty of money, and he shall pay full prices for the concert tickets wherever he goes, and pay his passage on the steamboat, because I feel there is nothing that can give him such great delight as listening to the angelic strains of the Swedish Nightingale." Well, the young man was introduced to me, and I consented to the arrangement. I soon found, however, that whatever his ideas were with regard to music, in his fancies and tastes he was a high liver, and he was very fond of getting people around him and having "Jolly times," as he called them; in short, he gave way to drinking. I believe he was intoxicated every night before he went to bed. He attended the concerts generally, but occasionally he would have such a circle of friends round him, and become so absorbed in his drinking bouts, that he would miss the concert altogether, so that it was pretty evident that he liked the whiskey better than he did the music. He went up with us as far as St. Louis, and also to Louisville on the Ohio River, and there we gave several concerts. In the meantime one of my assistant managers wrote to his father at my dictation. I thought it was better to let his father know the state of things because, really, it was abusing his privileges. Accordingly, after we had been in Louisville a few days, he came to me and said, "I have got to leave here; the governor has telegraphed me that I am to come home; but I mean to have one jolly good dinner before I go, anyhow." Thereupon he invited a dozen or more people whom he had got acquainted with,—a young man with plenty of money never has any trouble in getting friends to surround him for eating and drinking purposes. During this last dinner he became uproarious. He knew he had to go off in the evening on board the steamer to New Orleans, and in the midst of the uproar, the landlord came in to him and tapping him on the shoulder said: "Well, my friend, I am sorry to part with you; but if you must go on board this steamer, you have only just got sufficient time to pack your luggage and get on board." "All right," he said, and he got up and staggered to the manager's office, pulled out his

pocket-book, and paid his bill, quite in a state of inebriety. They tumbled him into a coach with his luggage and drove him down to the wharf. His baggage was put on board ; he staggered on board also, and as soon as he got on the deck, he laid himself down on a settee and went off to sleep. He did not know when the boat started, and he slept very soundly. After a while—he didn't know how long, for, as I say, he was sound asleep—some one came and asked him to pay his fare : "Wake up here ; pay your fare." "What is it?" he says, half awake and half asleep. "Ten cents." The young fellow was too drunk to understand that ten cents was an absurdly small fare down to New Orleans, so he paid his ten cents, and went off to sleep again. In the course of the night—he did not know how many hours he had been asleep—he was roused again by a voice which said : "Wake up here ; pay your fare." "How much is it?" "Ten cents." Well, he managed to get hold of the coin and paid the ten cents again, and went off to sleep directly for the second time. Then the time passed along, he didn't know how much or how little, being still overcome with the effects of the liquor he had taken—and perhaps towards morning as he thought, he was roused again : "Wake up there ; pay your fare." "Yes, how much is it?" "Ten cents." Well, he began to have some glimmering recollection that he had been through that operation several times during the night, and so he said : "Look here, old fellow, why don't you take the fare for the whole distance at once and not keep worrying me like this by taking it in bits." "The whole distance," was the astonished reply, "why where are you going to?" "New Orleans, of course." "New Orleans! Why you are on the Louisville and New Albany ferry-boat and crossing the river, and you have to pay each time." So ended the trip of this young lover of music. I may say that he had better luck next morning, when having got sober, our people saw him off by the first steamer.

A near neighbour of mine in Bridgeport, Conn., where I have resided since 1846, was a gentleman of some sixty-five years of age, who was named Ira B. Wheeler. He was formerly coroner of the City of New York, and had held other offices ; he was a college-bred man, very wealthy, and was living on his income. He was very sociable, a good story-teller, and a capital neighbour. Mr. Wheeler was in the habit of driving out every morning after breakfast in his one-horse buggy, usually taking a friend with him. He would return home at noon and

take his dinner in the middle of the day, and by two o'clock in the afternoon he would start out again if it was a pleasant day, and enjoy himself in that way, driving back with some friend. Sometimes he would go down town and spend a few hours in the hotel, story-telling, and so on. Well, he had an Irishman, who had lived with him for ten years. One day he said to me, "Barnum, that Irishman has lived with me for ten years ; he is as faithful a fellow as ever lived, but he is the dullest, most brainless man I have ever known ; he doesn't possess a scrap of the proverbial mother-wit of the Irish. For instance, during the ten years he has been with me, every fine morning I have told him to harness the horse before the buggy, and when I come home at noon he will invariably say, 'Mr. Wheeler, what shall I do with the horse?' I have always told him, 'Unharness him ; put him in the stable ; feed and water him.' The next day it would be just the same, 'Mr. Wheeler, what shall I do with the horse?' and I have given the same answer always for ten years. But last week, when he came with that same question, I said, 'Put him in the stable and tie his tail to the manger.' I went out after dinner, and there I found the tail of the horse tied to the manger, just as I had directed him. He did not see the joke in it at all. A day or two afterwards, I handed him a large pot of grease for greasing the wheels of the buggy, holding about a gallon of grease, and told him to grease the carriage. He went out, and after an hour he returned with the empty pot, and, says he, 'Mr. Wheeler, I want a little more grease.' 'Good heavens !' I said, 'what do you want it for ? I gave you enough to grease my carriage for the next two years.' 'No, sir ; there was not quite enough. I have greased everything except the wheels.'"

Our Mr. Wendell Phillips was a celebrated man and used to give lectures on the Lost Arts, and he used to say that there never were over one hundred stories in the world originally : that the story of Cinderella and other stories of that class were told at Pharaoh's Court, and that they got there from somewhere else. He said, "You will have incidents related to you as being entirely new, but they have been told centuries before, as having happened in different places." And here is a story with regard to the very fact which Mr. Wheeler had told me about his Irishman, and Mr. Wheeler was as good a fellow as ever lived, fond of fun and jollity, and a religious man. About fifteen or twenty years after he told

me that story about his Irishman, I was lecturing a good deal through the country on various subjects, and I was invited to lecture in a Lyceum Association away up on the Hudson River, near Albany. I found that the secretary of that Lyceum was a cashier of the bank, and his father was a deacon in the Church. He lived with his father, a good, honest deacon, and I stopped with them. The morning after my lecture he said to me, "You have got a couple of hours before the train comes; I should like to drive you over to Kingston, an adjoining village, and a very pretty place." So I jumped into his buggy with him and drove over and admired the beauties of the mountains on the other side of the river, and the various things he pointed out. "See there," said he, stopping his horse, "that old cellar? Formerly a house stood there. My grandfather was born in that house many years ago, and my grandfather had living with him an Irishman; he was almost the first Irishman that ever came into this country, and he was quite a curious fellow, and very ignorant, and one day my grandfather gave him a great pot of grease to go out and grease his carriage with"—and then he told that identical story. Now my friend Mr. Wheeler must have heard that and attributed it to his own Irishman.

Many years ago when I was in London, I was intimate with George Augustus Sala, Albert Smith, John Oxenford, and others, and many jolly evenings we had together. One night we met at the Garrick and had our dinner there, they being members of the Club. The dinner was prolonged to such an extent that Albert Smith said he must be excused, because he had to go away to his Exhibition at the Egyptian Hall; and, as he was giving us the dinner, we excused him. We had been enjoying ourselves very much, telling one another various little stories, and I was then a drinking man, which I am not now. I said, "I think I had better go; you had better let me go with Smith;" but Sala and Oxenford and several other friends said, "No, Barnum, we cannot excuse you, you must stay." So I yielded to their friendly pressure and remained, and we had a nice time. At last I felt so entirely crammed that I could not swallow another mouthful, and I passed a very enticing-looking dish with the remark: "No, thank you: I will take the rest in money, if you please." When I made that remark, Sala fell back and roared, and he said, "Barnum, your expression would take you to every dinner in London:" it looked so miserly;

Sala reminded me of it only the other day, and said he had never forgotten it.

On one occasion when we were to dine at the Garrick together, Albert Smith asked me to come to his afternoon entertainment, and as soon as it was over to pass through the orchestra and under the stage and meet him in his dressing-room, so that we could thus slip out ahead of the crowd and so reach the Garrick in good time. I did as he requested, but on passing under the stage from the orchestra I found myself in darkness, with a small ray of light in the distance. I carefully felt my way towards it, but in so doing I touched a knob which rang a bell for extinguishing the lights, and consequently the audience were plunged in darkness. I was, however, ignorant of the fact, and kept groping towards the light, when presently I touched another knob, which was a signal for raising the curtain. Albert Smith was immediately informed of the state of things, and called out, "Barnum, for Heaven's sake don't touch those bell-knobs!" He then gave the requisite orders for lighting up the hall and lowering the curtain. Mr. Smith declared that he would never allow me to take that short cut again.

A seedy individual stepped up to a gentleman in New York, who was smoking his cigar on Broadway towards night and said, "Sir, if you will give me a dime, you will save me a dollar." A dime, as you know, is ten cents. "Well," says the gentleman, "I will do that certainly." So he handed him a dime. His curiosity being aroused, he said, "My friend, I will thank you to tell me how it would save you a dollar by my giving you a dime?" "Well," says the seedy individual, "the fact is, I started out this morning with only a dollar in my pocket to get drunk on, and it has not quite done it; this dime will just accomplish it, and will save the dollar already expended."

Dr. Barnes, of Boston, who died recently, was a good physician, but a very eccentric man, witty, full of jokes, and excellent company. Many funny anecdotes are told of him, a few of which I will give. The Doctor had an exceedingly piping, shrill kind of voice, and, in passing through the park one Sunday with his dog, the animal ran upon the grass. A policeman hailed him and said, "Call back that dog, sir; dogs are not allowed upon the grass." "Why not?" piped the Doctor. "Never mind why not; there's the notice, 'No dogs allowed upon the grass.'" "My dog can't read," was the reply.

The Doctor was very fond of scoring jokes off his friends, and,

whenever they retaliated successfully, he was as much pleased as if it were a joke of his own. His office was located in a large building on the corner of two streets, and on the same floor were numerous other offices tenanted by barristers, dentists, and so forth. The various tenants would frequently play practical jokes upon each other. On one occasion, on a warm summer's afternoon, the doors and windows of the various offices being open, a coloured man entered the office of one of the barristers. He wore a white cravat, and his clothing denoted that he was a clergyman. He informed the barristers whom he found in the office that he was the minister of a Baptist church in Savannah, Georgia, who had come north to obtain contributions towards rebuilding his church, which had been destroyed by fire. The barristers simply replied that they were not Baptists, but that Dr. Barnes, in the adjacent office, was a very strong Baptist. It is needless to say that this was not the case, but they anticipated scoring a good joke off the Doctor. The clergyman thanked them for the information, and walked into Dr. Barnes's office. The door being opened, the barristers listened intently to hear the result of the anticipated joke. They heard the clergyman approach Dr. Barnes, and say, "This is Dr. Barnes, I believe?" "That is my name," said the Doctor, in his piping, shrill voice, "that is my name." "Dr. Barnes, I am Baptist clergyman, and have come north to obtain money for rebuilding a church which has been burned in Savannah, and I am informed that you are a strong Baptist." "Very," replied the Doctor, at once suspecting that some one was playing a joke on him. "I hope then, Dr. Barnes, as a strong Baptist, you will give me a liberal subscription." "Do you immerse your members?" inquired the Doctor. "Oh, certainly, we are Baptists, and, of course, we immerse them." "Do you put them all over in the water?" "Oh, certainly; Baptists, you know, always do that." "Then I will give \$500 towards your church." "Thank you very much, Dr. Barnes. Really, I am surprised; it is a much more liberal subscription than I expected, and it will be a great help to us." "But, stop, there is one condition," piped the Doctor. "All right, Dr. Barnes, what is the condition?" "The water must be boiling hot." The barristers, who had so intently listened for the result of their joke, found that they had not come off quite so well as they expected.

Dr. Barnes was a very nervous man and almost a hypochondriac. Whenever he was in the slightest degree unwell, he

would send for two or three of his brother physicians and explain to them that he was surely near Death's door: he knew himself, as a physician, that his symptoms were very serious. After having paid him numerous visits of this kind, his medical brethren discovered that he was labouring under a strong nervous excitement, and they would soothe him as well as they could, and give him courage, and perhaps administer a few bread pills, telling him he would be all right in the morning, as, indeed, he usually was. On one occasion he was taken with violent pains in the stomach, which quite alarmed him. He sent in great haste for the nearest physician, who was a great friend of his and who understood his peculiarities. As soon as he approached his bedside, Dr. Barnes said, "Well, Doctor, this is the last time you will ever have occasion to visit me." "Oh, I hope not," was the reply. "Oh, it is, I shall die to-day; I know I shall die to-day." "Oh, no, Dr. Barnes, I think not." "Oh, yes, I am sure I shall; I understand the human system and medical science well enough to know that this attack will carry me off." The physician felt his pulse. "Oh, Dr. Barnes, this is only a temporary attack; you are too nervous, there is nothing serious about this; your pulse beats all right." "It does not make any difference," said Dr. Barnes, "I shall die to-day; I know I shall; I cannot live through this." "Oh, don't talk in that way, Doctor, there is nothing much the matter with you; you may depend upon it you will be all right soon." "Well, it is different from any attack I have had before; I have never been so seriously ill before; I know I shall not live through it." The physician then felt the Doctor's body, and passed his hand down along his body to his feet. "Why, Dr. Barnes," he says, "your feet are warm; there is no danger at all; you will be all right in the course of an hour or two." "Oh, that don't make any difference about my feet being warm." "Yes, it does; I never knew a man die with warm feet." Dr. Barnes, who by this time had recovered his courage and felt that he was out of danger, quietly replied, "I have." "What! known anybody die with warm feet?" "Certainly I have." "Well, that is more than I ever did. Whoever died with warm feet?" "John Rogers! he was burnt at the stake."

On one occasion Dr. Barnes was elected to the State Legislature in Boston, a fact which gave his brother members great delight, for they were determined to get the best of him in the course of the session by some practical jokes. They first

appointed him Chairman of the Committee on Public Roads, and whenever a queer subject came before the Legislature that was really not worth considering, they would always refer it to the Committee on Public Roads. He soon had at least a hundred of these queer Bills referred to his Committee, and every morning each member that had so referred a Bill would rise and ask if the Committee on Roads was ready to report on such and such a subject. "Not quite ready," was the squeaking response of Dr. Barnes. Then the next morning the same question would be repeated, and "Not quite ready," was the constant reply. Eventually a question came before the Legislature as to what should be the proper distance apart of carriage wheels. This question was got up expressly for the benefit of Dr. Barnes, and, of course, was at once referred to the Committee on Roads. Dr. Barnes then quietly said to his colleague, "Look here; let you and me go to the Public Library and study up this subject of the proper distance apart of carriage wheels, and then we will give them such a report as they will remember." So he and his colleague worked at it for some ten days. Every morning the question would be asked, "Is the Committee on Public Roads ready to report on the proper distance apart of carriage wheels?"—"Not quite ready," still answered the Doctor. At last, at one morning session the Doctor entered the Legislative Hall with a huge pile of manuscript under his arm. The usual question was immediately asked, "Are the Committee on Public Roads ready to report on the proper distance apart of carriage wheels?"—"Quite ready," says the Doctor, and he laid down his package consisting of over a dozen quires of foolscap paper and commenced reading. He soon had the whole body of legislators in a roar of laughter at his very comical description of the carriage wheels, until, after an hour and a half of reading, the hour arrived for the question of the day, and he was asked to suspend reading until the afternoon sitting.

At the afternoon sitting, Dr. Barnes's colleague took up the reading of the report, which was found to be so interlarded with comical expressions and queer quotations and misquotations, that the same effect was produced on the legislators as in the morning. At the end of another hour and a half's reading, Dr. Barnes's colleague was also requested to suspend the reading until the next morning, although but a small inroad had been made upon the huge mass of manuscript which still lay before him. At the next morning session, Dr. Barnes took

up the report and continued reading with the same comical effect as before. Finally he came to Pharaoh, and proceeded to describe minutely the width of the wheels of the chariots which attempted to cross the Red Sea. At this, one member arose, and, interrupting the reading, asked the Doctor if he had nearly finished his report. "Oh, no," replied Dr. Barnes, "we have not got to the Middle Ages yet." The legislators saw that they had got work for the whole session if this was permitted, and one of the members promptly proposed that the further reading of the report be dispensed with. The Doctor, laughing about it after the adjournment of the legislature, said, "My brother legislators found that they had got a report at last." Needless to say, no further Bills were referred to the Committee on Roads during that session.

At one time I had in my museum at New York an incubator for hatching chickens. It contained twenty-one drawers, and as three weeks is the usual length of time for hens to sit upon eggs in order to hatch them, one drawerful of those eggs would hatch out every day and be replenished by fresh eggs. Consequently, scores of young chickens would be running about on the floor of the museum, and were quite an attraction as having been artificially hatched. An old market woman from Fulton market, who had been for twenty years selling poultry and eggs, was attracted by my advertisement, which was headed "Chickens made by steam." As soon as she entered the door and saw these chickens running round on the floor, she said, "Well, that is the most wonderful thing I ever have heard of in my life. I have been dealing in poultry for twenty years, and I never supposed it was possible to make chickens in this way." I happened to overhear her, and I said, "Madam, if you will step this way, I will show you the operation." So I walked up to the incubator, and pulled out the drawer in which were the eggs from which the chickens were just emerging, expecting to astonish her beyond measure; but, on the contrary, she raised her hands, and exclaimed with the utmost indignation: "Oh, you are obliged to use eggs, are you? I thought you made chickens by steam. It is the greatest humbug I ever heard of;" and she left in a great huff.

A neighbour of mine, named Thaddeus Williams, was a farmer and shoemaker, who had many eccentric ways. When a man came along wishing for work on the farm, and would pull out of his pocket recommendations from his previous places, "Oh,"

Uncle Thad would say, "don't show me any of your wrtings ; I don't want any written recommendations ; turn round here with your back towards me." Then lifting the man's coat tail, he would say, "Ah, you won't do for me : you have got too many patches on your trousers ; you sit down too much ; I will have nothing to do with you."

The farmers in the neighbourhood of Bethel, and indeed in most places in New England fifty years ago, made their own candles, but they seldom had use for them, or indeed for any light whatever, except in winter. Their custom was to go to bed soon after sundown, and, of course, to rise very early in the morning. A friend of mine, the son of a farmer, told me the following anecdote. One summer evening his mother went to bed as usual about dusk, while his father, as was also usual, sat on the door-step smoking his pipe before retiring for the night. It had become dark, and while he was thus engaged, an old man—a tramp—approached him, and said, "Good evening, sir." "Good evening," replied Mr. Pearce, the farmer. "I have been walking a long distance to-day," remarked the traveller ; "if you will permit me, I will sit a few minutes on your door-step." "All right," said Farmer Pearce. They then fell into conversation, and Farmer Pearce soon discovered that the tramp was a very intelligent man, and the conversation became interesting and prolonged. In the course of the conversation, the tramp said, "Would you mind giving me a mug of cider?" "Not at all, I will do it with pleasure," said Farmer Pearce. He soon brought him a mug of cider, most of which the tramp drank at the first draught, and the conversation was resumed. The farmer's wife meanwhile lay listening, as the windows and doors were open, till at length the tramp said, "Well, I have travelled a good distance to-day and feel pretty tired : I think I should like to lodge with you to-night, if you have no objection." "Oh, all right," said the farmer, "I will accommodate you." "No you won't," exclaimed the old lady from her bedroom, at the top of her voice ; "I will not have him here ; you clear out ; you shan't stay here to-night ; come, husband, it is time for you to come to bed." The tramp looked in the direction from which the voice came, but the darkness prevented his seeing anything, and he replied, "Madam, you should not speak so abruptly to a stranger, you might be entertaining an angel unawares." "Oh," says she, "I am not a bit afraid that angels will come round begging cider after dark. You clear out ; I won't have you here."

A neighbour of mine in my boyhood named Friend Starr, sheriff of the town, was a very eccentric man, and given to making queer remarks. He owned a farm, and one day went out to chop down some trees for firewood. One of the trees in falling struck him and knocked him down and broke his leg. He was lifted into what is called a "lumber box waggon," of course without springs, and was carried home in this manner a distance of four miles over a rugged road. The sheriff suffered considerably, and made use of many extraordinary and strong expressions on his way, keeping his companions in continual laughter, although the case was so serious. At last he arrived at his home. His wife came out and expressed the deepest sympathy at his accident, asking him numerous questions about his sufferings, and so forth. At last he said, "If I was ever going to be hung I should want to be carried to the gallows in a lumber box waggon." "Why so?" asked his wife. "Because I should be precious glad when I got there."

One of my fellow-citizens, named George Wells, a hotel-keeper, accompanied General Tom Thumb on his visit to Great Britain, Germany, and France. George Wells was a great joker and particularly fond of playing practical jokes upon his friends. One of his favourite jokes was this. Having done some good hard manual work in his younger days, his hands were pretty hard and the skin pretty thick. He would take a pin and make a small hole in the thickness of the skin just at the base of the thumb on the left hand. He would then take what is called a broom splinter obtained from the corn which is known as broom corn, about a foot in length, smooth, and about the same thickness as a pin throughout its length. He would then insert one end of this broom splinter into the hole in the skin which he had thus made, just allowing the end to be visible and concealing the rest of it up his sleeve. He would then place the thumb of the right hand on the place where the broom splinter was so inserted under the skin, thus hiding its continuation up his sleeve; and, putting on an expression of great pain, would go up to some gentleman on whom he had determined to play off his favourite joke, and ask him to extract a splinter which he had unfortunately run into his hand. The victim, in all cases only too happy to relieve the apparent sufferer, would at once produce a pair of tweezers, and proceed to endeavour to extract what he imagined to be a small splinter. Mr. Wells took great delight in watching the bewildered expression which gradually

came over the face of his victim as, gradually removing the pressure on his thumb, he allowed the whole length of the broom splinter—over a foot long—to be gradually drawn out. An old Quaker, on one occasion, attempted to pull out this splinter. I stood by and witnessed his astonishment, and it seemed as if he were pulling out one of the nerves or sinews from the arm. I said to the old Quaker, after he had discovered the joke, "What did you think when you saw this coming out?" He said, "I thought he was a dead man." Mr. Wells took great delight in playing off this joke upon strangers, and while at the White Mountains one season, with many of our neighbours, he played it off on several strangers whom he met at the hotel, taking one after the other out on the piazza alone. Then the stranger would rush in, and bring out a friend, and get the joke played off on the friend. One day, driving over from the Profile House to Crawford's Hotel, the coach stopped for a short time in order to allow of the horses being watered. Wells jumped off the box where he had been sitting by the coachman, and approached a gentleman who was sitting on the piazza of the hotel where we had pulled up, and extending his hand to him told him what great agony he was in in consequence of this splinter, and asked the gentleman if he could assist him. The gentleman at once drew out a pair of tweezers, and pulled away for some time unsuccessfully until Wells lifted his thumb quietly and let the splinter move, and the gentleman then pulled out this splinter, a foot in length. Of course, it caused a roar of laughter, but after the horses were watered, and Wells was mounting again on the coach, this gentleman on whom he had played the trick presented him with a bill made out on a regular doctor's printed form for five dollars for a surgical operation. Wells tried to laugh it off as a joke, but the gentleman said, "There is no joke in that; that is my price for a surgical operation, and if you do not pay me, I shall sue you." Seeing that the gentleman appeared determined Wells pulled out his pocket-book, and paid the five dollars. The result was that Wells was very cautious afterwards in not approaching a man whom he thought could by any possibility be a surgeon.

We say that the Scotch people require a surgical operation to make them appreciate a joke, but I frequently find that that is the case among the English, though not to such an extent. They are much more matter-of-fact people than we Americans are.

Americans seem to take rollicking delight in jokes and exaggerations and so forth. When my young English wife first became settled with me at Waldemere she was astonished at the many uproarious evenings we had, caused by the relation of our American anecdotes, and when the company had gone she would frequently say to me, "Do you suppose that these tales that were told by the Rev. Dr. Chapin" (a great and well-known joker), "and others were really true, or were they made up?" "Oh," I said, "of course they are not strictly true. All funny anecdotes are exaggerated, there would be no fun in them if they were not." "Well," she replied with great solemnity, "I do not see any sense in laughing at a lie." Now, that was really her feeling, but before she had lived with me three years she became one of the most inveterate of jokers. On one occasion her serious English father visited us, and at breakfast time one morning he remarked, "Barnum, your eggs seem to me to be all new-laid eggs. Do you get them from your farm?" "No," I replied, "I get them from a near neighbour every morning. At one time I had them from my farm, but although my farmer was particular to take the eggs directly from the nest, I several times found them addled." This was no doubt caused by some hen having stolen a nest, and sat upon the eggs. "That is very strange," he replied. "Why were they not fresh under the circumstances?" My wife, from whom he certainly never expected a joke, sedately replied, "Our hens are all old hens, and they are not able to lay fresh eggs." Her father looked at her in astonishment, and exclaimed, "Well, I never heard of such a thing." We laughed at him considerably, and when he recovered from his confusion, his reply was, "Well, I told you the truth; I never did hear of such a thing."

Mrs. Barnum will perhaps not thank me for bringing her into these reminiscences, but I must say she is quite sharp when any jokes or riddles or conundrums are propounded. She has a faculty for guessing every conundrum that is propounded to her, and when she misses the right answer she usually gives one that is better than the original. For instance, there is an old conundrum that asks, "Why is a dog's tail like an old man?" The reply is, "Because it is *in firm*." This conundrum was propounded to my wife, when she replied, "Oh, anybody can see that in a moment; a dog's tail is like an old man because it is *on its last legs*."

P. T. BARNUM.

The Public and the Education Department.

IT is review day in the elementary school, and the Lilliputian regiment is on parade. Painfully the children "stand at ease"; their teachers are on tenter-hooks; strain and apprehension prevail. Brusque and hurried, the inspecting officer enters with his *aide*; the word of command is "'tention!" the ranks salute, and the education-drill begins. Question and answer rattle in cross-fire; pen-exercise, slate-manceuvres, are performed. Piteously the little ones labour to do their best, but the well-rehearsed evolutions are marred by nervousness, tension, and the "half-sister to Delay." In a hundred and fifty minutes a hundred and fifty boys are marched at quick-step through grammar, recitations, geography, mental calculations, singing, spellings, and the "three R's." Small heads may ache, piping voices may falter, lips that should be smiling may quiver with sobs, but the pace must be at the double, the "results" must be mechanically measured and inexorably told. In two hours and a half a year's elaborate school-work is supposed to be duly assessed—assessed, *bien entendu*, by an inspector who never taught or was taught in a public elementary school, and who by breeding and habit is unable to rightly understand the limitations of puny Ike from the slum or loutish Giles from the hedge-bottom. Those five half-hours of misdirected energy present a spectacle to horrify an Arnold or a Thring, but not the drill-sergeant type of inspector. For on such a review depends such an inspector's report to his Department; and on that report depend the income of the school, the repute of the teachers, and the work of the scholars, for the ensuing year.

Against this empirical mode of testing the brains of children—against the false methods of schooling the young which it

compels—against the martinet type of inspector and the iron groove laid down for him—against the imperfect and fleeting education thus entailed on those who “own the coming years”—against the Code, and against the very basis of our insular, and insulated, plan of aiding schools—a formidable public movement has operated since 1887. This agitation has been sub-acute, but not the less general or strenuous. School-managers and teachers have not exactly *struck*, but they have gone near it. The ablest and most experienced certificated teachers in the schools have denounced the cricket-scoring system of examining, the tally of “runs” and “misses,” the shibboleth of “pass” and “fail.” School-managers have backed the protest; professors of higher education have approved it; the public platform and the public press—review, magazine, newspaper—have voiced it; a Royal Commission has attested it; and the nation has accepted it as true. Everywhere outside the Education Office it is held that England’s mistaken methods of examining and subsidizing England’s schools impel to ineffective modes of teaching and learning in them. Never was expression of public opinion more unanimous, and never was unanimous national opinion more flouted by the official mind.

“The fault of our popular teaching at home is that it is so little formative,” said Matthew Arnold, contrasting the English and the Continental systems, which he knew so well. “The evidence of the teachers amounts to a very heavy indictment against the system,” and the system “is a subject of complaint by the managers,” reported the Royal Commission on Education last year. “Unless a large change is now made, as the system must become in working more rigid, so its evils will increase,” is the opinion of the Commissioners themselves. Three former heads of the Education Department condemn the Department’s plans and ideals. Lord Norton holds that the system “reduces all education to one type and to one dead level,” that it “fetters the discretion of the teacher,” and substitutes cramming for the development of the mind. “Three-fourths of the Education grants have been wasted,” said Sir Lyon Playfair; and the advice of Mr. Mundella is, “Get rid of ‘Payment by Results.’” * The daily organs of public opinion are unanimous in a similar strain. The system “has the vice of depriving

* A misleading title: properly it should be “Payment for the less worthy Results,” for the highest classes of work receive no pecuniary recognition.—J. H. Y.

intelligence of its rightful share of attention. It is constantly irritating and often unjust. It is a measure of police which treats all in schools and connected with it, from the chairman of the Board, managers, and teachers, to the most stolid dunce in the lowest form, as uniformly and indiscriminately criminal. Everybody concerned is put down as in a conspiracy to extort public funds on false pretences." "It is a system that produces the maximum of 'cram' and the minimum of real, sympathetic, interested, and interesting teaching," protests the *Times*. "The general verdict is that the system of 'Payment by Results' has not succeeded in practice," proclaims the *Standard*; "its logical symmetry, which looks so attractive on paper, has gradually developed into a grinding tyranny." "Unblushing cramming" is the verdict of the *Daily News*. "Payment by Results" means payment for keeping intelligence on a level with stupidity," the *Daily Chronicle* declares. "Worse than a failure; a very costly sham: we have allowed ourselves to be enslaved by a well-sounding phrase," says the *Morning Advertiser*. "The regulations are inspired by the quintessence of bureaucratic pedantry," asserts the *Globe*.

Now all this may be said to amount to a consensus of national opinion, and to an expression of the public will not less decided than many expressions of the public will that have driven ministries from power. But in this case the popular movement is directed, not against a Government, but against a Government office. The Education Department is arraigned, and the indictment is aptly epitomized in a paper before the British Association, by Mr. E. J. Watherston, in these words:—

"At the Education Department there has been no one who has recognized the needs of our working-class population. Up to the present that department has only been a huge machine for distributing money, and that in a grudging way, after tests of a wholly mechanical and fallacious character."

And what in disproof, what in self-justification, or what in palliation, has the Department replied? Not one word. Serene, unshaken, the Department pursues its accustomed way, *res quæ moveri non potest*. The nation indicts it; out of the mouths of its own best inspectors it is condemned; "Is there anybody at the Education Office who has ever seen a child?" asks *Mr. Punch*. But argument and jest alike do not avail; silent and dogged, the Department drives along the grinding wheels of "Payment by Results."

For what, in face of national feeling, in response to definite recommendations by a laborious and solemn Royal Commission, has the Education Department done? It has reshuffled the old pack of regulations; it has new-patched the old leather; it has produced a Draft New Code. And what was this Draft New Code?

A teacher may be excused for declining to characterize, from his own point of view, the latest attempt to adapt to intellectual work the principle on which payment is made for building a wall. But no suspicion of professional bias can attach to the opinion on this matter of a clergyman at once a friend to voluntary education and the chairman of the largest school-board. Addressing the members of the School Board for London, the Reverend J. Diggle thus described the Draft New Code:—

“So far as the employment of good teachers and the provision of proper equipment can tend to that result, the Board have, I believe, taken the steps necessary to promote the attractiveness and usefulness of their schools. For much that might otherwise be attempted must be postponed until the time comes when greater freedom and more elasticity is introduced into the conditions under which the work of the Board is performed. Reforms like these do not result from such a rearrangement of existing conditions as was attempted in the Education Code of this year,* which was ultimately withdrawn. I do not forget that there were a few useful minor amendments proposed, just as there were fewer still of new objectionable proposals, but in the main it was like a reshuffling of the cards or the shaking of a kaleidoscope. The form of the conditions was changed, but their essence remained. The result of a teacher's work was not to be endorsed upon his parchment, but it was to be enshrined in the inspector's general report upon the schools; the Department would ‘endeavour’ to secure ten square feet per child, but it would only ‘endeavour’ to do this in new schools; freedom of classification was apparently given, but the child must be presented in a standard suited to his age and capacity; an individual examination of each child in the three elementary subjects was not to be compulsory, but there was no regulation preventing inspectors from so examining them; English disappeared as the first necessary class subject, but partly emerged again in the form of Repetition; and the merit grants of 3s., 2s.,

and 1s. respectively, were in name abolished only to reappear in another form under a general grant of 15s. 6d., 14s., and 12s. It was natural under such circumstances that the proposed Code should fail to approve itself to the judgment of those who were concerned in its administration. Unless some real reform can be granted, changes by way of rearrangement in the Code tend more to disorganize the work of schools than to promote their efficiency. And reforms in the Code will never be successfully proposed until those who undertake its formation provide themselves with some definite guiding principles of action."

The inadequacy of this latest effort of the Educational Department to legislate for the schools is more evident to school experts than it can be made to the general reader. But the following considerations need no glossary:—

1. The public, and the Commission, condemned the principle of former Codes ; the Draft New Code retained it.

2. The Commission condemned the "Merit" grant ; the Draft Code retained the principle of that grant *in an aggravated form*.

3. The Commission condemned "age" as a basis for classifying and teaching children ; the Draft Code retained "age" as a basis.

4. The method of "aiding" inefficient schools by fining them for not being efficient, and so withdrawing the only means of efficiency, has been generally attacked as mischievous and absurd. It may be called the Sangrado method, the method of the cupping and leeching physicians of the past. The Sangrado-like method was maintained in the very basis of the Draft Code.

5. The present tests in grammar, spelling, and needle-work are generally held to be excessive and unpractical ; the Draft Code would have increased the tests, both in amount and unpracticality.

6. Persons of average common sense decline at the first hearing to believe that schools and teachers are fined when scholars "play the truant" from teaching or examination ; that boys who work half the day in mill or factory are examined with the same rigour as boys who attend school twice a day ; or that poor and small schools in rural districts have to meet the same examinations as the large well-staffed, well-found city schools. Yet all this is true ; and the terms of the Draft Code would have heightened the folly and injustice of it.

It was in withdrawing such a Code that the Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education lamented that teachers

had not supported him in his efforts to improve the conditions of work in the schools. The teachers recognize the attempt, and honour Sir W. Hart Dyke for it ; but they recognize also that his aim was considerably balked by the jog of the permanent officials at his elbow in Whitehall. With the public in outcry for thorough amendment of the system, the teachers decline to accept the mere small-change of reform ; they cannot consent that the Department shall be allowed to compound with its creditors for a dividend of twopence-halfpenny in the £. Not merely a better Code, but a much better Code, is required. A bad system must not be permitted to perpetuate itself in order that the Department may not have to confess its errors and earnestly attempt to remedy them. The matter is fast becoming a question of the nation's will *versus* the Department's rigidity. Is the nation to bow to its bureau, or the bureau to the nation ? One must bend.

But one may fairly be asked to follow up criticism by definite suggestions for reform. Logically, one might reply that the duty and onus of constructive effort lies with the officials charged with the work ; but, *de facto*, that duty will have to be done for them by others.

Before discussing what the Department *should* do, it will be well to consider what the Department *can* do. To suppose that Acts of Parliament hamper its action, or that "Payment by Results" is a part of the British Constitution, is perhaps a pardonable mistake. But, as a matter of fact, nearly all the reforms demanded by the public are within the power of the Department to concede at once ; the official stiff-neck is the one real obstacle. Could the Department but consent to use them, it possesses administrative powers enough to breathe new life into English popular education, and to "reform it altogether." The mode of assessing State-aid to schools might be changed ; the arrangements for examining schools might be put in harmony with nature and reason ; the restrictions placed on humane, economic, and sensible methods of classifying and teaching the scholars might be removed ; a sounder type of inspectors might be secured ; higher professional qualifications might be required in the teachers ; a rational and modern curriculum might be laid down ; the average amount of "grant" might be increased ; and all these with no more reference to the House of Commons than is already the custom in the annual debates on

the Code and Estimates. In the present state of public feeling on education, there is no exterior obstacle to these reforms. The Department may be impotent, but it cannot plead a legal impotence ; its powers suffice, were they but brought into play.

Yet there are considerations of creed and party which in some aspects of the question might make the Department pause. The existence of Voluntary schools, of State-aided schools under quasi-private control, hinders that symmetric reconstruction of the system as a whole for which some reformers plead. Vainly in 1843 did Sir James Graham appeal against our national tendency to look at education from partisan and sectarian points of view. "If I can but induce the House," said the then Home Secretary, "to lay aside all party feelings, all religious differences, on this one subject, we shall, in my judgment be conferring a greater benefit on the people than by any other course." The appeal was futile, it would be perhaps as futile to repeat it now. The *practical* reformer will therefore avoid suggesting new departures in directions where there are such lions in the path ; and hence I shall here confine myself to the indication of such reforms as are separable from the conflict of parties or of creeds.

First, then, the Department might practically, if not altogether nominally, annul the system called "Payment by Results," by distributing to the schools a larger Capitation grant, in place of the present variable grant on the fluctuating percentage of "passes" in each case. The Draft Code went so far in this direction as to offer "fixed" grants of 12*s.*, 14*s.*, or 15*s.* 6*d.* per head, according to the Inspectors' reports. The principle thus adopted should be carried further, and one and the same grant of not less than 15*s.* 6*d.* per scholar should be given to each school that reaches the point of efficiency. Properly, a school that does not reach the point of efficiency should either be replaced, or put under wiser control. If the inefficiency be the fault of the teachers, better teachers should be secured ; if of the managers, better management ; but no school should be allowed to remain inefficient for the lack of adequate funds. It is plain that a school receiving the bare 12*s.* grant, proposed by the Draft Code, would be just the school most needing a higher grant to enable it to become efficient. The Capitation grant existed as a principle in English public education until 1861, and in part it has always existed. After eighteen years of largely wasted effort, under Mr. Lowe's

abandonment of that principle, we must recur to it again. The line of progress has been well defined as a spiral, a line with curves repeated in parallel, but repeated on a higher plane. We must follow the spiral in the present matter. Percentage grants, and the cupping-and-bleeding mode of strengthening weakly schools, should now be abolished ; a reasonable fixed income should be guaranteed to each school ; small and rural schools should receive special help according to their special needs ; and full efficiency should be required from each school in return.

Secondly, a rational programme of instruction, in accord with modern demands for training preliminary to commercial and technical pursuits, should be planned. This should be variable, and adaptable to differing localities. At present there is but one programme of instruction for the sons of metal-workers, the sons of wood-workers, the sons of agriculturists, the sons of clerks, and the sons of seamen ; the "syllabus of subjects" is just as rigid as any other part of the cast-iron Code. On the contrary, a syllabus offering a wide range of optional subjects should be prepared, and the present "academic" requirements in grammar, spelling, and needle-work should make way for the study of principles underlying mechanics, metallurgy, agriculture, domestic science, and the general life of a manufacturing, commercial, farming, naval, and domestic nation.* Considerable local option should be granted ; and when a Draft Code is submitted to the House of Commons, the Department's "Instructions to Inspectors" (the glossary and commentary on the Code) should be tabled with it.

Thirdly, the clumsy and mechanical "individual examination," the ready-reckoner score of "pass" and "fail" per child, should be relegated to a museum of antiquities, and with it the irrational regulations which cause a scholar to be classed, taught, and tested according to his age. The *class* should replace the *child* as the unit of examination (as Mr. Alderson, an inspector, proposed to the Commission), and children need then no longer be retarded or unduly goaded into keeping step with their duller or sharper companions. The teachers ought to be free to

* An attractive programme of *interesting* educative subjects, conceived somewhat in the spirit of the Recreative Evening Schools Association, should replace the current wooden and deterrent curriculum for night-schools ; and the Code requirements from the so-called "half-timers" (the unfortunate youngsters who vegetate in school for two or three hours of the day, and toil in mill or factory for the rest of it) should be made considerate, practical, and *living*.

class and instruct a child according to his attainments and his mental and physical capacities ; at present these things depend on the child's date of birth. With the removal of the individual examination all temptation and indirect compulsion to class a child too low or too high would be removed ; the youngsters would be happier and mentally healthier than now ; and education proper would take the place at present usurped by "cram." Classification by "age" exists because individual examination exists ; abolish either, and the other would of necessity be quashed.

Fourthly, the *personnel* of the inspectorate should gradually be changed. Culture *plus* teaching-experience should become the necessary qualification for inspectorship, not, as now, an Oxford or Cambridge degree *plus* family influence at Whitehall. A teacher's eye and ear can best appraise another teacher's school. Education on the Continent—by general consent successful education—is supervised by men who have been successful teachers in the schools. *They* do not assess the merits of a school by annual observations on an appointed parade day ; they visit a school when they choose, scan it in its work-a-day aspect, and ascertain, unhurriedly, the ideals, plans, and results in force. *They* are the helpmates, *collaborateurs*, skilled advisers, of the teacher, not (as too often here) his taskmasters, his amateurish censors, his Olympian superiors, almost Papally infallible. The insular type of inspector must be improved. The fact that for the last seven years or so no new appointments to the English inspectorate have been made makes it easy for the Department shortly to enlist as examiners some of the skilled, experienced, cultured teachers who exist by the thousand in our schools.

Fifthly, the inferior order of teachers in the service of the nation should be amended ; the Department might begin at once to exact higher qualifications both in the art of teaching and in intellectual attainments than it requires from the 49,000 untrained, uncertificated, make-shift assistants and pupil-teachers now at work in the schools. More than half the 94,000 recognized teachers of all grades occupied in English elementary education are inferior in type to those employed by Continental States. Nothing can be more irrational and wasteful than the Department's custom of supplying the market with indifferent teachers. It encourages about 1500 pupil-teachers to win Queen's Scholarships and enter training-colleges

each year ; pays, for the State, from £80 to £100 per head for their training, and then fills up a large proportion of the places these *should* occupy in the schools with teachers untrained, and teachers positively uncertificated. The obvious remedy is to close the side-doors and hole-and-corner adits to the avocation, and to insist on as rigorous a qualification for leave to teach as for leave to practise in medicine or law.

Were but these five inclusive suggestions frankly adopted, and codified in detail according to the advice of experts, a great advance in the quality of our popular schooling would become possible, and England need no longer lag so much in the rear of Continental education. To put the first and fifth suggestions in force would cause some increase in the Estimates, but such an increase might be made gradual and inoffensive, like the annual increments in the ordinary course. Last year the increment was no less than £94,000, yet neither the tax-payer nor his Parliamentary stewards grumbled at endorsing it ; and in proposing further necessary increments, the Department would have nothing to fear. The present attitude of the public towards education, and the present condition of trade and national revenue, afford a favourable opportunity for wise advance.

We may infer, then, that there are no exterior obstacles in the Department's path to reform. Will the Education Office be wise in time, or will it for another year indulge itself in a mere Cadmean victory ? And since, in the past, it has shown itself incapable of wise initiative, will it not now ask the aid of men who *can* initiate wisely ? Why should it not call into its deliberations the presence and advice of earnest managers, and experienced teachers of the schools ?

The Vice-President of the Department has lately stated that "The consideration of the Code is not entrusted at any stage of its preparation to a formally constituted Revision Committee." Yet the Secretary of the Department, before the Royal Commission, witnessed that—since 1882—"There has been what is called a Code Committee, which Committee consists of a certain number of inspectors, and all the suggestions are brought before them, and discussed by them, and after that discussion changes are introduced." At any rate, there *should* be a Code Committee, and not a Committee of clerks and *doctrinaire* inspectors only. Teachers and school managers should be represented on the Code Committee, as a matter of right and reason.

J. H. YOXALL

Correspondence.

The name and address of Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers or return their letters under any circumstances.

CHURCH RESTORATION.—A REPLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

The excuse necessary for undertaking to write even another word on a subject already worn threadbare is furnished by a question in Lord Grimthorpe's recent article in this Magazine, on "Church Restoration Principles."

Referring to an architect named by him "B.," Lord Grimthorpe seeks to show his identity with an anonymous writer whom he calls "the unknown forger X," and asks, "Can either of them explain all this?"

As the Architect "B.," I reply by "explaining" that I neither know who the anonymous writer "X" is nor what he has written.

For reasons which will be apparent further on, I have taken no part in, nor even read the correspondence which has been going on for some time past about recent doings at St. Alban's Cathedral. Indeed, the chances are that I might not even have seen this amusing production itself had it not been put into my hands by a friend during a spare half-hour in a country house.

Having thus disposed of the only matter personal to myself which I think worthy of serious notice, I add a very few general remarks on the remainder of the article.

Some twelve years ago a memorable meeting was held in the rooms of the Royal Institute of British Architects, which a great many members of the profession and others attended who were anxious to hear or engage in a discussion on Church restoration; on that occasion Lord Grimthorpe (then Sir Edmund Beckett), speaking of "the way people act and talk nowadays" on this subject, said: "They invent what they call principles, and then run wild upon them, and call

upon other people to admit them as if they had been demonstrated. For myself, the older I grow, the more unprincipled I become . . . while we keep in the regions of abstraction and what are called principles, no conclusions of any practical value can be arrived at." *

Those who heard or read that remarkable speech, and think to what a point twelve years further progress in renunciation of principle must have brought the speaker, will notice with some surprise the title of his recent paper; but that feeling will be greatly modified when, on reading it through, they find that discussion of principles, which might be expected to form the staple of the article, is chiefly conspicuous by its absence. The paper is in fact almost entirely what is usually called "padding," composed of self-laudation and abuse of others (living and dead) in about equal proportions. All that is said of principles is contained in a few short sentences, and these when—to use an Americanism—"boiled down" leave a residuum which might be still more briefly expressed somewhat as follows: "Whatever I think right *is* right, and the opinions of all who do not agree with me are not worth consideration." Principles such as these possess the undoubted merit of extreme simplicity and of easy application to every possible subject under all possible circumstances, but they have the serious defect of making discussion impossible.

Those who really want some useful and practical information as to the principles which should guide all persons who undertake works of restoration, may obtain it in a short and handy form in the directions and advice set forth in two papers published by the R. I. B. A. at No. 9, Conduit Street, entitled respectively 'Conservation of Ancient Monuments and Remains' and 'Hints to Workmen engaged on the Repairs and Restoration of Ancient Buildings.'

These papers should be much more widely known and used than they are. Originally drawn up many years ago by the most skilful and learned architects of the day, they were re-issued last year after careful revision and enlargement. As a matter of course, they have not escaped criticism; but I believe they are generally accepted as good and satisfactory by all who take a common-sense view of the whole subject.

It is much to be regretted that such a subject cannot be approached in print without calling forth irrelevant personalities and an exhibition of rancorous ill-feeling, which sets at nought all common ideas of fairness and confuses the temperate view of all sides of the question, which is essential in order to make any discussion profitable.

I have felt for years past that, in the case of St. Alban's Cathedral, so long as Lord Grimthorpe is in possession of the building, by virtue of the faculty which he holds, not only is any attempt at discussion useless, but that all letters, appeals and protests, are far more likely to injure than to benefit the cause they are intended to aid; and if discussion as

to the future is useless, quite as much so is public abuse of work that is already executed—it is done and past any possible recall. No criticism can ever bring back what has been destroyed, nor, as matters now stand, will it help to preserve what remains. As Lord Grimthorpe very justly says, the merits of his work will be judged by posterity, and from them may be expected a calmer and more unbiassed judgment than is perhaps possible in the present excited state of feeling among lovers of old buildings. Whatever public opinion may really be, all who have seen his work must allow it one great and conspicuous merit—namely, that of strength. Lord Grimthorpe is nothing if he is not strong; strength is evidently a quality on which he prides himself in all things, and if it be conceded that his fashion in building is as strong as his diction in writing, no higher praise in that respect could possibly be accorded; when, however, we come to the rudeness and roughness which he considers characteristic of all early work, and which he takes care to copy—when we consider the ponderous character of the 32-ton mullions which he views with such complacency, or approach questions of taste and fitness, any continuation of the parallel between his building and his writing might perhaps carry us too far and land us in those realms of unprofitable debate which it is better to avoid.

But although discussion on matters of opinion may, under the circumstances, be practically impossible, matters of fact should, at any rate, be correctly stated. A little more care and exactness in that respect might reasonably be expected from one who exhibits so much indignation at the mistakes of others. In illustration of Lord Grimthorpe's want of accuracy in this respect, I will only point out one mis-statement which he makes of facts which were certainly well known to him at the time of the occurrence.

He speaks of "Street's R. I. B. A. party who came here" (*i.e.*, to St. Alban's) "to prove that there never was an E. E. or Decorated high roof." As a matter of fact, the party referred to went there on no such foolish errand. They went at the request of the Council of the R. I. B. A., to examine and report to them on the state of the old Nave roof and flat painted ceiling, the demolition of which had already begun. After a careful examination, their unanimous opinion was that both might be preserved, and by judicious repair and strengthening, might be made fit to last for generations to come. So far from doubting the existence of a former high roof, one of the party—Mr. Street—set up a complete restoration of its lines, deduced from the position and direction of the mortice holes in the original timbers still existing in a shortened form in the low roof.

It may be said, and quite truly, that it matters nothing now what the object of the party was nor what they thought, but if bygone events are raked up to give point to a sneer, they should at least be correctly stated. Lord Grimthorpe, when he is on the war-path, slashes right and

left with any weapon which comes first to hand, often quite regardless of that precise adherence to fact which he looks for in his opponents.

He brings his discursive essay at length to a close by drawing attention to a copy of Latin verses of a highly eulogistic character, here given, as he hints (like a popular song at a concert), "by request."

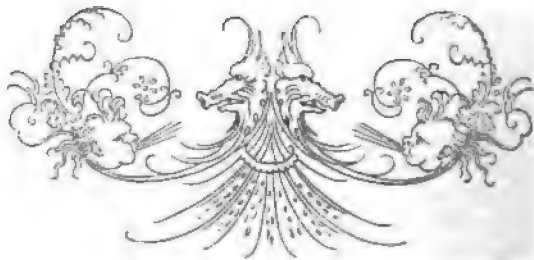
Whatever the literary merits of this composition may be, there are obvious reasons why it is unlikely to meet with general acceptance, as the utterance of a wholly unbiassed critic, or as any evidence of the current of public opinion. That it is highly gratifying to Lord Grimthorpe is clearly seen when he wonders with pardonable pride "how many great or small scholars have written poems in praise of any product of the Royal Institute of British Architects." Members of that body would probably feel the taunt more acutely were it not for the thought conveyed by a greater Poet than J. G. L. in the well-known lines beginning, "Vixere fortes," &c. They may find comfort in the idea that, among themselves, many Constructors as great as Lord Grimthorpe may have remained unsung only for want of some connecting link with an inspired Bard, but at any rate he has established the right which he claims by his last sentence to be considered henceforth the Agamemnon of Architecture.

One more line from the same source occurs to me, and with it I will conclude.

As an example of the unaccountable and purposeless vagaries by which men will sometimes excite the astonishment or ridicule of the world, the Poet says—it might almost seem prophetically of recent freaks of fancy at St. Alban's—

"Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis."—Q. H. F.

ARTHUR W. BLOMFIELD.



Notes of the Month.

SOME time ago we commented on the so-called International Copyright Bill which failed to pass Congress in the United States. The American Copyright League recently held a meeting in New York with a view to promoting a similar Bill in the new House ; but, as opposition is still active in some quarters, it has become necessary for the promoters of the Bill to declare more emphatically than before the nature and purpose of the measure. The following remarkable words are quoted from the Secretary's report :—

"The members of the Joint Committee decided that in order to overcome the opposition to the Copyright Bill, which sprang chiefly from certain trades connected with the making of books—binders, stereotypers, &c.—it was necessary to have them consider the Bill carefully. This was accomplished mainly through the efforts of Edward Eggleston, who convinced the leading members of the Typothetæ that the Bill, in the event of its passage, *instead of injuring their trade would in all probability largely add to the volume of printing and publishing business in the United States.* The Bill was framed with the intention of interfering as little as possible with the papers or syndicates of papers which bought the privilege of printing the stories of foreign authors in this country. Under the Bill as now drawn, stringent provisions are made for limiting the copyright to foreign publications, to those works which shall be printed from types set in this country. This distinction is important, as under the former Bill, plates could be imported."

For unparalleled generosity the Waverly Publishing Company of St. Louis, U.S.A., must be hard to beat, judging from the following letter we received a few days ago. It appears that the Mæcenas who presides over this enterprising firm is about to issue from his "executive office" at 1007, 1009, and 1011, Locust Street, an "independent journal" euphoniously entitled 'Every Other Week ;' and here is a sample of his independent style : "As things are now," he writes, "your articles are appropriated *ad libitum* in this country. If you will send us IN ADVANCE proof of such articles as in your opinion would prove of interest to the American readers, so that it would reach us about the time of the appearance in your journal, we would pay you *four shillings* for such articles that we could use, on acceptance." Then follows a friendly

suggestion that, "you might send us a brief outline of the subjects and writers a few months ahead, so that we could indicate our preference." But the astonishing thing is that Mæcenas does not understand the magnitude of his own liberality:—"While the figures we offer," he proceeds, "*are not munificent*"—surely this is the very *nadir* of humility, "please remember that it is not exclusive matter." Precisely; but then we are asked to make it exclusive by sending proof in advance, though of course we shall not hesitate to do this in view of the four shillings to come!

The late Dr. Percy, the eminent metallurgist, was also famous for his profound knowledge of art, and for many years had devoted himself to the formation of a representative collection of Water-colour Drawings. This collection consists of 1521 drawings by 677 artists, all deceased, and forms a unique gallery illustrating the history of this peculiarly English branch of the painter's art. There is scarcely any artist of note who is not represented by some work or works in this series. The executors are compelled to sell the collection, but before setting it up to public auction are desirous to sell it as a whole. There can be no doubt that it ought to become the property of the nation, and we hope the authorities of the Treasury may have the courage to purchase it for the National Gallery. In any case, however, we trust that some wealthy benefactor will see to it that a collection bearing the guarantee of Dr. Percy's well-known taste and discrimination be not dispersed, or lost to the British public.

Great are the trials of an Editor; some time ago a respected contemporary, reviewing an early number of 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE,' said that the one thing wanted was a serial story to keep the subscribers together.* Since then we hope he has been gratified by perusing "The Reproach of Annesley," "Comedy of a Country House," "Derrick Vaughan," "A Counsel of Perfection," all which have passed through our pages as serial stories. But now comes a letter from a gentleman who takes an opposite view. "I am quite concerned," he writes, "to find that it is your intention to publish a serial story. The great charm of your publication at first was that every story was in that number complete." This is a mistake, for we were never without a serial story until October last; but we quote the opinion to show how impossible it is to please every one. All we can do is to try our best to please the general reader, and herein we venture to hope we have achieved considerable success.

Readers of the *Times* for the 6th of December must have been not a little shocked to encounter in the first leader a sentence in which an

* This was said while "Major Lawrence" was actually in full swing; but we are accustomed to such trifling oversights.

eminent statesman is described as being a "safe Draw." There is this, however, to be said in defence of what—considering the environment of the expression—might otherwise be called sacrilege, that much modern slang is so appropriate as to be irresistible. This is especially true of American coinages. Some, like the whole tribe in *ist*, such formalistic atrocities as to "deputize" and "concertize," and such verbs as to "loan" and to "locate," are wholly detestable. Others again, like "boom" and "Mugwump," are real additions to our vocabulary. "To let things slide,"—which nine people out of ten would pronounce a modern Americanism,—is Shakspeare reimported. Another invaluable expression—of home growth—which has not yet, however, gained a footing in literature, is "side." What is the true derivation of this term? When we talk of "So-and-so's putting on a lot of side," the identity of the phrase with that used by billiard-players—or, as we are now taught to say, "cueists,"—points to the green cloth as its source. On the other hand, we have heard people maintain that the real origin of the word is in the swaggering lurching walk affected by one *qui sese aliquem putat*. In our own University days, as a variant to "side," the word "wing" achieved not a little popularity, and this may be said to corroborate the last derivation, to some extent. It may not be generally known that in America the equivalent of "side" is "English," in reference to the supposed tendency of our countrymen, and that this expression has completed the circle by being applied to "side" at billiards.

Chief Justice Morris, who has just been appointed in the room of the late Lord Fitzgerald, has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the most effective wits of a notoriously witty profession—the Irish Bar. The stories about him are legion, and, as generally happens in such cases, a large proportion are invented. Minor wits are often enabled to gain acceptance for a joke of their own, by palming it off as "the latest Morris." These anecdotes, however, lose half their point by being transferred to print, for the dumb type is powerless to reproduce the monumental brogue in which they are invariably delivered. Father H——, another well-known Dublin wit, was once standing on the steps of a house as a "happy pair" were driving off after the wedding breakfast, and when Judge Morris, as he then was, lamented that he had nothing to throw after them, retorted, "Why don't you throw your brogue, Morris?" And indeed the Chief Justice has always used it like a weapon. The more finicking or refined his opponent, the more studied is his choice of homely language wherewith to floor him. Thus, when the son of a well-known politician had been holding forth at considerable length in his presence on Irish politics, Morris finally broke out, "Me dear young gentleman, there's only one single man in the whole wurruld that knows less about Ireland than yourself, and that's your Da!"

Another class of Irish anecdotes, which are very highly relished across the water, relate to the ludicrous things which have been said or done by *bourgeois* guests at balls in St. Patrick Hall. One of the best of these was recorded in that delightful story, "An Irish Cousin." A young lady considering some remarks of her cavalier as rather outrageous, threatens to "pelt the jelly" at him. We may be permitted to add two more that have not yet seen the light. The first tells of an anxious mother watching her daughter, a *débutante*, whose step by no means fitted that of her partner, a cavalry officer. As the ill-assorted couple came bumping round to within earshot of the good lady, she hailed her daughter in the loudest of stage whispers, "Maria, *spring* to the Captain!" The other anecdote consists of the protest heard to issue from a shady corner. "Take your arm from around my waist, ye bould flirt. Sure, we haven't been properly inthrojuced yet!"

According to Lady Catherine Milnes Gaskell the aristocracy are becoming very musical—exacting as critics and highly proficient as performers. In this connection it may be worth while to relate the following story, which is quite good enough to be true. A smoking concert was being organized which an August Personage had signified his gracious intention to attend. Being anxious to consult the wishes of the A. P. in all respects, the conductor took the programme to him to ascertain whether it met with his approval. The A. P. had only one fault to find. It was a little long. "But," he added, pointing to some four-part songs which were set down for performance, "couldn't you shorten it by leaving out some of the parts?" This reminds us of the naïve question put by a young Manchester lady at the time—many years ago—when Stephen Heller visited his friend Hallé there, and appeared in public. Part of the performance consisted in his improvising on a theme given him by one of his auditors. The young lady in question was driving in to the concert, and on being told that M. Heller was prepared to improvise upon anything that was given him, innocently asked, "Do you mean to say that he would improvise upon a sponge?"

The interesting and attractive potentialities of high-class journalism which reside in the prospective announcements of *The Speaker* and *The Daily Graphic* ought not to make us forget what has been already achieved by the *Scots Observer*, the youngest of all the weeklies. Founded about a year ago as an organ of Scots opinion, it has so far modified its original position that while Scotsmen still evidently take a special interest in it, it now appeals to the whole community. In fact, its purpose is obviously to vie in all respects and on all grounds with the leading literary and political weeklies of London. Though printed and published in Edinburgh, it is on our bookstalls at the same time as the

Saturday Review and *Spectator*, and to all intents and purposes takes its chance with them. What is especially observed about the *Scots Observer* is its literary flavour. It is fresh, whimsical, alert; a relentless foe to *poseurs* and prigs, mannerists and sentimentalists, finicking *littérateurs* and "new" journalists. Mr. Henley has been fortunate in gathering round him a remarkably able staff of contributors, amongst whom it may suffice if we mention Messrs. Frederick Greenwood, Edmund Gosse, J. M. Barrie, Stepniak, Theodore Watts, James Payn, Charley Whibley, Andrew Lang the ubiquitous, and R. L. Stevenson. As for its politics, the *Scots Observer* is staunchly Unionist, and resolutely Imperialist. But, politics apart, it is full of good reading.

In connection with Sir R. Temple's article on "Russia in Asia" last month, we hear that a recently returned traveller from those regions was informed by Russian officers that they were not inclined to go on with their railway to meet ours at Candahar, because they were afraid that if their people saw how much we were doing for our subjects in Beluchistan and India, they would contrast our magnificence and beneficence with the little they get from the Russians, and would be discontented. This is gratifying enough as a testimonial to our good government; but we doubt whether Russia would be greatly influenced by the prospect of causing discontent among her subject races if she saw her way to another advantageous move towards the Indian frontier.

NOTES FROM EDINBURGH.

Place aux dames! A large Unionist meeting got up by the Women's Branch of the Liberal Unionist Association inaugurated a week of political excitement. The important speeches of the evening were made by Lord Wolmer and Mrs. Ashworth Hallett, a niece of the late John Bright, and spiritually allied to her great uncle by a genuine gift of oratory. There was a ring of feeling in her voice, a suppressed fire, and a pathos untouched by the slightest dash of sentimentality, which at once arrested the attention of her audience, and held them spell-bound, while they listened to her account of her own experiences of life in Ireland. Such a speech is the best argument in favour of women taking an active part in political life.

The banquet given to Mr. Balfour in the Waverley Market was a memorable event, and one that will not be quickly forgotten by those who witnessed it. If "forty feeding like one" was a sight to call forth Wordsworth's eloquence, what shall be said in plain prose of two thousand five hundred human beings engaged in the same process? At

first it would have seemed that, to the great majority, the *sight* must be the event of the evening, and even then they would not have had cause for complaint, so moving was the spectacle of that large company rising to their feet, waving their table-napkins like one man, and giving full-throated expression to their enthusiasm for the guest whom they delighted to honour. But so admirable were the acoustic arrangements, that when Mr. Balfour began to speak, the inmates of the farthest gallery realized that they too could partake in "the feast of reason."

Edinburgh has certainly done things *en masse* lately. The evening after the two great political demonstrations, a musical conversation was held in the Waverley Market on a larger scale than anything that has ever been done here before. The hall was left intact, thanks to the kindness of those who had fitted it up for the banquet and meeting, and the decorations and electric lighting were very effective. It must be admitted that only those who were tolerably near the platform could enjoy the solo singing, or Lady Monckton's recitations, and the artistic *tableaux vivants* presented rather a blurred outline to the people in the further part of the hall. But financially the entertainment was a decided success. It had been got up for a charity (Convalescent Homes in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh). By an ingenious device the audience were got together by invitation; there was no charge for the tickets, but the guests were asked to give a silver subscription. Seven thousand people were present, and £1022 were collected.

Much interest is being awakened by a portrait of Burns now on view in Princes Street. The picture has been quite recently discovered, and though the final word has yet to be spoken by the experts, there is every reason to suppose that the portrait is by Sir Henry Raeburn. In a letter from the artist, written in 1803, he mentions having despatched a portrait of Burns in a fishing-smack, from Leith to London, to a well-known firm of picture dealers. The later history of the picture is not yet satisfactorily cleared up, but from internal evidence there is every reason to believe that the present picture is the portrait alluded to in the letter. The colouring is rich and mellow in tone, and the figure stands out from the canvas with life-like force and reality. The poet is painted seated in an arm-chair, with one leg crossed over the other. There is much individuality about the treatment of the figure and face, and it is curiously different from Nasmyth's portrait; but as the latter picture was done as an order from the Publisher for a frontispiece to the Poems, it may be supposed that the face was somewhat idealized. In this portrait the eyes are full of fire, and the eyebrows (generally a marked feature in people of the artistic temperament) are broadly defined, and have a stamp of marked individuality. The forehead, one of the most characteristic features in an intellectual face, is unfortu-

nately almost hidden by the heavy black hair; the lower part of the face is somewhat coarse. It is difficult, when looking at this picture, to know how much to gather from the face itself, or how much we read into it from our knowledge of the character. Whether it prove to be the missing Raeburn or not, it is a decidedly fine piece of painting, and a most suggestive portrait.

Mr. Frederick Myers' address to the members of the Philosophical Institution on *Apparitions* has set the stone rolling, and every one is recounting his or her experiences of ghosts or second-sight. One interesting story comes from a small Scotch manufacturing town, but it has yet to be tested by the scientific investigation of the Psychical Society. The facts as they have reached us are these. A weaver, a man of little education and no training, can and does, in a trance-like condition, write in tongues and on subjects of which in his conscious moments he is totally ignorant. He positively declines to act as a professional medium, but his friends and townsmen testify to his extraordinary powers. A divinity student who interviewed him when he was under this influence (whatever it is), asked him to write a line of Greek, which he promptly did. He then told him to write a line from the *Iliad*, which was done, and finally asked him to write out any two lines from the Eleventh Book of the *Odyssey*. These were written, and, on being compared with the text, were found to be correct, even to the placing of the accents.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

The great sensation of the present time is the military law, which it was hoped would be modified by the new Chamber of Deputies, in consequence of the strong feeling of opposition shown in the provinces. But to the intense indignation of the Conservative classes, and of all the moderate men of all parties, the obnoxious law has been ratified in its entirety. It is consequently definitely settled that the students in the ecclesiastical seminaries must spend at least one year in the barracks as private soldiers, and at any time may be called to serve for two years more; even fully ordained priests under forty-five years of age are not excepted. As they have declared that their sacred calling forbids them to shed any blood but their own, they will accompany the ambulance in war time; but why then must they be forced to endure the ordeal of the barracks beforehand? In vain all the Catholic orators have pleaded for a training in the military hospitals as a much better preparation for the task in store for them; but the anti-clerical spirit of the Republican party would not yield, and to the barracks the priests must go.

After having finished their time of service in the ranks, they must return at stated intervals for the "28 jours" or month of drill; and in time of war they must leave all the duties of their calling to join the army. Can one imagine English clergymen subjected to such vexations?

The evident object of this law is the utter destruction of religious spirit in the clergy. It is hoped that the students will sufficiently feel the effects of corrupting influences to give up all idea of a sacerdotal vocation, or that they will become priests unworthy of their cloth. It is the old Voltairean spirit which reigns in the Republican party, and makes war on religion by every means in its power.

The papers have published a list of sixty-two priests deprived of their stipend for having shown a preference for the Opposition candidate at the late elections, where so many of the Government candidates were professed Atheists! The names of the priests and of the parishes are given at full length. The Department of La Lozère alone has thirteen. If it be considered that the vast majority of the French clergy have no private means, and that their salaries, shared with all the poor people of their parishes, are miserably small, the consequences of such a decision may be imagined.

The present disastrous prevalence of morphino-mania amongst women of the higher classes is attracting anxious attention. Beginning with a medical prescription for the relief of physical suffering, it becomes a habit, like opium-eating, with the same evil effects on the health and intellect. Ladies of the highest rank are quoted who indulge more and more in this pernicious practice. The tiny instrument used has its place in the dressing-case of fashionable belles, and when the inevitable reaction, which occurs in a life of excitement, begins to be felt, then quickly the instrument is taken out, and three slight pricks produce a feeling of delicious repose, undisturbed by any of the daily small annoyances from which the most prosperous life is not exempt. But, as is the case with all such tempting poisons, the dose must be renewed more and more often, on pain of becoming ineffectual; soon the health gives way visibly, both physically and morally, whilst anxious friends try to remove the cause of so much mischief. Then comes the impossibility of giving it up; tears, sobs, hysterical attacks, till the fatal remedy is restored to the patient. Even in the working classes instances are quoted of children left without clothes and food, whilst the mother buys morphine (often with a forged prescription) as others fly to gin.

But how can such an evil be arrested?

A French physician, Dr. Auguste Voisin, has successfully tried "hypnotism and suggestion." First, he orders the patient to sleep, at the same time looking at her fixedly with the determined *will* necessary for

the success of such experiments. When hypnotism has produced the desired effect, he enumerates to her the disastrous consequences of the practice in which she indulges, leading to epilepsy and insanity, and suggests the determination to give it up. When the patient has declared that such is her intention, he awakens her; and, according to his statement, in the vast majority of cases the cure is effectual.

But will not many people be inclined to think the remedy worse than the disease?

The Eiffel Tower is now closed to visitors, who must be content with the outside view of the tall Babel. There is sharp discussion as to what will be done with the principal buildings of the Champ-de-Mars; the present idea, which meets with great opposition, being to keep them for a future occasion of the same kind. To this, it is objected, that in ten years the present buildings will not be interesting, and that a new Exhibition will require new material, in accordance with the progress of the time—which seems rational enough.

The city of Paris is to have 1200 more policemen, a measure which it is hoped will give a little more security to the public streets. Hitherto, the *gardiens de la paix* have been limited to 6100, from which it is necessary to deduct the four central brigades kept permanently at the "Préfecture de Police," and the brigade for the inspection of public vehicles, leaving little more than 4000 men for the streets of Paris. Each "arrondissement" is divided into four "quartiers," and each "quartier" into "îlots," or beats. The beat is so arranged that the policeman ought to go over it many times during his hours of duty; but, as a matter of fact, it is impossible for him to keep his watch properly.

A "brigadier" gives out the "îlots," or beats, to the men. Each man ought to have only one, and then he might have a chance of being enabled to keep order; but as there has been, hitherto, a dearth of police, one man has often to look after three or four "îlots;" so that he has barely time to go over the ground once in the five hours of duty.

The French policemen are usually recruited from the soldiers who have served their time in the army. When first admitted into the police by the Préfecture, they are required to attend a class, directed by a "brigadier," where their writing and spelling are improved, and where they are taught the rules and regulations to which they must submit. In the "quartier" to which they belong, they must ply no trade with a shop looking on the street, but they are free to do so elsewhere. Their pay begins at 1400 francs a year (£56), with an increase of 100 francs every three years up to the full pay of 1700 francs (£68), provided they have never been punished during the time. For a formal reprimand a policeman is suspended for six months, a punishment causes a delay of a year.

They are usually very brave and very devoted men, who have nothing in common with the *mouchards*, or detectives of the secret police, who flourished more especially during the Second Empire. The *sergent de ville*, or *sergot*, as he is called by the populace, is ever ready to risk his life, either in the cause of order, or to stop runaway horses, or, indeed, in any case of danger to the public; for which he deserves all gratitude from the public—and often does not get it.

The show for the New Year has begun in the shops, but, at the time we are writing, it is still incomplete. Gouache (the great *confiseur*) has garden-boxes of frosted violets, containing bonbons; also common-looking bags of coarse sackcloth, apparently containing raw chestnuts, which, when removed, reveal the delicious "*marrons glacés*." Boissier has a more attractive show of pretty baskets and boxes for his bonbons.

The enamelled jewellery, so much admired at the Exhibition, is now seen in the great jewellers' shops; maiden-hair fern, in green and gold, very delicately wrought with tiny diamond sparks; the four-leaved shamrock, which in France is supposed to bring "luck;" pretty pink-enamel brooches in the shape of a wild rose, with a pearl pistil and diamond stamens; a few bracelets with tiny watches, but the rage for watches everywhere is over.

"La Pensée," in the Faubourg St. Honoré, shows exquisite embroidery, well worthy of the notice of lovers of art-needlework. Vestments in all kinds of obsolete stitches on canvas, to imitate antique brocade of extraordinary magnificence; Spanish embroidery, entirely in spangles laid one over the other like fish-scales, on a network of gold thread, lined with silk; panels in tent-stitch, so fine and so wonderfully shaded, as to equal Gobelin tapestry; embroidery in tiny ribbon on satin, called *rococo* work,—the list would be endless.

Children's toys of course recall the Exhibition; little Eiffel Towers are sold with a chemical preparation, by which they can be illuminated; dolls in the costumes of all nations; little Tonkinese chairs to be wheeled about; small Decauville railways, &c., &c.

An artistic event is in preparation; a sort of dramatic poem, by Barbier, on Joan of Arc, to be recited by Sarah Bernhardt, with an accompaniment of music by Gounod. The whole career of Joan of Arc will be represented, in a series of tableaux, with great magnificence of scenery, costumes, &c. The performance is divided into three principal parts; the first represents the peasant girl of Domrémy, her visions and her mission; the second, the triumphant coronation of Charles VII. at Reims; the third, the prison at Rouen, and the death of the heroine. The form will be neither that of a tragedy, nor of an opera, but something between the two; with choruses and singing at appropriate interludes between recitations, accompanied by the softest

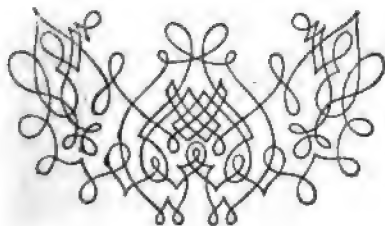
music. "Sarah Bernhardt must speak in an atmosphere of music," was said by Gounod himself, adding that the music must be as light and delicate as gauze.

It is expected that all will be ready for the New Year, and undoubtedly the sight will be most interesting. Sarah Bernhardt is scarcely young enough, even with the aid of stage artifices, to represent the "Maid of Orleans;" but if the meretricious characters that she has acted for the last few years have not destroyed her power of representing a truly pure and noble heroine, her genius will be sufficient to captivate the spectators, and to make all else forgotten. Any one who has seen Sarah Bernhardt in "*La Fille de Roland*," must remember the ideal beauty of the impersonation; so might it be with Joan of Arc, a memory to be cherished like a poetic vision.

A book which is making a great sensation in the political and religious world is entitled, '*Le Pape de Demain*,' by Jean de Bonnefou; the pseudonym of a correspondent of the *Gaulois*, who was unceremoniously turned out of Berlin at a moment's notice by Prince Bismarck at the time of the Emperor Frederick's death. The book is clever and spiteful, written with "malice, hatred, and all uncharitableness;" abusing and turning into ridicule all the Italian Cardinals, not without a treacherous cut at the Pope himself every now and then. The French Cardinals, including the Archbishop of Paris, do not wholly escape the lash, though not so ill-treated as the Italians. The English seem to find the most favour in his sight; he has only words of praise for Cardinal Manning and Cardinal Newman; as also for Cardinal de Lavigerie, who is especially privileged, and hinted at as '*Le Pape de Demain*.'

But when did the election of a Pope fulfil predictions? The result always takes the world by surprise.

'*L'Avenir d'Aline*,' by Henri Gréville, is a novel which can be recommended; also '*Loyauté*,' by Mlle. Zénaïde Fleuriot.



Our Library List.

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LORD MELBOURNE'S PAPERS, edited by LLOYD C. SANDERS (1 vol. 18s. *Longman*), is welcome as throwing additional light on a very interesting character which has never yet been satisfactorily portrayed. A great deal of Lord Melbourne's charm no doubt depended on his living personality, and therefore necessarily perished with him. A man's deeds and words may be accurately recorded and yet leave a totally inadequate impression of what he actually was. The problem in the present case is to reconcile the superficially indolent and somewhat reckless wit with the painstaking and conscientious statesman. The papers here given open with a series of letters written while Lord Melbourne, then a younger son, was studying in Glasgow: these, which are rather disappointingly commonplace, are followed by extracts from a parliamentary diary kept during 1807, and the two succeeding years, while the bulk of the volume consists of letters written to colleagues in office. Mr. Lloyd Sanders shows himself a model editor; his notes are brief yet adequate; he obviously possesses an intimate knowledge of the political history of the time, yet he is content to remain in the background. Lord Cowper contributes a very interesting preface.

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DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, AS DESIGNER AND WRITER, by W. M. ROSSETTI (1 vol. 7s. 6d. *Cassell*), is perhaps rather a collection of memoranda than a book, but is interesting as giving from a source of unimpeachable authority details concerning a poet and painter who, whatever his shortcomings, indisputably occupied a distinguished place in the English intellectual life of his time. The arrangement adopted is chronological, the work and chief events of Rossetti's life being grouped under each successive year. Though this order gives a somewhat disjointed appearance to the book, it is extremely convenient for readers wishing to acquire definite information. The latter part of the volume is occupied by a prose paraphrase of the sonnet sequence, 'The House of Life,' which excited so much discussion at the time of its first appearance, and which, perhaps, can hardly be fully appreciated by readers unacquainted with the early Italian poets, or at any rate with Rossetti's own exquisite renderings of them. An Appendix gives a complete list of Rossetti's works of art.

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MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY, by MRS. JULIAN MARSHALL (2 vols. 30s. *Bentley*), gives what will probably be recognized as the authorized version of Mary Shelley's life. The first and most eventful portion has already been amply discussed by Professor Dowden and others, and there is probably nothing fresh to be said concerning the years preceding the poet's untimely death in 1822 ; but concerning the widowhood, extending over nearly thirty years, comparatively little has been published ; and Shelley students will be grateful to Mrs. Marshall for the picture she has drawn of her heroine in her controversies with her husband's family, and her efforts to increase her income by authorship. The death of Sir Percy Shelley, which took place a few weeks since, gives a melancholy opportuneness to a publication, which, however, can be amply justified on its own intrinsic merits. The general get-up and appearance of the book is exceptionally attractive.

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AMONG CANNIBALS. By CARL LUMHOLTZ. With Maps and 120 Illustrations. (1 vol. 24s. *Murray*.) The science of travelling in wild countries is taking its place as a recognized department of education. The old haphazard methods of research and discovery are useless in these days, if the traveller wish to make his mark. Dr. Lumholtz, being already distinguished for his attainments in natural history and anthropology, was sent out by the University of Christiania to the less known districts of N. Queensland, to study the fauna of the country and that remarkable race of men, now rapidly vanishing before the advance of "civilization," who dwell in those regions. These aborigines are cannibals, and probably of a lower type than any other inhabitants of the earth at the present day. Dr. Lumholtz lived alone among them, till life became almost unbearable, and studied their characters, habits, and pursuits, as no European has been able to do before. His book, which is sumptuously "got up" and illustrated, combines that charm of narrative with accuracy of scientific detail which alone can commend such a work to the discriminating public. Amongst other illustrations are four beautifully coloured plates of species of the tree kangaroo discovered by the author.

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WOULD YOU KILL HIM ? by G. P. LATHROP (3 vols. 31s. 6d. *David Douglas*), is a novel more distinctively American than we often meet with on this side of the Atlantic. The first volume contains an elaborate account of a gigantic attempt to "corner" the wheat market, the course of speculative "quotations" being cleverly compared to the successive movements of a musical symphony. The episode may seem disagreeably complicated to those who are totally unacquainted with the language of Wall Street and Capel Court, yet it is notable as one of the first attempts to utilize for emotional purposes in fiction a very important factor in modern life. The main plot is concerned with a

rather colourless young American who gets engaged, in the first chapter, to the daughter of a speculator, but when the latter is ruined by the collapse of the "corner," obtains his release and shortly afterwards marries a highly educated young lady, whose financial position is unimpeachable. His married happiness is put in jeopardy, and for a time obscured, by a treacherous lady friend of his wife acting in concert with the brother of his former sweetheart. The book is written with a great deal of cleverness, and the smartness which results from a conscientious struggle for effect.

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MRS. FENTON, A SKETCH, by W. E. NORRIS (1 vol. 6s. *Longman*), is written with Mr. Norris's usual graceful ease. The interest of the plot partly turns on a mystery which we shall not be so indiscreet as to reveal, but apart from the sensational element, there is some very careful character-drawing. Mrs. Fenton herself is the most elaborate of the "studies," but hardly the most successful, though the circumstances of her life are so far removed from ordinary experience that her case is a difficult one to pronounce upon. Fred Musgrave, her cousin and admirer, appeals to us much more closely; but perhaps the most vivid impression is made by the crabbed and wealthy old Dean of a College, whose last moments are described in the opening chapters. The disposal of his fortune is the centre round which the story moves, and there is a pleasant atmosphere of decorous love-making throughout. Slight as it is, the book is one which the reader will hardly lay aside till the last page has been turned, and having read it once for the story, he might do worse than read it again for the style.

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A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE, by G. COLMORE (2 vols. 21s. *Sonnenschein*), is evidently the work of a young writer and shows considerable promise, though we could wish that its theme had been less repulsive. There are certain phases of suffering which, though they may not be of especially rare occurrence, are wholly beyond the reach of remedy, and therefore not profitable objects of study, nor fit material for art. Among these is the slow approach of hereditary insanity, which forms the leading motive for the present volumes. A girl who has to help support herself and her widowed mother by teaching, is loved by and loves a rich young man, who conceals from her, persuading her mother to join in the deception, the fact that the taint of madness is in his family. The situation with its terrible possibilities is very vividly realized, and the insidious approach of the catastrophe indicated with great skill. The weak point of the book lies in the character of the young wife, whose pity for her husband is entirely merged in agonized pity for herself. If the author had represented her as triumphing over her instinctive repulsion and loving all the more passionately because she pitied also, the book might have been really fine.

# MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY, 1890.

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## The Poet's Home-Going.

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"I shall soon depart for Venice on my way homeward." \*

HIS heart was where the summer ever shines,  
He saw the English swallow eastward come,  
And still among the olives and the vines,  
Or underneath the dark sun-scented pines  
Of Asolo, he hummed his latest lines,  
And bade his white-winged songs go flying home.

Then when the red sails round by Lido came  
To rest, and vacant now the gondolier,  
Beneath the Lion and those masts aflame,  
Lounged bickering o'er his boy's piazza-game,  
One darker boat came quaywards, called his name,  
And straight toward the sunset seemed to steer.

His face was pale, but not with fear nor pain,  
His hand still held the harp; I heard his voice  
Come ringing with a new majestic strain,  
Rememberable music, through the rain  
Of tears I saw across the water plain  
His eyes were towards the Florence of his choice.

\* Extract from a letter of Browning's to a friend written from Asolo a few weeks before his death.—Cf. *The Athenæum*, Jan. 4th, p. 18.

And up into the lordly Palace Hall

Those strangers passed who called him to the shore,

And o'er one sleeping did they lay for pall

Italia's love, and England's loss, and all

Cried, "He whose spirit the Heaven from Earth doth call

Freed men, and lo, is freed for evermore."

"Free as the stars to rush upon the dark ;

Free as the dawn to rise above the sea ;

Free as the flood to feel its highest mark

On this Rialto ; free from care or cark ;

Free as the heart of yonder dwindling bark

To touch all havens where the blest ones be."

"But freed the most to find his being whole,

'The broken arc, in Heaven a perfect round ;'

Free with the freedom of that kindred soul

Whose love and life through all the under-roll

Of sorrowful dark, has kept him to the goal,

And free to utter his full self in sound."

Then with those strangers silently we went,

Pushed from the steps, left Venice flaming bright

Above her sunset waters ; backward bent,

Towers shook, so swift astern the waves were sent

Domes danced, and back the harp's accompaniment

Came with his voice to call us toward the night.

And other voices called, for other prow

Pushed after, gorgeous, sweet for myrtle flowers,

With long-robed men therein, upon whose brows

Were caps of honour such as he who knows

Bellini's Doge can tell of, men of vows

By their tight lips, the men who built the towers.

And strange-clad legates, cardinals of Rome,

Painters, and music-makers of old time,

Not great in fame, but greater to have come

To life through struggle ; and with these were some

Ladies with lustrous hair above the dome

Of perfect foreheads, moulders of men's rhyme.



These wept ; those cried, " To what far island steers  
The boat that bears our poet soul away ?  
We built the city, but his glory rears  
Anew the walls, eternal as the years.  
We took the Sea to marriage, but he wears  
The ring that weds our Venice. Let him stay ! "

The voices failed, night fell, the harp was still,  
A new star rose to shine upon our way ;  
We scarce could hear that far-off planet's thrill,  
Yet the bright jewel burned and burned to fill  
The dusk with music. " Death can no more kill,"  
The constellation seemed in song to say.

Then the stars paled, yet paled not that bright star,  
But grew ; the grey sea heaved from dusk to gold,  
And sailing we were ware of hills afar—  
The amethystine hills where angels are—  
That rose from burnished calm no tempests mar  
To skies of peace that never can grow old.

The earth seemed fairer than the fairest day  
Seen by a bridegroom on his marriage morn,  
For love and life did haunt those hills alway,  
And aspiration that would still essay  
Climbed up those heights by God's directest way  
To find One seated there of woman born.

" These were the hills we knew," the pilot said,  
" Yet shoreward now no angry breakers roll ;  
The bay is more magnificently spread,  
To rosier height rears up yon mountain head,  
Such hills as in the ' Heavenly Song ' are read,  
The gardens of the glory of the soul."

We neared the land, and multitudes foreknew  
His coming, waved a forestry of palm.  
The Singer's face most like an angel grew,  
Far off we saw what fires rekindled flew  
Forth from his eyes, as near the vessel drew,  
And o'er the waves to meet us came a Psalm.

“ Oh girder of Truth's sword upon man's thigh,  
And looser of man's fear for mortal harm,  
If but they leave their castles to the sky,  
And go forth dauntless when the foe draws nigh,  
Thine was the clarion call to victory  
Against the world's inevitable swarm ! ”

They clanged the harps, the Singer stepped ashore ;  
“ For you, for you, they cried, we waited long ! ”  
One brought a golden orb, another bore  
The crown that cannot wither ; one before  
Went with a trumpet, saying, “ evermore  
Shall this our brother gladden us with song ! ”

Then as the Singer's forehead felt the crown,  
Thoughts that had long time struggled into birth  
Took form melodious, wonderful, full-grown,  
And many souls came near to him half-known,  
Souls strong through loss and loving like his own,  
Friends of his mind and making upon earth.

On either side to let him forward move  
The gracious congregation did divide ;  
But those clear eyes that flashed for joy to prove  
The bliss of recognition, seemed to rove,  
As looking for fulfilment of all love,  
As yearning still, and still unsatisfied.

There might I see how many a great one came  
And asked of Venice, blithe Carpaccio  
The laughter ; he who left undying name  
High on Euganean hills ; that queenly Dame  
On whom the Doges wrought their deed of shame  
Dethroned in Cyprus, throned in Asolo.

And there young Shelley, spoken with at last,  
Moved towards him ; fiery, tender Tintoret,  
With strong Bellini : there no more downcast  
Nor exiled Dante ; and great Goethe passed  
To welcome, with that bard from England last,  
His dark hair with the dews of Isis wet.

With these was one, the Grecian, he whose song  
Rang round the quarry walls of Syracuse  
And gave the slave his freedom from the thong  
And chain and noon-tide prison-toil among  
Hot cliffs ; and fair Colonna joined the throng,  
With her, made pure of heart, the Lesbian Muse.

And towards him, bowing low, Cellini led  
Brave Palissy the Potter ; 'neath his bar  
Of brow stared Angelo, the whiles he read  
The comer ; looked Galuppi, he who wed  
The viol ; Galileo bent his head,  
And Newton with the secret of a star.

And Burns was there ; and Keats who spake of Rome ;  
And Byron, half ashamed for thoughts to rise  
Of Venice ; Coleridge, but how changed, had come ;  
And Southey, glad for his regathered home,  
And full of blossomed knowledge, from his dome  
Of curls looked close with penetrative eyes.

But most the Singer seemed with awe to scan  
One with a forehead god-like, whom they call  
Yea even in Heaven the chief, our Avon Swan,  
He gazed. Gazed Lionardo, and his friend the man  
Who felt Ferrara's bonds, and Titian,  
Held with large eyes the new-come guest in thrall.

And Chaucer, fresh as an eternal spring,  
Came through the crowd to claim him of his band ;  
And Wordsworth, head and shoulders as a king  
Above the souls who found life—Heaven's great thing  
—Earth's greatest, gave the poet welcoming,  
And towards the throne went forward hand in hand.

So up and on to perfect happiness,  
With perfect power, toward the fountains clear  
Of thought and hope, and love and faithfulness,  
That pour in music through the clouds to bless  
Our labouring planet, did these spirits press  
Harmonious, saying things that angels hear.

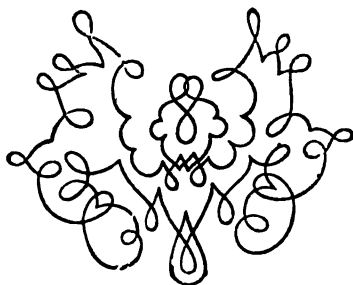
And glad to go, to stay half resolute  
For loveliness, they led him. Roses chief  
With lilies lit the way ; like flames did shoot  
Gold cypress trees ; there grew the mandrake root  
To harmless blossom ; thistles bare sweet fruit,  
And spiny thorns had burgeoned into leaf.

There most was perfect the fulfilled desire  
Of all they are, who in pure love find all.  
But still the Singer cried, " our souls aspire,  
And bright before us burns th' unquenched fire,  
And up on eagles' wings that cannot tire  
We go to greet the highest that doth call."

" And I, even here, one angel voice would find,  
Not changed in tone, yet fuller than of yore.  
Oh, could mine eyes behold her, she whose mind  
Was mirror of God's being to me blind  
Who smote my harp in darkness, she who twined  
The cords of loss that brought me to this shore !"

E'en as he spake, with amaranth on her brow,  
And all the long upgathered love of years,  
Came one whose eyes from distance seemed to know  
Her bliss his perfect glory ; with such glow  
Souls met and mingled, the sad Earth below  
Felt the far joy in Heaven, and ceased from tears.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.



# Marcia.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

## CHAPTER V.

### MR. ARCHDALE IS SATISFIED.

CECIL ARCHDALE was frequently spoken of by his friends as the most fortunate man in England. They had reasons which seemed to be sufficient for calling him so, and he had, at any rate, one great advantage over the general run of fortunate men in that he fully recognized and appreciated the fact of his good fortune. All his life long he had had things very much his own way; he had never wished for anything without getting it, so that he had come to regard immunity from disappointment as a sort of prerogative and took it for granted that he would succeed in any enterprise which he might think it worth while to undertake. No doubt this happy self-confidence had contributed not a little to his unvarying success. Handsome, pleasant-mannered, and always at his ease, he had readily made his way into the best society obtainable, wherever he had been; he had been universally liked and a good deal loved; as he had no near relations nor anybody's convenience to consult, save his own, he had wandered over many foreign lands and had derived much amusement from his cosmopolitan experiences. It is true that he had habitually lived beyond his income and that at the end of eight years he had very nearly exhausted the comfortable little fortune which he had inherited from his father; but just as this was becoming a source of anxiety to him he had turned his artistic talents to account and had achieved a reputation which would have astonished nobody more than himself, had he not felt persuaded that this was due rather to the influence of his lucky star than to his skill or industry.

Nevertheless, he was skilful. He was also industrious, in the sense that he took great pains with his work and brought

exquisite accuracy to bear upon the finish of details ; but in no other sense. He was constitutionally indolent ; he hated to begin anything new, and his fellow-labourers produced, on an average, half-a-dozen pictures in the time that it took him to produce one. Very likely this deliberation may have enhanced the price and even the value of his handiwork ; but it was not for that reason that he spent so many hours contentedly in smoking cigarettes and doing nothing. He was very fond of doing nothing—fonder, perhaps, of that than of anything else in the world, except making love. The latter amusement is doubtless agreeable to the generality of mortals ; only for most of us its delights are considerably marred by reason of the uncertainties and anxieties by which it is beset. With such drawbacks the fortunate Cecil Archdale had no acquaintance. The women with whom he fell in love invariably fell in love with him, and what was better still was that his numerous philanderings never led to serious or painful consequences. "These things die a natural death," he was wont to say. "It seems a pity that they should ; but perhaps it would be a still greater pity if they didn't. I can't imagine a more awful fate than having to spend one's life with a person whom one had once adored and couldn't manage to adore any longer."

By good luck or good guidance, he had steered clear of any such fate. Moreover, he had steered clear of conceit or affectation ; and this was generally held to be creditable to him. If he believed himself to be irresistible, his belief had the support of a tolerably large experience. In truth he had little feeling of personal vanity in the matter ; only a deeply rooted conviction that it was not his destiny to love in vain. He was perfectly sincere when he told Lady Wetherby that he had fallen desperately in love with her friend Mrs. Brett ; he was also quite sure that a delicate betrayal of his sentiments to Mrs. Brett herself would do neither her nor him any harm. His passions were too ephemeral for any harm to come of them. What usually came of them was a pleasant interview or two, a few enjoyable dances, perhaps the interchange of certain phrases which were not meant to be taken too literally, and then a gradual cooling off, brought about by the discovery of a substitute.

One afternoon, soon after Lady Wetherby's dinner-party, he was reclining upon a divan in the comfortable chambers near St. James's Street where he had set up his studio, and was

expatiating to a friend of his upon the charms of the lady who had captivated him.

"It isn't only that she is beautiful," he was saying; "beauty isn't really rare, and when all is said and done, it is never mere beauty of face or form that appeals to one. But Mrs. Brett is rare, distinctly rare. She is a woman of the world to her fingertips; and yet there is something about her, I don't know how to describe it, a sort of innocent hardihood which makes one long to——"

"To kiss her?" suggested the friend.

"Drake, you are no better than the beasts that perish! I wasn't going to say anything of that sort; I was going to say that it made one long to warn her how dangerous it is to be hardy, even though one may be as innocent as an infant. Most men—you, for instance—entirely misunderstand such women."

"I suppose you understand Mrs. Brett perfectly, don't you?"

"Not at all; I understand her very imperfectly as yet. But I have sense enough to understand that she is as good as she is charming, and that when she shows herself kindly disposed towards a humble artist it isn't because she thinks it might amuse her to get up a flirtation with him."

"In other words, it is because she has really fallen a victim to the fascinations of the humble artist. Well, I daresay she has: I have observed that they generally do. Poor Mr. Brett!"

Archdale swung his legs off the sofa, faced his interlocutor and made an impatient gesture. "I really don't see why you should pity Mr. Brett," he said. "I have made some inquiries about him, and I have heard just what I expected to hear. He is a dry, solemn, cold-hearted old lawyer; he neglects his wife, and he doesn't care a little hang whether she is happy or miserable. If you imagine that I shall ever have the honour of causing him a moment's anxiety, that is because you don't know much about either him or me. But you are hopelessly material, Drake; you haven't a particle of romance or refinement in the whole of your great hulking carcase."

The individual addressed did not appear to resent this uncomplimentary description of himself. He only laughed and said that people afflicted with hulking carcases could not be expected to be refined or romantic. He was a middle-aged man, tall, stout, and loosely built; his hair was turning grey at the temples; his moustache, it might be surmised, would also

have been grey, had not artificial means been resorted to to obliterate the footprints of time. He looked good-natured, as indeed he was, and a practised observer would have guessed that he was not vexed by any rigid code of morality. Alfred Drake had more friends than perhaps he deserved to have. He passed for a good fellow and was not a very bad one; though it was noticeable that those whom he chose for his friends were people who were likely to be of service to him in one way or another. Cecil Archdale, who had already been of some service to him, would, he hoped, be of service to him again. In fact, that was why he was now listening so patiently to the praises of a lady whom he neither knew nor was ambitious of knowing. By way of summing up the subject and changing it, he remarked presently :

"Well, I won't pity Mr. Brett if you had rather I didn't ; but I will make so bold as to congratulate you. It's a fine thing to be the rising artist of the day, and it isn't so bad to be young and good-looking and rich. As for me, I am resigned to being rather old and rather ugly ; but I am not altogether resigned to being confoundedly poor. Therefore, my dear Archdale, I wish with all my heart that I were you."

"Oh, I'm not rich," said Archdale.

"Are you rich enough to lend a couple of hundred to a distressed friend for a few weeks?" inquired the other smilingly. "If you are, the distressed one would sleep comfortably to-night and would remember you in his prayers before turning in."

Perhaps it was because he obtained without any difficulty a sum which he had not the smallest prospect of being able to repay, that Mr. Drake felt bound to make some immediate return for what he had received. For obvious reasons, he could not present his generous friend with anything expensive, but he could bestow something valuable upon him, in the shape of excellent advice, and this he did not grudge.

"Look here, Archdale," said he, as he rose from his chair, "if I were you I'd drop these little games. You'll burn your fingers some fine day, my boy. I daresay I'm coarse and material and all the rest of it ; but that's just what circumstances very often are, and a precious awkward circumstance it will be for you to have a married woman rushing in here to tell you that she has quarrelled with her husband and come to throw herself upon your protection."

"Oh, go away !" exclaimed the young artist, laughing ; "the



only excuse for you is that you don't know what you are talking about."

Mr. Drake, having obtained the object of his visit, went away willingly enough ; and shortly after his departure, Archdale, in no wise disturbed by the warning which had been addressed to him, sauntered out with the intention of leaving a card for Lady Wetherby. However, when he reached St. George's Place, he did not content himself with ringing the bell and pushing his card into the letter-box, after the unceremonious fashion affected by modern young men, but duly waited until the door was opened, and then asked whether Lady Wetherby was at home. Her ladyship, he was informed, was at home ; and presently he was received with the kindness which her ladyship was accustomed to extend impartially to the just and to the unjust. He suspected that he was not altogether approved of by Lady Wetherby ; but he felt sure that, by taking a little trouble, he could overcome any prejudice that she might have conceived against him, and he was desirous just now of securing her good opinion. Therefore he did not at once begin to talk about Mrs. Brett, but discussed a number of other persons in whom he was not greatly interested, and found something pleasant to say about all of them ; so that eventually it was his hostess, not he, who introduced the subject upon which he wished for further information.

"I hope," said she, "that you didn't believe what Wetherby told you the other night about Marcia Brett. Of course you were only joking when you spoke of having fallen in love with her ; but it is better not to say such things even in joke, I think, and I was sorry afterwards that I had called her husband cantankerous. The poor man has been very unfortunate, and his misfortunes have soured him, and he has bad health ; but I believe Marcia is just as fond of him now as she was when she married him."

"And was she very fond of him then ?"

"I don't know what other reason she could have had for accepting him. She might easily have made a more brilliant match."

"He doesn't treat her over and above well, they say. But it's no business of mine, and I won't proclaim that I am in love with her again if you disapprove of it, Lady Wetherby. Still there is no objection to my cultivating her friendship, I presume."

Notwithstanding the pains at which he had been to conciliate her, this young man appeared to Lady Wetherby to be forward and rather ill-bred. She imagined that she was inflicting quite a severe rebuke upon him when she replied: "I really don't think that I have the right to object to any proceedings of yours, Mr. Archdale. I should require to know you much more intimately than I do before I could take such a liberty. I only did not wish you or anybody else to jump to mistaken conclusions about a very old friend of mine."

He rejoined, without a symptom of the shamefacedness which would have been becoming, "I assure you I haven't jumped to any conclusions at all about Mrs. Brett. As you say, one must know people intimately before one can venture upon such liberties; but I suppose there is no harm in my wishing to know her more intimately."

Lady Wetherby was not so sure of that. However, she was precluded from giving utterance to her views by the entrance of Mrs. Brett herself, who was now announced, and who, after embracing her friend, shook hands very cordially with Mr. Archdale.

Marcia was in excellent spirits that day. She was wearing a new frock which fitted her to perfection—always an exhilarating circumstance; she had just come from an afternoon assembly at which many pretty things had been said to her, and she had not seen her husband for twenty-four hours. She knew that she was looking her best, and very likely it was not displeasing to her that she should be studied under that aspect by an artist of discriminating taste.

However that may have been, she did not give the discriminating artist much chance of conversing with her. She seemed to become oblivious of his presence after she had greeted him, and half turned her back upon him while she chatted with Lady Wetherby upon topics which scarcely afforded an excuse for intervention on the part of a male listener. What did he know about the size and shape of bonnets and the all-important question of whether it was or was not true that the Princess of Wales had set her face against the introduction of those which were being worn in Paris? Nevertheless, he knew (for his eyes were sharp and his wits were quick) that Mrs. Brett's attention was not so completely taken up with these matters as to render her unconscious of his admiring gaze. It was not until Lady Wetherby asked some casual question about Willie, that her

manner suddenly changed and she appeared really to forget that there was a third person in the room.

"Oh, he is flourishing," she said, "he is always flourishing, I am thankful to say. Do you know what he did this morning? He actually went and jumped his pony over the railings in Regent's Park, and a policeman came up and made a great fuss and had to be tipped. I don't believe Willie knows what fear is!"

"Well, that is a very good thing," said Lady Wetherby, good-humouredly; "but I should think he must be getting a little too much for Miss Wells, isn't he? When are you going to send him to school?"

Marcia's face fell. "Oh, I don't know," she answered; "please don't talk about it. It will break my heart when they take him away from me."

"It is a wrench, of course," Lady Wetherby agreed; but sooner or later it has to be faced. Our boy goes to a preparatory school in the autumn, and in two or three years he will be at Eton, I suppose. I hope you mean Willie to be an Etonian?"

"Yes," answered Marcia, with a sigh, "I believe that is decided upon. It isn't so much the thought of Eton that I dread as of that horrid preparatory place. I wonder whether it is really necessary! I often ask men about their boyhood, and they invariably tell me that they were happy when they went to a public school and miserable at the private one which came before it." Then she abruptly wheeled round and appealed to Archdale. "What was your experience?" she asked.

"Oh, I got on well enough at both schools, as far as I remember," he replied. "A little acquaintance with adversity isn't a bad thing for a boy, Mrs. Brett; though I daresay you'll call me hard-hearted for saying so. Besides, if your boy has good health and is plucky, as you say he is, he'll take care of himself."

And as, at this moment, two other visitors were announced who drew off Lady Wetherby's attention, he was able to pull his chair a little closer to Mrs. Brett's and to inquire, "Are you so intensely devoted to this son of yours?"

"More than to everybody else in the world put together," Marcia replied emphatically. "He is everything to me and he always will be. But I shall not be everything to him when once he has left the nest, you see. That is really why I hate to think

of his going to school. I am not afraid of his being bullied ; because I am sure he wouldn't stand that."

"Then," said Archdale, with a laugh and a slight shrug of his shoulders, "since the thing is as inevitable as death, and since you hate thinking about it, let us think about something else. Will you be present at Lady Hampstead's pastoral play to-morrow by any chance?"

"Yes, I shall be there if it doesn't rain," answered Marcia "And you?"

"Oh, I shall be there, even if it does. I have been helping her with her arrangements and costumes and so forth, and I shall expect you to pat me on the back if the thing turns out a success."

"It is sure to be a success ; but shall I be allowed an opportunity of congratulating you? Won't you be concealed somewhere up a tree, directing the operations?"

"Very likely I shall ; I don't quite know what is going to be done with me. But you won't rush away the moment that the play is over, will you?"

"Not unless I am obliged. I shall have to be home in time to dress for dinner, though. And that reminds me that I ought to be at home now."

She gave him her hand once more and smiled pleasantly at him ; so that he left the house soon afterwards in a contented mood. The beautiful Mrs. Brett had not, it was true, displayed anything more than friendliness towards him ; but as he was not an unreasonable man, he was satisfied with that and with the prospect of meeting her again so soon. The only thing that had jarred a little upon him was the inordinate affection which she had professed for that embryo school-boy. It was quite right and proper that she should be fond of her child, since she had a child ; but he would have been better pleased if she had had none. He wanted to think of her as a woman who was thoroughly unhappy at home, and he did not want to think of her as cherishing an inordinate affection for any human being.

## CHAPTER VI.

## LADY HAMPSTEAD'S GARDEN-PARTY.

It was Marcia's habit to breakfast in her bed-room, and it was Mr. Brett's habit to dispose of the first meal of the day in the dining-room, all by himself. The system is one which may safely be recommended to couples who are not in close sympathy with one another and which is not to be despised even by lovers ; for-intercourse is always perilous at an hour when nine people out of ten feel both cross and stupid. However, Marcia always broke through her rule on Tuesday mornings, when the weekly bills came in, and when her husband, who insisted upon having the tradesmen's books submitted to him, was accustomed to hand her over the housekeeping money, sweetened by remarks upon the prodigality of the cook. The day following that treated of in the last chapter happened to be a Tuesday, and, as usual, she hastened downstairs to receive her cheque ; but, although the bills were somewhat higher than they ought to have been, Mr. Brett had no disagreeable comments to make upon that circumstance. She found him standing by his writing-table with his hat on, and as he held out the slip of paper which he had already signed, he said :—

"Isn't it to-day that Lady Hampstead has a garden-party ?—a sort of out-door theatrical performance, or something of that kind ?"

"Yes, it is to-day," answered Marcia. "You won't come with me, of course."

"I will try to be at home in time to accompany you. If I am not, you need not wait for me ; but in all probability I shall be able to manage it"

She knew him well enough to know what this meant. He was one of the most conscientious of men ; he had been thinking over what she had said to him about his abstention from social gatherings, and he had come to the conclusion that there was something to be urged in favour of her view of her husband's duties. Therefore he was now about to make a martyr of himself after a fashion which was especially distasteful to him.

"Please don't come to Lady Hampstead's on my account," she said ; "you won't enjoy yourself, and, if you will excuse my saying so, you may remain away without being missed. It

is only at dinner parties that I am asked what has become of my husband : in the crowds nobody knows who is there and who isn't."

But he answered in his cold, deliberate way, "I think I ought sometimes to remind your friends that you are not yet a widow. My avocations will not allow me to frequent society regularly ; but I have it in my power to take a half-holiday occasionally, and I propose to take one this afternoon."

It cannot be said that she was particularly anxious for his escort—he had taught her to do without that—but she was willing to submit to it, and at the appointed hour he was waiting for her in the hall, with a flower in his button-hole and a new pair of gloves in his hand.

Lady Hampstead, who owned a villa with extensive grounds in one of the suburbs of London, was the first to start a species of sylvan entertainment which has since become fashionable. Of course it is not nearly as comfortable to witness a drama in the open air as within four walls (where at least, if one is not free from draughts, one can keep one's feet dry and hear something of what the actors are saying) ; still anything in the shape of a novelty is always welcome, and Royalty patronized Lady Hampstead, and her gardens were prettily laid out. Marcia, after a long, weary drive, in the course of which very few remarks were interchanged, was glad to find herself among a host of friends, and if she did not pay much attention to the performance which was being enacted before her, she admired the brightness and colour of the whole scene, while she was relieved to notice that Eustace had joined a knot of legal luminaries, who appeared to be entertaining him with that class of anecdote which appeals to the legal sense of humour and to nobody else's.

The representation was not so lengthy as had been apprehended by some of the audience or as the actors could have desired ; for Lady Hampstead, who was aware that when several hundred people meet, their main object is to talk to one another, had instructed her stage-manager to cut out as much dialogue as could possibly be dispensed with, and that gentleman, having reasons of his own for wishing to be expeditious, obeyed her faithfully. As soon as he could escape from the compliments which greeted him after the company had broken up into groups, he made his way towards Mrs. Brett and expressed a hope that she had not been very much bored.

"Of course I haven't," she answered smiling; "I don't think I ever saw anything so pretty. Besides, it is almost impossible to bore me."

He raised his eyebrows. "What a delightful person you must be to live with!" he remarked.

Oh, that is another matter; what *I* meant was that anything in the shape of amusement is pretty sure to amuse me. At home I am occasionally morose. But then I am not very much at home at this time of year."

"I think your tastes must be a good deal like mine," said Archdale. "It seems to me that life is a thing to be enjoyed so long as enjoyment is possible. When one isn't enjoying oneself one is wasting invaluable hours which will never return."

"Yes," agreed Marcia meditatively; "but the question is whether we ought not to find enjoyment in the family circle."

"Oh, nobody ever can be happy merely because he thinks he ought to be happy. We can all do our duty, I suppose; but no power, human or divine, can make us imagine it is more pleasant to do it than not. Individually, I find that I am never quite so happy as when I am doing something that is a little bit wrong; not very wrong, you know, only slightly so." He added, with the air of one who has suddenly made an interesting discovery: "Do you know, I am rather happy at the present moment."

"Well, you are doing nothing wrong at the present moment," returned Marcia, laughing somewhat nervously; "it isn't wrong to be talking to me, I hope."

He glanced at her and sighed and laughed also. "I hope not," he answered.

Of course she understood what he did not say. That kind of thing had been said to her, or hinted at, many and many a time before, but it had never before, that she could remember, made her blush. She was annoyed with herself for blushing, and still more annoyed with him for keeping his eyes upon her face when he ought to have averted them. To show him that the phenomenon which he had witnessed was due to purely physical causes, and that it was not really in his power to disconcert her, she said, "Why have you never been to call upon us, Mr. Archdale? I wanted to introduce you to my husband, who, I am sure, would be glad to make your acquaintance."

Cecil Archdale was not quite a gentleman, though he was a very passable imitation of one. His reply was, "I shall be only

too delighted to call upon you ; but I'm afraid I can't pretend that, when I do call, it will be for the pleasure of making Mr. Brett's acquaintance."

The atrocious bad taste of this speech did not offend Marcia ; she knew that her husband was not popular with other men, and she thought that his unpopularity was deserved. She said, "Eustace is clever, and can be agreeable when he chooses. He doesn't, as a rule, like my friends, because my friends, as a rule, are not clever people ; but I think he would like you, and possibly you might like him. Perhaps you would come and dine quietly with us some evening. Are you doing anything next Sunday ?"

Archdale replied that he believed he had an engagement, but that he could easily get rid of it ; and while Marcia was protesting that he must not think of throwing anybody over for the dull little gathering which was all that she could offer him, her husband came up behind her and touched her elbow.

"Is it not time for us to be going?" asked Mr. Brett, who had his watch in his hand. "Don't hurry away on my account, only I understood you to say that you wished to be at home soon after seven o'clock."

Marcia started, and, to her great vexation, found herself blushing again. "I am quite ready," she answered quickly. Then as Mr. Brett was turning on his heel, "Eustace," she said, "I want to introduce you to Mr. Archdale. Mr. Archdale has been kind enough to give me a half promise that he will dine with us on Sunday."

"Oh, it was a whole promise," the young artist declared ; "and it will certainly be kept."

Mr. Brett raised his hat and surveyed the stranger coldly. "I am glad to hear that," said he, without looking glad. "I do not approve of Sunday dinner-parties because, in a small establishment like ours, I think the servants should be allowed one day of rest in the week ; but I am told that they are unavoidable."

"It won't be a party, Eustace," interrupted Marcia.

"Oh ! Still I presume that the servants will have to work as hard as if it were."

Marcia bit her lips and looked down, while Archdale, inwardly amused, wondered whether he ought to withdraw his acceptance of the invitation, and so relieve Mr. Brett's servants of a portion of their labour. But the latter gentleman, who may



have felt that he had been a little uncivil, resumed, "Party or no party, we shall be very pleased to see you, Mr. Archdale, if you will honour us so far. I have been a humble admirer of your pictures for some time past."

There was an ironical inflection in his voice which did not escape Archdale, who answered good-humouredly enough, "My pictures are anything but admirable, as I daresay you know. It really isn't my fault if they are generally admired. I should have given up painting long ago but for the sordid consideration that I make my living by it."

"That is a very good reason for persevering with your occupation," observed Mr. Brett gravely. "Not every man can be a genius, but every man can work for his living. Indeed," he added, with a sigh, "work is the only thing worth living for."

He was thinking of himself, not of his interlocutor, and was quite unconscious of having said anything rude; but his words chanced to irritate both his wife and her friend, who exchanged a quick glance while he was speaking. Work the only thing worth living for?—what a view to take of existence!

"Is the carriage there?" asked Marcia, in a tone of impatient resignation, with which her husband was only too familiar. "If it is, we may as well go now."

Mr. Brett extended a thin dry hand to the artist. "We will expect you on Sunday, then," said he.

"Thanks," answered Archdale briefly; and perhaps if he had been discreet or even well-bred, he would not have drawn Mrs. Brett aside a few paces and whispered laughingly, "It seems that I am not quite clever enough, and that I must be content to take my place amongst your other friends. Well, I don't think I very much mind."

Marcia responded by a slight grimace, the meaning of which was open to various interpretations. Leaving Archdale to place what construction he might please upon it, she walked quickly across the grass to say good-bye to her hostess, Mr. Brett following her at a slower pace.

After she had seated herself in the victoria beside her husband, and was being driven back towards London, she remained silent for some little time, while he also was apparently pre-occupied with his own reflections. But at length, although she knew that it would have been much wiser to hold her peace, she could not help asking, "Had you any particular reason for being rude to Mr. Archdale, Eustace?"

"I am not aware of having been rude to him," Mr. Brett replied tranquilly. "In what way was I rude?"

"It is scarcely polite to tell a man he is not a genius."

"Really, I think it would have been scarcely polite to tell him that he was; if I had done that, he would surely have had sense enough to suspect me of laughing at him."

"Oh, I doubt whether anybody would ever suspect you of laughing. Mr. Archdale may not be a genius, and he may know that he isn't, but I don't see what necessity there was for calling his attention to a fact which he hadn't denied. I suppose you would think it a little rude of a stranger to tell you emphatically that you were not handsome."

Mr. Brett winced perceptibly. Of course, he was not handsome, and perhaps at his age it would not have made much difference if he had been. Nevertheless she had hit him on the raw, and what made the cut smart more was that he felt sure it had been inflicted deliberately. It was not often that Marcia made such speeches, but when she did, the effect was always to make him wish himself dead. But he answered, without apparent emotion—

"I am sorry if I inadvertently hurt your friend's feelings; I ought to have remembered that artists are apt to be sensitive. Naturally, I could have no motive for wishing to affront him, since I neither know nor care to know anything in the world about the man."

"That means that you have taken a dislike to him. I wonder why?"

"I confess that he did not impress me favourably," answered Mr. Brett, with deliberation. "His manners did not strike me as those of a gentleman."

He only said what he thought—and for the matter of that, his impression was perfectly accurate—but Marcia not unnaturally imagined that he had selected intentionally the kind of criticism which was most certain to annoy her. "Different people have different ideas of what a gentleman's manners ought to be, I suppose," she rejoined. "I should have thought that he might have complained of yours, and that you had not very much to complain of in his."

"I am probably old-fashioned," said her husband. "When I was a child I was taught that it was bad manners to whisper; but no doubt you have changed all that."

Marcia, having no adequate retort ready, threw herself back in

the carriage and gazed at the misty landscape. It was beautiful summer weather; but beautiful summer weather in the neighbourhood of London usually implies a point or two of east in the wind and a consequent indistinctness of distant outlines. She was thinking to herself that she was very tired of London, and that everybody was more or less of a bore, and that her husband was the most disagreeable man of her acquaintance, and that she would like to go somewhere far, far away with Willie and begin a new life, from which petty snappings and bickerings should be eliminated, when the harsh sound of Mr. Brett's voice recalled her once more to actualities.

"For some time past," said he, and he spoke as if what he had to say was a very ordinary matter, "I have been making inquiries about a preparatory school for Willie, and I have now heard of one near Farnborough which seems to be satisfactory in all respects. Perhaps you will tell Miss Wells that her services will be no longer required, although I shall be very glad for her to remain with us until she can find some fresh employment."

Marcia turned white. She had known that her boy must shortly be taken from her, but she had supposed that she would at least be consulted before any definite arrangement was made, and she had not imagined that Mr. Brett was interesting himself at all in the matter.

"You might have told me before!" she exclaimed, catching her breath. And then with a slight air of relief, "Of course, he can't go to school until the autumn now?"

"Well, yes," resumed Mr. Brett; "it so chances that there is a vacancy at present, and I find that there will be no objection to his being received in about a fortnight's time." He added, for Marcia's face of consternation touched him, though he did not appear to be touched: "Believe me, it is better for you and for him that the separation should be accomplished quickly. I can understand that it is painful for a mother to part with her only child; nevertheless, what is right and necessary must be done, and the less hesitation there is about doing it the less suffering there will be. I am not sure whether you will take my word for it that I have conducted these negotiations privately in order to spare you, but such is the fact."

"You always show so much delicate consideration for my feelings that I haven't the slightest difficulty about taking your word in this instance," answered Marcia bitterly.

He did not defend himself, nor indeed would it have been worth his while to attempt so hopeless a task ; for nothing could have shaken his wife's conviction that he had acted as he had done out of sheer malignancy. She fully recognized that he was master and that it was for him to decide how his son's education should be conducted ; but it is only a very bad master who rules by cracking the whip, and if such a one fancies that he will be loved by his subordinates, he knows little of human nature. At that moment Marcia hated her husband ; and although it is possible that she may have hated him before, she had never before admitted as much to herself. She had now, she thought, a good reason for hating him : it may be that she was not altogether sorry to be so equipped.

However, she did not say much ; she was, in truth, too miserable to indulge in useless recriminations. Her chief desire was to keep herself from crying ; for she did not want the man to know how much he had hurt her. But, when she once had got rid of him, there was no reason why she should not cry to her heart's content ; and even the fear of appearing at a dinner-party with a red nose did not deter her from giving way to her emotions as soon as she was safely in her bed-room, with the door locked. And how could she leave the house without telling Willie the dreadful news ? It gave the poor woman a sharp pain at her heart to find that the news was not so very dreadful to Willie, after all. He was a little startled when he heard how soon he was to be launched forth into the world and left to fight his own battles ; but he did not much mind going to school—all boys went to school.

"And I shall come home for the holidays, you know," he added consolingly ; for he seemed to have a precocious comprehension of the fact that his mother was one who rather stood in need of protection than was capable of affording it.

He did not, and could not, understand the kind of protection which she required, but possibly she did ; for she exclaimed in accents of despair, "Yes, you will come back, my own dear ! But you will not be the same again, it isn't possible ! And, when I get home at night and your room is empty, and my boy is gone from me for ever, I don't know—oh, I don't know what will become of me !"

## CHAPTER VII.

## A SUNDAY DINNER-PARTY.

Miserable though Marcia was when she thought of the bereavement which was about to be inflicted upon her, she pursued her daily round of so-called pleasures with a countenance which betrayed little or nothing of her inward sadness. To conceal our feelings is a lesson which most of us learn early in life, and she had learnt it, notwithstanding her small natural aptitudes in that direction. Moreover, she could not and did not expect any sympathy from those about her. Even Miss Wells, after wiping away a tear, was fain to confess that it was high time for Willie to be placed under stricter discipline than she was able to enforce. "He is a dear boy," she said, "and it breaks my heart to leave him; but the truth is, Mrs. Brett, that he is growing too big to be controlled by women. Men are our natural masters, and they know it, and a boy of nine is a little man—that is, if he is worth anything. You need not be afraid about him; he is brave and honest, and if he earns a few whippings, as I daresay he will, he has sense of justice enough to submit to them, and be all the better for them."

All this was very true and very sensible; but it did not console Marcia, who was quite aware that her son was at least as capable as other women's sons of finding his own level. What weighed upon her heart day and night like a load of lead was the knowledge that henceforth she must be utterly lonely. Neither Miss Wells nor Eustace, nor anybody else, would have understood why Willie's impending departure should make her dread the future; she herself only understood it, after a vague sort of fashion; but the dread was none the less real, because it could not be talked about, and was not susceptible of strict definition.

Two days after Lady Hampstead's garden-party, her husband said to her: "I have asked George and Caroline to dine with us on Sunday. As your friend Mr. Archdale is to come, two additional guests will not entail much extra trouble. I don't know whether you have invited anybody else."

Marcia shook her head. "I thought you objected to Sunday dinner-parties," she answered, "and it is too late now to look out for some kindred spirits to meet George and Caroline."

How they will enjoy themselves!—and how we shall enjoy having them!”

“Strange as it may appear to you,” said Mr. Brett, “it is a pleasure to me to see my brother and his wife from time to time. They do not, of course, belong to your set, and naturally their company is not agreeable to you. However, you will be able to talk to the artist, who does, I suppose, belong more or less to your set. As we shall be an uneven number, perhaps you might request Miss Wells to join us at dinner.”

“Oh, by all means,” answered Marcia. “It is rather hard upon poor Miss Wells; but, fortunately she has an inexhaustible supply of patience and good nature.”

Marcia's own supply of those excellent qualities was not inexhaustible, and her sister-in-law had long ago reached the end of it. Lady Brett (the banker had, for some reason which may have been as good as another, received the honour of knighthood) was a devout woman, whose liberality and charity had earned renown for her in certain circles, and who, like some other devout persons, was liberal and charitable in a pecuniary sense only. She was sorry for poor Eustace and had an exasperating way of showing how sorry she was for him. Of his wife's conduct she was unable to approve, nor had her conscience permitted her to refrain from expressing disapproval thereof. Consequently, there had been family dissensions, followed by half-hearted reconciliations and a prolonged period of armed truce. As for Sir George, he was sorry for his brother, as successful men are apt to be for those who have not proved successful in life. To end one's days as a mere Police-magistrate, when one might have been a wealthy banker, is doubtless a melancholy result of wilfulness; but Sir George was very magnanimous about it, never reminding Eustace of bygone prophecies which had been justified by events, and endeavouring to conceal the contempt which he could not help feeling for a broken-down aspirant to high honours. Of the two, Marcia infinitely preferred Sir George. He was purse-proud, overbearing and, with regard to any subject unconnected with business, ludicrously ignorant and stupid; but at least he was not malevolent. Caroline, on the other hand, had the sour spitefulness which is not uncommon among rich women who have no children and who have failed to make their way into society. Caroline affected to rail at society, and, in so far as she was able, kept a watchful eye upon

her sister-in-law's proceedings. It was this, more than anything else, that made Marcia hate a lady whom her husband respected, or pretended to respect; and certain previous experiences caused her to believe that Lady Brett had been asked to dinner for the especial purpose of keeping a watchful eye upon the proceedings of Mr. Archdale.

Now, although she was quite wrong there, for her husband would as soon as thought of opening her letters or looking through the keyhole of her door as of setting anybody to spy upon her, she was not mistaken in imagining that it was Lady Brett's intention to study the handsome artist carefully. Through some channel or other—Heaven only knows how women manage to hear of these things, but they always do hear of them—Lady Brett had received information to the effect that Mr. Archdale had been somewhat marked in his attentions to Marcia, and if there was anything of which Lady Brett was as sure as she was of death and of her own ultimate translation to a higher sphere, it was that sooner or later Marcia's flirtations would have a tragic end. That being so, it might have seemed to a person of logical mind a waste of labour to fight against the inevitable; but Lady Brett thought that one should always do one's duty, however little chance there might be of earning a temporal reward thereby. And indeed it was on that account that she was dining with her brother-in-law on Sunday, notwithstanding the many good reasons which she had for withholding her countenance from any desecration of the day of rest.

Not being predisposed in Archdale's favour, the good lady thought it just like his impertinence to be half an hour late and to offer no apology for having kept his seniors waiting. When he was presented to her, she made herself agreeable by remarking, "If you had been dining with me, Mr. Archdale, I should have given up all hope of you some time ago."

To which he replied imperturbably, "Oh! do you go in for punctuality? Well, if you ever do honour me with an invitation to dinner, I'll bear it in mind."

He could not understand why he had been asked to meet these people, and he was not a little disappointed when he found that nobody else was expected. Surely Mrs. Brett could not have supposed that it would amuse him to take part in the general conversation; yet she must have known that with only six people assembled round the dinner-table it would be impossible for him to talk to her privately. However, he was

placed on her right hand, and if he was precluded from talking to her as he could have wished to talk, he did not at least feel bound to talk to anybody else. Miss Wells ate her dinner and forgave him ; for Miss Wells, who was over fifty years of age, preferred a good dinner to any intellectual treat which this young disciple of Meissonier might have been able to afford her. Moreover, the dinner was excellent, and Marcia was charming. She very soon gave him to understand that the company was not of her choosing ; from time to time she made some remark to him in an undertone which caused him to feel that he already stood upon the footing of an intimate friend, and she favoured him with a slight grimace while Sir George Brett, with slow and pompous utterance, discussed the various schools of painting of the epoch.

Sir George, whose absolute ignorance of art was accompanied by the courage which traditionally belongs thereto, said some marvellously foolish things, but said them with such perfect and evident self-satisfaction that nobody possessed of the faintest sense of humour could have felt annoyed with him for being a fool. Unlike his wife, he saw no reason to snub a budding celebrity, and even went so far as to hint that he had still room for a picture or two in his country house. "Not very big ones ; but yours are never very big, are they, Mr. Archdale ?"

"They would be, if it were the custom to pay us by the piece," answered Archdale ; "but as that system hasn't been adopted yet, I stick to small canvases and large frames."

"Yes, yes ; a small canvas will hold a good many figures, and so will a small cheque," laughed this Mæcenas of a banker, with an encouraging nod, while Lady Brett, from the other end of the table, remarked dryly that the cost of a picture is not necessarily a criterion of its merit.

All this was disagreeable enough to Marcia, who made such amends to her guest as it was in her power to make. These he appeared to find satisfactory, and it did not interfere with his comfort in any way to be aware that on the opposite side of the table was seated a plain-featured, middle-aged woman who was staring at him with an unfriendly air and straining her ears in vain to catch his whispered words. By his way of thinking, ugly old women were simple nonentities. What could it possibly signify whether they liked or disliked you ? It was sufficient for him that a young and beautiful woman was exerting herself to please him, and what gave him a much more severe snub than



Lady Brett could ever have inflicted upon him was that when Willie appeared, together with the dessert, the young and beautiful woman seemed suddenly to lose all consciousness of his vicinity.

The brat (it was thus that Archdale mentally stigmatised this intruder) was kissed by his aunt, and surreptitiously wiped off the trace of the salute with his sleeve while making his way round the table to his mother's side. Then Sir George, who had had as much champagne as is required to promote good-humoured jocularly, caught him by the ear, and said, "Well, young man, so they're going to chuck you down into the bear-pit, I hear. High time, too! If you haven't learnt how to use your fists yet, the sooner you learn the better."

Willie smiled shyly and slipped away without answering. He knew instinctively (as boys always do) that this loud-voiced uncle of his did not belong to the fighting variety of the human species, and he did not care to protest that he was ready for any future conflicts which might be in store for him.

But Marcia's cheeks reddened and her eyes sparkled; for her brother-in-law's speech seemed to her cruel and brutal.

"Schools are not bear-pits," she said.

"Ain't they though!" returned Sir George, laughing. "Well, I can't say what they may be nowadays; but I know what they were in my time. Tossed in a blanket till you knocked your head and knees against the ceiling, and kicked round the playground till you were black and blue all over—eh, Eustace?"

"I do not remember to have passed through any such experiences," answered Mr. Brett, in his matter-of-fact way.

"Oh! you don't, don't you?" returned his brother, slightly disconcerted. "But then your memory is failing you, my dear fellow! I've noticed that in many things. I remember passing through plenty of experiences of that kind—and worse ones too."

"How you must have howled for mercy!" remarked Marcia. Then, fearing lest she should be betrayed into saying something unpardonable, she made a hurried signal to her sister-in-law and left the room.

Miss Wells slipped quietly away to the schoolroom. Miss Wells passed for being a simple creature—and so, perhaps she was—yet her simplicity was not so great but that she could perceive the imminence of a row, and at her time of life she preferred to keep out of rows, when that could be managed.

Her evasion was not commented upon. The two sisters-in-law seated themselves side by side in the drawing-room and prepared for that conflict which was renewed as often as they met, and in which the advantage remained sometimes with one side, sometimes with the other. On the present occasion, Lady Brett had more than one weapon ready to her hand, and she picked up the first with manifest satisfaction.

"I am so glad," said she, "that Eustace has made up his mind to send Willie to school. Undoubtedly it is the right thing to do."

"Has anybody suggested that it was the wrong thing to do?" inquired Marcia.

"Oh, that of course I don't know. I was afraid that you might be opposed to it—which we should all have been sorry for. Children, I think, ought not to be looked upon as mere playthings. It is very necessary to remember that in a few years they will be men and women, and that their future must depend to a great extent upon their early training."

"How funny it is," remarked Marcia sweetly, "that the people who have no children of their own always know so very well in what way other people's children ought to be brought up."

A slow flush mounted into Lady Brett's sallow cheeks. "I do not pretend to be an authority upon such subjects," she returned; "but I have eyes and ears, and I do not require to be a mother in order to understand that the social atmosphere of this house is not the most wholesome in the world for a growing boy."

"You are very flattering, Caroline. I didn't know that this was an immoral household; but since you say so, no doubt it is so; for you are never wrong. I myself have a tolerably clear conscience; but I can't answer for Eustace, because I never question him as to how he spends his time. Of what particular sin do you suspect him?"

"If all men were as good Christians and as good husbands as Eustace," returned the other, who was but an indifferent fencer, "the world would be better and happier than it is. As you know, I said nothing about immorality nor should I think of using such a word unless I had convincing proof—but no matter! Feeling as I do about the sanctity of the marriage-tie, I must and do feel that it would be a sad pity if Willie were tempted to think lightly of it at an impressionable age—that is all."

Marcia, after the fashion of women, lost her temper at the very moment when she might have routed her adversary by keeping it. "You are vulgar and insulting, Caroline!" she exclaimed; "it is your nature to be so, I suppose. Yet I should have thought that even you might have had more human feeling than to imagine that any mother would teach such a lesson to her son!"

"Oh, my dear, I am sure you would not teach such a lesson intentionally," Lady Brett replied, delighted at the success of her thrust; "but, fortunately or unfortunately, example is always a more powerful instructor than precept. I should not in the least mind your calling me vulgar if I could open your eyes to what everybody else sees, and what Willie, amongst the rest, cannot help seeing. Flirtation may seem to you an innocent thing—I am willing, for the sake of argument, to admit that it does—but it does not seem so to other people, and when you are perpetually inviting young men, such as Mr. Archdale, for instance, to your house——"

"I have never flirted in any way whatsoever with Mr. Archdale," interrupted Marcia indignantly. "It is your own horrid imagination that always make you suspect evil where none exists. I can't cure you of the disease from which you suffer, and I don't mean to try; but this I can tell you, Caroline; you may spare yourself the trouble of interfering with me, for it isn't the fear of my being blamed by you that will make me give up any friend of mine!"

Lady Brett closed her eyes, shook her head slowly, and smiled. This was what she usually did when at a loss for a retort, and certainly no retort could have been more effective. By the time that the men came in from the dining-room, the two ladies had exchanged some bitter speeches, and one of them was in a thoroughly reckless temper. Partly upon the principle that one may as well be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, partly because she wished to scandalise her husband's censorious relatives, and partly because she felt that Archdale was the only individual present from whom she could hope for either kindness or justice, Marcia at once devoted herself to the young artist, whom she led away into a corner, and who was only too glad to be given an opportunity of conversing with her apart.

Nevertheless, he did not, apparently, take much advantage of this privilege, and Lady Brett, if she had heard what he was

saying, might possibly have been a little disappointed. His talk was chiefly of the foreign lands in which he had sojourned ; he spoke with enthusiasm of Italy, and especially of Venice, which he declared to be the most enchanting spot in the whole world. "That is, supposing that one can be there with the companion of one's choice. Of course, all places depend more or less upon the company in which one visits them."

"I was there with my husband," remarked Marcia. "He was ill at the time, and it rained every day. I can't say that I have a very pleasant recollection of the place."

"Oh, if it rained and if—well, I dare say Venice wouldn't suit Mr. Brett particularly well."

"No place suits Eustace, except London. And London for him doesn't mean the London that I live in."

"And like?"

"I am not quite sure. Sometimes I think that I like it and sometimes I feel as if I would give anything to get away from it and never see it again. As you say, all depends upon the company that one is in, and though there are plenty of nice people in London, there are a good many horrid ones too."

It was not necessary for her to specify the horrid people. He could guess that some of them were not very far away at that moment, nor was he contradicted when he observed that one's relations, generally speaking, were apt to be horrid. And, if he did not tell her in so many words that she was the person of all others with whom it would be a delight to him to float across the smooth, sunny lagoons of the Adriatic, she understood well enough what he refrained from saying, and the vision which he conjured up before her mind's eye was not displeasing to her. It was never displeasing to Marcia to be appreciated ; perhaps that is never displeasing to anybody.

Eustace Brett was appreciated by his sister-in-law—or, at any rate, she assured him that he was. She said she often felt so very sorry for him. "I know how you must hate the life of perpetual racket which Marcia enjoys, and I know your health is not in a state to stand it. Sometimes I think that you are almost too indulgent a husband, Eustace."

She was a stupid woman and she did not in the least comprehend the character of the man to whom she was speaking. Yet, offensive as any strictures upon his wife were to him and little as he was disposed to encourage them, they influenced him in some degree.

"The perpetual racket does not affect me," he answered coldly ; "for I take no part in it. It is natural that Marcia, at her age, should find pleasure in amusements which have ceased to give pleasure to a man of mine."

But in his heart he thought, as he had always thought, that a good wife will like what her husband likes, and it vexed him to know that disinterested on-lookers did not consider Marcia's conduct to be that of a good wife.

Lady Brett, in no wise discouraged, continued to condole with him until her carriage was announced, when she woke up Sir George, who had dropped asleep over the *Observer*. It was a mere accident that Marcia, whose back was turned, did not notice the rustle of her sister-in-law's dress and that her husband had to cross the room in order to call her attention to the fact that her guests were waiting to take leave of her ; but the effect was to make her appear as though she had forgotten the presence of any guest save Mr. Archdale.

"So sorry to interrupt you, dear," Lady Brett said ; "but I won't keep you a moment. Good night."

Then kisses were exchanged, and as Mr. Brett, in his old-fashioned way, offered his arm to Caroline to escort her downstairs, Archdale took occasion to remark smilingly, "I'm afraid your relatives don't think much of me, Mrs. Brett."

"Oh, if you are a friend of mine, that is quite enough to make them hate you," answered Marcia, impatiently. "Perhaps you had better go away now. I am going to be lectured for not having been sufficiently civil to them ; though, Heaven knows ! I did my best."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WILLIE STARTS IN LIFE.

From the evening when he had dined in Cornwall Terrace Archdale allowed no chance of meeting Mrs. Brett to escape him—which is as much as to say that he met her at least once in every twenty-four hours. He found out what her engagements were by the simple and direct process of asking her ; and the rest was easy enough, for he had a large acquaintance. Moreover, he was something of a celebrity, so that there was no great trouble about obtaining invitations from people whom he did not happen to know. Her face, he noticed, always brightened when

he approached her ; he had had experience enough to recognize and understand certain symptoms which were perceptible in her speech and manner, and he felt pretty sure that he was on the high road towards success. That there was anything dishonourable, ungenerous or unworthy of a gentleman in the kind of success that he coveted never occurred to him for a moment. He saw no harm in such philandering ; he did not believe in anybody's constancy, least of all in his own, and he foresaw without much distress of mind the inevitable day when his dear Mrs. Brett would grow tired of him—always supposing that he did not first tire of her. Meanwhile it was delightful to sit with her on staircases or in secluded recesses, to watch the play of her features and to divine her thoughts.

Probably, if it had been in his power to divine those thoughts accurately, some quarters of an hour of mortification would have fallen to his lot. He would have discovered that Sylvia was greatly taken with him, and liked him better the more she saw of him ; but he would likewise have discovered that he did not by any means occupy the first place in her mind or heart at the time. The truth was that while she was listening, with a smile upon her lips, to the pretty things which he knew so well how to whisper, she was more often than not counting the days which still remained to her before the arrival of a date which seemed to bar the perspective of the future as a thundercloud blots out a landscape, and if by taking a final farewell of Mr. Archdale she could have gained the privilege of keeping Willie with her for another six months, Mr. Archdale would doubtless have been dismissed to form attachments elsewhere without hesitation.

But Fate offers no such bargains to hapless mortals, and in due course the dreaded morning came when Willie's portmanteau was packed and when his mother, issuing from her bed-room (where she always breakfasted), found him waiting for her in the hall with Mr. Brett, who was for once absenting himself from his magisterial duties. Marcia had hoped that he would delegate to her the task of conducting her boy to Farnborough ; but he had informed her on the previous evening that he proposed to accompany them. There were one or two points which he had omitted to mention to the head-master on the occasion of his former visit, he said. So there he was, with his hat on his head and his watch in his hand, and although the only words that he uttered were "Good morning," his face added as plainly as possible, "For goodness' sake make haste, and whatever you do,

try to exercise a little self-control for the present ! Surely it cannot be necessary to begin crying already."

But Marcia could not keep the tears out of her eyes, nor could she trust herself to speak. It was easy enough for Miss Wells to put a brave face upon this parting, she thought, rather unjustly ; what did Miss Wells care ? Miss Wells was, no doubt, sorry to lose her pupil, possibly also to lose her situation ; but that was a very different thing from the loss—the irreparable loss—which the boy's mother was about to incur. Nobody understood, nobody could understand her misery—unless it might be, in some faint degree, Willie himself.

Whatever may have been the limits of Willie's comprehension, they were probably somewhat wider than his elders imagined them to be, and his mother's character (which so little resembled his own) was in many respects no mystery to him.

On the way to the station he comforted her with reassuring glances and smiles, while Mr. Brett consulted his watch, and fidgeted, and called out to the coachman to drive faster. Some men, it is said, can go under fire for the first time without experiencing any nervous disturbance, whereas most of us feel pretty sure that we should be a good deal frightened under such circumstances, though we may be permitted to hope that we should not disgrace ourselves. The soldier who does not know what fear is, and the boy who on leaving home for his first school is free from an inward sinking of the heart, are perhaps enviable persons ; but there seems to be no particular reason why they should be admired. Willie Brett, in whose small body there was courage enough to meet all emergencies, did not belong to the above exceptional class, so that it was a little hard upon him to have to keep up somebody else's spirits as well as his own. However, he did his best ; and if he could not manage to talk quite as much as usual, that was of the less consequence because Marcia was incapable of responding.

The journey could not be anything but a miserable one : happily it did not last very long. Mr. Brett read the papers and cleared his voice from time to time (he had a way of clearing his voice at frequent intervals which always irritated his wife's nerves) ; Marcia gazed out of the window with sad eyes which saw nothing ; and Willie, sitting silent in a corner of the railway carriage, with one leg tucked under him, revolved many thoughts in an active mind. Then came the drive to the school and the reception by the head-master, a brisk, athletic-

looking clergyman, whose manners had not the good fortune to please Marcia.

"Oh, we won't eat the young gentleman up, Mrs. Brett," said he, with a good-humoured and compassionate appreciation of the maternal misgivings which his practised eye at once detected; "he'll soon make friends with the boys, and if he doesn't make friends with us masters it shall not be our fault, I promise you. Would you like to take a look round the playground and the schoolrooms? No? Well, if you want to catch the next up-train, you haven't a great deal of time to spare, I'm afraid. Pocket-money? Well, no; we don't think it desirable to make distinctions between the boys in that matter. We give them sixpence a week each—subject to deductions for misconduct, from which I hope that my friend here won't suffer."

Marcia sighed and replaced her sovereign in her purse, while Mr. Brett remarked gravely, "I think sixpence a week should be ample." He never disputed his wife's right to dispose of her money as she might see fit; but he had a strong opinion that Willie ought not to be brought up as the son of a rich man. He withdrew a few paces in order to inform the schoolmaster of his wishes with regard to certain matters of detail, and so came that dreadful moment of leave-taking which it is cruel to prolong.

Well, there was not much to be said, and the poor little man needed all his fortitude when he felt his mother's warm tears dropping on to his cheeks. She squeezed a small parcel into his hand—it was a miniature of herself which she had had taken a short time before, and which represented her as the beautiful woman that she was. "Good-bye, my darling!" she whispered; "you won't forget me, will you? I shall always be thinking about you—always! I don't know how I shall live without you; but I don't want you to be miserable; I want you to be happy. And, Willie, if you ever—if you ever—" she had to stop for a moment and choke down her sobs. "If you ever do anything wrong," she resumed presently, "you mustn't be afraid of me, because I'm not good either, and I shall understand—and—and—I love you so! —"

Poor soul! her parting gift and her parting words were characteristic enough. They got her out of the house somehow, and when she regained some command over her senses she was seated in the fly beside the cold, matter-of-fact man whom she had once promised to love, honour and obey—a ridiculous engagement, surely, to demand from frail human nature.



But Mr. Brett was not quite as unsympathetic as he looked. He certainly thought that his wife had made a rather ridiculous exhibition of herself; but the scene was over now and it had been no worse than he had anticipated, and he was anxious to say something consoling to her if he could.

"You must not take this so much to heart, Marcia," he began: "it is a great deal better for Willie to be with other boys than to be kept at home, you may be sure. It is not as though he were weakly and disinclined to play cricket. If he were, that would be another matter, no doubt."

"Oh, he will be happy after the first day or two," answered Marcia from behind her handkerchief. "It is just because I know that he is going to enjoy himself and have a jolly life that I am so wretched."

Mr. Brett felt constrained to observe, "That is rather a selfish sort of love, isn't it?"

"All love is selfish."

"I think not, Marcia; I hope not. It seems to me, on the contrary, that love, if it be sincere, must of necessity be unselfish. When we really love we forget ourselves and our own wishes——"

Marcia drowned the remainder of his sentence with an impatient laugh, broken by a sob. "One has heard all that!" she cried; "the copy-books informed us of it in our childhood. Why don't you offer me a few more platitudes? 'Be virtuous and you will be happy,' or something of that kind. You can be virtuous without being happy, and, what is more, you can be happy without being virtuous. All the copy-books that were ever compiled can't turn the world into a Paradise or do away with facts which stare everybody in the face."

Mr. Brett sighed. "I speak of what I myself experience and have experienced," he said. "I suppose we all judge of others by ourselves, and I doubt whether we make any great mistake in doing so."

"Oh, if we start by knowing something about ourselves—— however, I daresay you know a good deal about yourself. Only don't you think you may be making a little mistake in imagining that you ever loved anybody? I don't deny that you are capable of a good, steady, well-regulated affection for those who deserve it; but you couldn't feel much love for a sinner, could you? You would think that quite wrong."

He was hurt and aggrieved; but he made allowance for her.

He perceived that she was so sore and so sensitive that, like a wounded animal, she could not help turning upon any one who tried to relieve her sufferings. "Well, well," he said, "we won't dispute about me and my capabilities; I am not very important one way or the other. Still there are many ways of loving, Marcia."

"Oh, what nonsense!" she returned, in the voice of an angry child: "there is one way and only one. If you don't understand what that is, so much the better for you! Please, leave me alone, Eustace. By-and-by I shall be able to conduct myself like a civilized, heartless being; just now I really am not fit to be spoken to."

Mr. Brett could not dispute the truth of the latter assertion. He held his peace during the remainder of the drive, and did not speak again till two-thirds of the railway journey which followed had been accomplished. Grief is apt to be unreasonable, he thought, the grief of women is especially so; and the more violently it displays itself, the sooner it is over, as a rule. In another twenty-four hours Marcia would doubtless have become accustomed, if not resigned, to her loss; probably in the meanwhile it was best to comply with her entreaty and leave her alone. Nevertheless, when they were nearing London, it occurred to him to say:

"You have not forgotten, I hope, that we are dining with my brother George to-night."

"With whom?" asked Marcia, starting out of her sorrowful musings. "With George and Caroline? Oh, I can't possibly dine *there* this evening—nothing would induce me!"

"Yet you accepted the invitation," observed Mr. Brett, with gathering clouds upon his brow.

"Did I? Well, I'll send an excuse as soon as we get home."

"I cannot sanction your doing that, Marcia. It would be an act of unpardonable rudeness, and I am afraid it would be considered a deliberate act also."

"Oh, dear no!" answered Marcia, speaking from the height of her superior social knowledge; "it is the commonest thing in the world for people to send excuses at the last moment."

"It may be, although I was not aware of it; but I am certain that in this instance it would give offence. And, however indifferent you may be to that, I do not wish to offend my brother. If you had refused the invitation when it came I should have been sorry, but I should not have interfered: as you

saw fit to accept it, I must request you to keep your engagement." He added, with the air of overcoming some inward reluctance, "I ask this as a personal favour."

"Really, Eustace, it is impossible," answered Marcia. "It isn't because I dislike them, or because I want to go anywhere else, except to bed ; but you don't know what Caroline is. She would say things to me about Willie which would simply drive me mad—I couldn't face her to-night ! If you think they will be affronted by being thrown over, you can go without me and say you left me in bed with a splitting headache—which will be true."

"It will be true, perhaps ; but it will not be believed. There is one thing of which I should like to remind you, Marcia, because it will probably strike you as important. My brother George is very rich and he has no children. It is not unnatural to anticipate that he will make our boy his heir, provided that we can manage to keep upon friendly terms with him ; but it is perfectly possible that he may decide upon a different arrangement, if we go out of our way to slight him. Now I will leave you to judge whether it is worth your while to have a headache to-night."

The appeal was scarcely skilful, and Mr. Brett, who had just observed that there are many ways of loving, might have known better than to trust to it. Marcia, no doubt, had a passionate love for Willie ; but she considered that, what with his father's fortune and her own, his pecuniary interests were pretty safe, and as greed of gain was a weakness from which she herself chanced to be free, she looked upon it as an especially contemptible one.

"Is that why you submit so meekly to be patronised by George and pitied by Caroline ?" she asked disdainfully. "Well, I hope you will be gratified by their leaving their money to you or Willie, and I daresay you will be ; because they are much too just and righteous and merciful to hold you responsible for my sins. I can't make my head stop aching to please them or even to please myself : besides which, I doubt very much whether they would love me any better if I allowed them to trample upon me."

"Nobody asked you to do that," returned Mr. Brett, with some little irritation ; "you are only being asked to make a small sacrifice, which you wouldn't think twice about if the question were one of your own amusement or advantage."

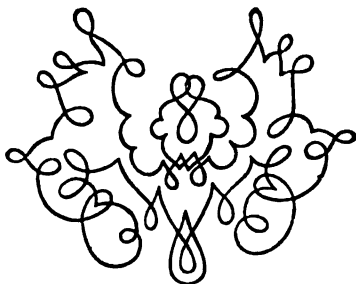
Marcia merely shrugged her shoulders without replying.

"I am to understand then," said Mr. Brett coldly, "that you absolute decline to oblige me?"

"I don't think you have given me any sufficient reason for obliging you," answered Marcia. "You can't really suppose that, if George has made his will, he will alter it because I once failed to turn up at dinner when I was expected. And, as I told you before, I am feeling too miserable to tolerate Caroline to-night. If I did go with you, the chances are that I should quarrel with her, and then you would be sorry that you hadn't left me at home."

This consideration may have had some weight with Mr. Brett. At any rate he did not press his request further, and the colloquy ended then and there. However, on parting with his wife after they had reached home, he felt justified in saying: "I do not often ask a favour of you, Marcia, and I am sure you will be glad to hear that it will be a very long time before I break through my rule again."

*(To be continued.)*



## Twelve Hours of New York.



LAST February I arrived in New York from Canada, *vid* Niagara and Buffalo. I was on my way home, and, in order to see something of the town, timed my arrival so as to allow myself a whole day to see its beauties. Wish I'd spent the day in Canada instead.

The train arrived in good time, 9 A.M., at the Jersey City station, and there I was asked, on handing in the checks for my "trunks," where I wanted them sent to. I said they were to go on board the *Britannic*, and saw them a second later whirled away amongst tons of other luggage. Not knowing in the least where the *Britannic* lay, my mind misgave me somewhat, and I bade a mental last farewell to my trunks, fervently hoping that they might arrive in safety. They did, as a matter of fact, but fears for their whereabouts lay heavy on my mind all the day.

The next thing to do was to dispose of myself: so I enquired for an hotel somewhere near the White Star landing-stage, and was directed into a small 'bus labelled "Metropolitan Hotel, Broadway." We had not gone ten yards before we stopped, in a crowd of carts and waggons. The 'bus stayed there some time, and it was not until I put my head out of window to find out the reason why, that I discovered for the first time that we had been on the wrong side of the water from New York proper, and that we were now on a big ferrying-stage, nearly halfway across the harbour.

It was a bright cold morning, and as far as eye could reach, the harbour was swarming with life and shipping. Dozens of extraordinary-looking steamers with curious Indian names were rushing about the water at full speed, and why they did not collide with each other or with us was a marvel to me, for nobody thought of getting out of anybody else's way. Each steamer was worked by a tall, strange-looking erection amidships, with a see-saw across at the top; one end of the see-saw

worked a piston-rod up and down, straight, whilst the other end had a crank hanging down which worked crooked-wise. Why on earth American steamers should be built in this outlandish fashion, instead of like a common or garden steamer, is more than I can tell ; suppose it's for the sake of novelty.

Arrived on terra firma in New York town, the 'bus made its way through the crowded streets towards Broadway. The houses in these lower streets are not pretty. They are low, painted every gaudy colour under the sun, and are covered with glaring advertisements ; and they look as though they were intended to last for six months only. The streets themselves are paved with cobble-stones, causing the innumerable waggons to give forth a continuous and ear-breaking rattle. This, added to the intermittent screech of the Elevated Railway overhead and the perpetual clanging of the tramcar bells, makes a din only to be guessed at by people who have not been there. They say this din is the cause of the universal twang, and specially that of the New Yorker, who pitches his voice somewhere about the upper G—otherwise he wouldn't be heard. This theory is to be believed.

In time we pulled up in front of the hotel. I had brought with me a rather heavy hand-bag containing washing things and books, so when the 'bus-driver climbed down and opened the door, I handed it to him, expecting him to take it into the hotel. He however only clamoured for his "half-a-dollar," and having received it, deposited my bag on the pavement and drove off. I meekly picked up my bag and walked into the hotel, where I was greeted with scornful looks from half-a-dozen coloured servants who were lolling about the hall. As none of these gentlemen offered to assist me or my bag, I asked the nearest one what I was to do with it. "Thar's the office," was all I got, with a jerk of his head in the direction of the lower end of the hall, where two or three men were standing behind a sort of bar. Being ignorant of the ways of American hotel life and of the all-importance of the "office," I said I didn't want an office, I wanted to know what to do with my bag. No answer. So I trailed off to the bar-looking place, passing between two rows of American citizens extended on sofas along the wall, and chiefly engaged in taking shots at spittoons. Before I had time to tell the office-man what I wanted, he shoved a big open book in front of me and pointed to pens and ink. Seeing it was an address-book, I inscribed my name and address, and then

ventured to ask the office-man what I was to do with my bag, as I didn't want a room in the hotel. "Reckon you'd best leave it in the trunks bureau," said he, and kindly condescended to point out its direction. I thanked him and withdrew to the "trunks bureau," *Anglicé* cloak-room, and there handed in my bag. The clerk yawned noisily in my face as I gave it in, and charged a "quarter" as a fee. I suggested this was a good deal to charge for keeping a bag half a day, but, as I might have expected, the clerk took not the smallest notice of my remark, and only opened his mouth to yawn again.

Back to the office again, where I enquired of my friend the man behind the bar whether I could have a bath in the hotel.

"Are you stopping in the hôteľ?"

"No."

"Two dollars and a häľf."

"What!"

"Two dollars and a häľf."

"I'm not going to pay two and a half dollars for a bath," said I; "it's preposterous."

"Wal, you need not take a bätľ here if you don't want," and with that he turned his back and began a conversation with somebody else.

"But can't I get a bath somewhere without having to pay half a sovereign for it?" I persisted. At the third repetition of the question, he lounged round and said I might perhaps find one up the street, and with that I had to be content.

I went back to the "trunks bureau" for my sponge and soap, jammed them rather savagely into my pocket, for I was not in an amiable frame of mind, and set out to parade the streets of New York on the off-chance of finding a hot bath.

The first thing I came across was a big figure clad in grey, with an extraordinary-looking hat on its head. I took the man at first for a walking advertisement of a new shape in hats, but gradually it dawned on me that it was a policeman, and that the strange hat was a new pattern helmet. It *was* a strange hat, for it was more like a glue-kettle upside down than a helmet. However, on the principle of "Ask a p'liceman," if you want anything, I asked him the way to a bath; but it appears he wasn't given that way, for he didn't know of one.

The next thing that attracted my attention was the pavement—it was, and in all probability is still, perfectly awful. I

walked for four hours that day, and my feet felt like a jelly at the end. Most of my toes seemed out of joint through knocking against the tipped-up paving-stones, and my ankles had both of them narrow escapes of being sprained. If you want to walk in New York, you must keep your eyes on the pavement, and step high.

As a matter of fact, nobody walks who can help it—everybody goes by tram. There are dozens and dozens of tramcars down every street, and all of them choke-full. I went a good deal by tram that day, but never once sat down—had to stand outside every time, and even then there was seldom room to put down both feet at once.

After accosting every policeman I met, without success, about a bath, and having entered half-a-dozen hotels for the same purpose, where I was met by charges varying from two to five dollars, I eventually came across a fat, clean, rosy-cheeked German, who looked as if he *must* have had a bath that morning. He gave me a tip: "Ask in the barbers' shops." So I did, and was at last rewarded by finding, over a dingy little barber's shop with a Spanish name, the sacred legend "Hot and Cold Baths, 15 cents."

The inside of the shop was better than the outside, for, though dark, it was perfectly clean. So I passed a comfortable half hour performing my ablutions in a big hot bath, and another twenty minutes in being "barbed," the only objection to which was the anxiety of the little Spaniard to tidy my hair by means of cosmetics and other abominations.

Rather happier in my mind by this time, I spent another hour in strolling up and down Broadway. I had always imagined that Broadway was a fine broad street, like Regent Street, or Sackville Street in Dublin, but it is not. It is scarcely, if at all, broader than New Bond Street, and is even more crowded than that thoroughfare. Everybody seemed to be in a great hurry, and the few people I stopped to ask the way to different points of interest which I had been told I ought to see, scowled at me for wasting their valuable time, and shouted out the answer as they hurried away. I was struck by the extraordinary quantity of German-Jew names over the shops. Literally, over one in every three was painted "Rosenkranz," or "Goldberg," or some other equally Teutono-Hebraic denomination. These Israelites appear to have most of the trade in their hands, and to be doing a good business, con-



sidering the size of their shops. Although you hear a great deal about the magnificence of the shop-windows in New York, I cannot say they impressed me much : those in Broadway and Fifth Avenue are no better than our London ones, and are not to be compared with those of the Parisian Boulevards ; perhaps, however, I did not see the best ones.

Thick telegraph poles are planted at intervals of a few yards down both sides of every street. They are so numerous that it is difficult to avoid running against them when you want to cross the roadway. It also requires careful steering not to be run over by one of the numerous carts or tramcars, which on the noble Yankee principle of "Everyone for himself and the devil take the hindmost," do not attempt to pull up or avoid you, but calmly run over you and then say it's your fault.

After a frugal meal at a restaurant in Fifth Avenue, where, by the way, the food was good, but the charges were not distinguished by excessive moderation, I proceeded towards Central Park, which I was told was one of the chief sights of the city. As it lay a long way off, and I didn't fancy either a tramcar or my own legs as a conveyance, I went per 'bus. A New York 'bus is a very different thing from the London article, for it is a one-horse affair, and only holds about eight people inside and none outside. It is a comfortable and cleanly vehicle, and not so much patronized as the tramcar, luckily, so that you generally can sit down in it. One drawback it has, and that is that there is no conductor. You have to drop your fare into a collecting-box, and pull a string when you want to stop. The result is that when you wish to pay your 5-cent fare, and you haven't any change—which I never by any chance have—you have to haul at a string, and then prize open a tiny window in front, reach your stick through it and paw round till you encounter the driver's body. Then you have to explain to him that you want change, and he struggles to get it out of his pocket with one hand whilst driving with the other, for he doesn't stop, and he has to keep one eye on the horse and the other on you to see that you do not bolt without parting. And when he has extracted the change, he is obliged to turn round and count it into your hand through the port-hole, whilst the horse pursues his own sweet way amongst the crowded traffic. Unless they put up automatic money-changing machines inside the 'buses, I do not see how this state of affairs can be improved.

Central Park is not interesting in February, whatever it may

be at other times. It is a piece of wooded ground intersected by paths which run up and down and underneath artificial hills and rockeries, and you are not allowed to go on the grass. It resembles the Zoological Gardens on a small scale, and, to complete the resemblance, it contains a menagerie of unfortunate wild animals cooped up in cages and pens which hardly allow them room to turn round. The paths are constructed with a view to not letting you out again when you are once inside, and the only way to find your way about is, like Alice in 'Through the Looking-Glass,' to go straight in the opposite direction to where you want to get to.

Having seen the Brooklyn bridge in the morning whilst crossing the harbour, I now learnt that I had come to an end of the sights of New York, so wended my weary way down Fifth Avenue towards the Metropolitan Hotel again. The houses "on" Fifth Avenue are solid-looking ones, but not beautiful. I believe the beauty lies inside, but not having had the pleasure of inspecting one thus, I cannot speak from personal observation. Every sixth building or so is a church.

Two things in the streets of New York, besides the pavement and the policemen, strike Europeans as curious. One is that the post-boxes are nailed to telegraph poles, and that as the slit is only large enough for letters, all newspapers, &c., too big to go into the box are left on top, exposed to the mercy of the elements and the honesty of the public in general—the numerous churches aforesaid evidently accounting for the latter. And the other thing is the elaborateness of the shoe-black's apparatus, who provides an elevated arm-chair and two foot-rests for his customers, the whole for the consideration of (I think it is) ten cents.

As the "Hoffmann House" is by way of being the acme of American bars, I went in, and found it well worth seeing. The walls are hung with some very good pictures, and the attractions include several pieces of statuary and some working models of machinery. Delmonico's, which lies close alongside, I did not appreciate as (I am told) I ought to have. The furniture in both of these houses, as well as in most of the hotels, is dark, rich, heavy stuff, and this seems to be the *ne plus ultra* of American furnishing. But I confess this style of embellishment does not commend itself to me, nor does it necessarily mean comfort—rather the opposite.

It was seven o'clock when I reached the hotel, and time for

dinner. On the principle of eating foreign food in a foreign country, I ordered all the strangest-sounding *plats* on the bill-of-fare: clam-soup, pumpkin-pie, hominy, buckwheat cakes, sweet potatoes, very nasty wild turkey, and cranberries. The result was a squashy, sloppy meal, at the end of which my stomach was full, but I didn't feel as if I'd had a square dinner. The only thing I did not follow the American system in was drinks, for they drink nothing but coffee and such-like slops at dinner, and then adjourn to a bar to correct their insides with cocktails.

After dinner to Daly's Theatre, where the bills announced the first night of a new American piece, "An International Struggle," or some name like that. However, when I got there, that piece was not being given—it was "The Squire," by Pinero. As every one knows, the Daly company is first-rate, but still, I wished they would not spring surprises on one, and act one play when they have advertised another. Another slight surprise was that, having stood up in my place to let a lady pass, the next moment found me seated on the ground in an unbecoming heap, the seat of my chair having sprung up when I did. This is one of the innumerable Yankee "notions," and is all right when you know it, but you've got to know it first. Otherwise the theatre is comfortable enough, and lavishly, not to say richly, furnished and decorated.

Back to the hotel after the play to pick up my bag, and thence to the *Britannic*. Though this is a drive of not quite ten minutes, the cabby charged a dollar and a "hälf" for it, which I believe is their minimum charge. There is one good thing about these cabs, and that is that when standing in the street, the horse is covered up from his ears to his tail in a huge rug. This is a decided improvement on the scrap of stuff with which our cabbies cover their steeds, but, as far as I have seen, it is the only point in which London has anything to learn from New York.

GLEICHEN.



## Union or Association?

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WE trust that the fastidious reader will not be induced to believe from the title of this article that he is invited to reconsider his opinions upon the state of English political opinion or the eternal and insoluble Irish problem. The Union we propose to discuss is neither a union of hearts nor a union of legislatures, and our Association is neither Liberal nor Conservative. Our excursion will not be into politics, but into a field where nearly all the Yorkshiremen are Unionists, and the majority of the men of Lancashire are opposed to the Union. It is with football, the winter sport of the English people, with the parti-coloured jersey and the striped flannel shirt, with the bounding leather that we deal, with the Rugby Football Union and the Football Association, and we intend, like loyal sportsmen, to convince the reader, if we can, that those who vote for the Union are voting upon the right side. We shall contend that the Rugby Union game is better than the Association game, because it is the time-honoured game by which our forefathers were trained to manliness and hardihood ; because it is simpler, more natural, and less artificial than the other, and therefore more enjoyable ; because it is more healthy, in that it gives exercise to the whole body ; and finally, because it affords to the national advantage a physical, semi-military training, which the dribbling game confers to a much less degree.

But before we proceed to the arguments in support of our view, let us briefly consider, without at all entering into minor details, what are the main features by which the one game is distinguished from the other. The Rugby Unionists have fifteen players a side, the Association players eleven ; the former score a goal by kicking the ball over the cross-bar of the goal, the latter by kicking beneath the cross-bar ; the former

use an oval, the latter a round ball. All these and a host of other minor differences, appear to us rather to result from the essential character of each game than to cause the difference in their character. The essential features of difference are two, and two only, each of these features being wholly independent of the other. Firstly, the players of the dribbling or Association game will not allow the hands to be used at all ; not only can a player neither run with the ball nor seize an opponent, but he incurs a penalty if he cannot keep his hands out of the way of the ball in its course. Secondly, while the Rugby Union players in the main insist on a player being always behind the ball, so as to keep the whole of the one side always facing and opposing the whole of the other, the Association forward player is allowed to mingle with his opponents at his will, provided he leaves three players still in front of him, that is, between him and the opponents' goal. In other words, it is part of the essence of the dribbling game to pass the ball forward to another of one's own side. It is an essential feature of the Rugby Union game to forbid this ; the Rugby Union player who has the ball must be leading the van of the attack. Any one of his own side who may be in front of him is "out of play." In both of these distinctive features we say that the Rugby Union practice is better and preferable.

We must not forget in dealing with the matter what was the rudimentary form of the game from which the two highly complex forms of football of the present day have been developed, for it is in going back to the original type that we have the best chance of judging broadly what was the original theory and object of the pastime. If we can discover that football had a "final cause" in human nature, we can better judge how far it fulfils and has fulfilled its object, and have a firmer basis upon which to ground criticism of the game. It is hardly possible here to treat philosophically of the "Theory of Football," but we will take it upon ourselves to assert that the game of football was originally intended to be a sham fight, or a bloodless battle of two opposing companies. It is a theory which we do not doubt will readily be admitted and turned to account by those who decry the game of football altogether. We are inclined to think, however, that upon reflection lovers and followers of the game will also be ready to concede its correctness, and any one who has seriously studied the history of the game could hardly arrive at any other conclusion. The Greeks

and Romans had their game with the *harpastum*, which was the simple game of the players on the one side trying to carry a ball over a line defended by the other side. The early English game of football (which was significantly enough derided in Elizabethan times by Stubbes the Puritan as being merely a "friendlie kinde of fyghte") consisted in one set of players of any number striving in the face of another set of players of unlimited number to strike, hit, carry, or throw a ball to a spot defended by the other side, and to prevent the others doing the like with them, the game being started by an independent person throwing the ball into the air midway between the two goals for the combatants to scramble for; and in nearly every part of England where the game was played, whether in the east, the west, the north, or across the Border, we find that kicking the ball formed one of the least important methods of winning the battle. In brief, the whole history of football in England shows that the original game consisted either in picked companies of men contending in a limited space against each other to force their opponents backward and carry the citadel of the hostile goal, or in large companies of men of one parish contending against an unlimited number of another parish to effect the same object in a larger area, as in the historical game at Derby between All Saints and St. Peters. This much should go far enough to show that the early forms of football were nothing more than a species of sham fight, and that it came into existence to afford a harmless vent for the ineradicable desire of the British youth for partisan combativeness.

Returning, then, to our original assertion that the Rugby Union is preferable to the Association game, we say that the former is the lineal and direct descendant of the old English game which had flourished for five centuries in England and Scotland before the revival came from the Public Schools in "the fifties," the similarity of the features being quite sufficient of itself to prove the descent, even if the historical proofs, which are ample, were not available. On the other hand it is clear that the Association game, if of the same family, is by no means of legitimate descent. When the dribbling game first emerged from obscurity less than fifty years ago upon Parker's Piece at Cambridge, it might have been described as so much of the original game as was compatible with freedom from bruises to the body and freedom from damage to the clothes.

For the five centuries and more during which we have record

of football in England since Edward II. fulminated against it as being riotous, and Edward III. complained of it as interfering with the proper practice of archery, there is no definite trace of the Association or dribbling game, so far as we know. Certainly M. Misson in 1698 told his fellow-countrymen that in England "*le Football est un exercice utile et charmant*," and all classes of critics have agreed that the latter epithet could not possibly have been ascribed to any form of the running and tackling game ; but the few lines of M. Misson's description of the game he saw played in the streets of London are hardly sufficient ground for the theory, that at that time in England there were two wholly distinct forms of the game.

From the earliest period until the football revival came about the players were always allowed to seize the ball with the hands, and to seize hold of or "collar" an opponent to prevent his getting forward with the ball. It is not until some five-and-forty years ago, when the old boys from Eton, Harrow, Westminster and Charterhouse began playing matches at Cambridge, that any game of football is known to have been played outside a school playground in which the rules forbade a player to use his hands and run with the ball. And we are not moved from this statement by hearing of the tradition which prevailed at Rugby, that the picking up of the ball was a practice invented by one ingenious player, who suddenly discovered that there was no rule to prevent his doing so, and until this remarkable discovery was made, dribbling was the order of the day.

Fortunately we are able to trace the development of the Association game and to study several of the original types from which it sprang because many of the schools, like Eton and Harrow, have to this day stoutly declined—and very rightly too—to give up their own time-honoured games for the more scientific and more emasculated form of the game which at present finds favour with older players. The original dribbling games of Eton ("the field game"), Harrow, Winchester, Charterhouse and Westminster all forbade running with the ball, and we can quite understand why, for obvious reasons, collaring and tripping were forbidden in times when a large grass playground was not a part of every school premises, and in an age when a special athletic outfit for school games had not been thought of. But the first three schools, widely as their rules differed, all agreed in a strict off-side rule. The ball was always to be between the two opposing sides. The two sides faced each

other like two parties of combatants, and one or the other side had to be driven back towards its own goal before a point could be scored. Charterhouse and Westminster alone allowed "passing on," thereby depriving the game of its most essential feature by breaking up the line of each attacking party, and mingling the two sides of each together on the field while the play was in progress. From 1863 to 1867 the Football Association, which had discarded the use of the hands from their game, held to the policy of the greater schools, and maintained the strict off-side rule and forbade passing forward. During all this time, however, the Sheffield clubs had adopted the other course, and forbade no kind of passing forward at all, provided a player did not go behind the opposing goal-keeper. We do not say that in this the Sheffields were right, because in our view to allow passing forward at all is a mistake and an infringement of the whole spirit of the game, but we do think that if passing forward is to be allowed at all, the Sheffield players took the logical course in allowing it entirely. In 1867 the Association changed their rule to its present shape, which merely makes a player off-side if he fails to leave three players between himself and the opposite goal. This practice, to which the Sheffield players have now yielded, appears to us to be a feeble compromise between two theories, a compromise which is not only illogical in itself, but is the most frequent and persistent source of disputes and ill-temper. But this is a minor matter, and hardly pertinent to our contention, which is that the abolition of a strict off-side rule is an entire deviation from the spirit of the old game. As early as 1602, Carew, writing of the Cornish game, points out that no one was allowed to "deal a foreballe," which can hardly mean anything else than that "off-side" play was wholly forbidden, and in the same description he says that another rule was that no one should "handfast under the girdle," thus putting a limit to roughness in collaring and throwing an antagonist. It may also be worth noting in this place that Carew, who wrote of the game in a kindly and thoughtful spirit, did not fail to remark the essentially military character of the pastime. While he points out that the game leads to "bloody pates and broken bones," he adds that, "it is not destitute of policies in some sort resembling the feats of war," which is the contention we have already advocated.

That the ancient game in Scotland, like the old English game, allowed running with the ball and collaring of an



antagonist, is also abundantly clear. The account given in Hone of the historical game at Scone says that "he who at any time got the ball into his hands ran with it till overtaken by one of the opposite party, and then, if he could shake himself loose from those of the opposite party who seized him, he ran on ; if not, he threw the ball from him unless it was wrested from him by the other party." The Eastern counties game of "camping" must have been almost identical, for Moor tells us that "he who can first catch or seize the ball speeds home, making his way through his opponents and aided by his own sidesmen. If caught and held, or rather in danger of being held, he throws the ball to some less beleaguered friend, who, if it be not arrested in its course or be jostled away by the eager and watchful adversaries, catches it, and he in like manner hastens homeward, in like manner pursued, annoyed, and aided." We have said, therefore, enough to show that in the two essential features in which the Association differs from the Rugby Union game, the former shows the innovation, while the latter has preserved the ancient practice. The old time-honoured sport of football allowed running with the ball, allowed the player to stop by collaring with his hands and arms the opponent who was carrying the ball, and forbade the player from winning a point by standing forward among the enemy's ranks, and thus "stealing a march upon him" by having the ball passed to him while he was standing behind the opponents' vanguard and near to their goal. The battle had to be won by forcing back the enemy's lines. We find too that even the majority of the great schools, which had given up the running with the ball and collaring, kept the rule against passing forward, and thereby retained the warlike form of the game. It rests upon the Association players, who are responsible for the two deviations from the original game, to justify their changes either as necessary or beneficial, or as making the game more enjoyable, and we hope in the succeeding pages to show that their attempted justifications must fail.

That these changes may have been and doubtless were in some cases necessary, we are quite ready to admit. It is clear enough, for instance, that the boys who played football in the stone-paved cloisters of the Charterhouse in the intervals between their lessons, while clad in their ordinary clothes, could not allow running and collaring without an improper amount of risk, and it is also probable that where the arena of play was

very narrow and scores of boys wanted to take part in the game, it was impracticable for the whole of one side to be kept continually confronting the whole of the other, or the play would have degenerated into a mere shoving match ; but we fail to see that where a large grass field is available, when the players are confined to a limited number on each side, and each player has a jersey to put on for the game, the same considerations apply, and we do not understand why, when the difficulties which interfered with the free exercise of the original game were removed, the original game might not have been profitably resumed. But perhaps in this we are trenching upon the second part of our contention, namely, that the running and tackling game is more simple, natural, and enjoyable than that adopted by the Association players.

There is one admission that even the most perfervid admirer of the Association game is usually ready to make, and that is that until a team of players has really mastered to some considerable extent the tricks and tactics of the play, the whole game is clumsy and uninteresting. That when the game is well played by skilful players it is a pretty and interesting sight, no one who takes the least interest in athletic sport at all is likely to deny. But the good Association player has to learn a very great deal before his movements cease to be clumsy and to a certain extent ridiculous. To begin with, as the use of his arms and hands are denied to him he has to make other parts of his body do the duty of his hands in stopping the ball. This he does either with his feet or (*mirabile dictu*) with his head. When a skilful player stops and places a ball with his feet, the trick is a clever one ; when an unskilful player tries to do the trick and fails, he is a clumsy sight, and the thought must inevitably arise in the head of the uninitiated spectator, "Why in the world should the man not be allowed to use his hands for their proper and natural purpose, that of stopping the ball and placing it in a position handy for kicking ?" But when we come to consider "heading," our argument is even stronger ; half-a-dozen men playing (as they often do) battledore and shuttlecock with the ball, and using their heads as the battledores, may be a wonderful sight, but is, we venture to assert, a ridiculous misapplication of skill ; while an unskilful player trying to "head" a ball and missing it, or finding that it has struck him violently on the ear and bounded off in the wrong direction, is a sight more fit for tears than for laughter—it is so painfully absurd. When

we come to the kicking also, we meet with similar results. Men have to kick the ball backwards over their heads, or to run one way while they kick another, or to kick with the inside or the outside of the foot as the case may require, instead of kicking in the natural manner with the toe of the boot ; or, again, they may have to fling their feet high in the air to kick the ball before it comes near the ground. All these feats of agility may be seen throughout the whole course of any Association match between crack clubs. When ill done, they look clumsy and absurd ; but when well done, give occasion for the exhibition of wonderful skill, and make therefore an excellent show, as we are quite ready to admit. But it is only the wonderful pitch of skill to which these feats have been brought at the present day which conceals from the spectator their natural inappropriateness to an athletic game. It should not be necessary in a good, honest, athletic game for a man to know how to kick over his head, or to use his pate for propulsive purposes, and these feats should no more be tolerated as good sport than the practice introduced by professional cricketers of protecting their wickets with the pads rather than with the bat. There is a certain pitch in every manly sport beyond which an elaboration of skill is more of a disadvantage than an advantage to the spirit of the game.

Why is it necessary, we may be asked, for players of the dribbling game to hit the ball with their heads, or to "smother it" with their knees and feet, or to "put a twist" on their kicks, or to go in for "high-kicking"? The answer is simple ; it is because the Association player is denied the use of his hands and arms. With their help he could stop and catch the ball, and place it in a handy position for kicking in a natural and simple manner. Deprived of their help, he is obliged to resort to acrobatic feats which are certainly skilful, but are no more natural and graceful than those of the performers of the stage, who fling their legs over each other's heads in the mazy quadrille, or hang on to the flying trapeze with one foot. The Football Association has decreed in its inscrutable wisdom that he who plays under their rules should go forth into the fray *manus, manu captus*, with his hands tied. To bring the question down to its simplest form. Is it necessary to oblige a player of a stirring and manly contest to make no use of his arms? The success of the Rugby Union game and of the dribbling game at Harrow show that it is not. Again : Is it natural or reasonable to

forbid the use of the most skilful part of the human body in an athletic pastime? The question should be its own answer.

So far in criticising the Association as being less simple and natural than the Rugby Union football, we have confined our remarks to that rule alone which forbids the use of the hands in stopping the ball, and have contended that this rule leads to inelegant and unnatural postures and motions of the body. Our criticism of the rule which permits "off-side" play and allows the practice of passing forward must be directed towards the same end, although it deals with facts of quite a different nature. Let us consider first roughly what is the nature of the tactics employed to gain victory by the chief Association teams, such as Preston North End or the Corinthians, whom we saw pitted against each other at Richmond some few weeks since. The whole of the defensive work is done by the half-backs and backs, the whole of the work of attack by the forwards. Each forward has his own allotted space on the ground: he is not taught ever to leave his ground to succour one of his own side, or to trust in ordinary circumstances to his own individual skill. He is but a pawn in a game of chess which is directed by the whole side with a wonderful communion of sympathy and intelligence. Far be it from us to deny in any way the wonderful skill which is shown in manipulating the moves of the game. It is a skill which we rate infinitely higher than the butting and posturing of which we have spoken before. The players pass the ball about from foot to foot with wonderful skill, quickness, and obedience to disciplined tactics, and for this the game deserves to be popular as it trains thousands of players to several admirable qualities. But it is the very skill itself which has taken out of the game half its heart and manliness. To our minds the elaborate passing of a well-trained Association team is not only far more artificial, but far less inspiring and enjoyable than a combined rush of Rugby Union forwards streaming down the field with the ball at the feet of the foremost, or the run down the field of a cluster of forwards playing the Eton field game, in which "sneaking" is tabooed. The elaboration of the system of passing forward has robbed the game entirely of its original character of friendly combat. What the Association game has during the last dozen years gained in skill, it has lost in manly fortitude. The joy of burst and struggle have gone from it. It has lost the *χάρμη*—the stern joy of warfare.

We have said that it is part of our contention that the Rugby

Union game is not only more simple and natural but more enjoyable. As to the last epithet, it is of course impossible to dogmatize, as each man enjoys that best which is most to his taste, provided that the taste be not harmful. As it has never entered into our minds to assert that the taste for any form of football is harmful to a lusty man, we conceive it impossible to prove with certitude which of two good things gives most enjoyment to any particular individual. We can only give our reason for believing that in general principles the simpler form of football is the better. The Rugby Union player is allowed free use of all the limbs with which Nature has provided him ; he wages the contest standing shoulder to shoulder with his comrades, and whether he forges forward triumphant, or is forced back reluctant, feels the ever-present thrilling joy of combat, of physical resistance overcome or stoutly resisted ; he enjoys, as his brother does not, the hurly-burly of harmless battle.

The task of proving the remainder of our contention is a shorter one, for in showing that the exercise afforded by the running and tackling game is better exercise than that afforded by the dribbling game (or, in other words, showing that the former game is healthier for the individual), and in contending again that the former game gives a better physical training to the race generally, we shall be covering a great deal of the same ground of argument. Our objection to the exercise afforded by the Association game is that it is only partial. It is a magnificent exercise for the legs, gives some exercise to the back, but to the arms and shoulders none whatever. Often after a punishing Association match does the player feel that while his lower limbs are thoroughly exhausted, his shoulders feel light and as if they belonged to a different frame. The Association game obviously assists the development of the nether part more than of the upper part of the body. Of all athletic pursuits rowing, in our opinion, gives the most searching and complete exercise, strengthening, as it does, every part of the body alike ; but after rowing, Rugby Union football probably comes next in order as affording complete healthy exercise to every part of the body. Neck, shoulders, arms, back, and legs alike are all tried and strengthened by the exercise given by the game of which running, tackling, and dribbling alike form a part.

For this reason, therefore, we say that the followers of the Union rules have chosen a healthier pastime ; but it is on broader grounds also that we say that the Union game affords

a better training for the rising generation of Britons. The Rugby Union game not only teaches the youngster to learn how to grasp and overthrow an antagonist, and how to dodge his way through a crowd of antagonists, but it has preserved the semblance of warfare, and teaches a rank of men to withstand the physical impart of a charging rank of foes. We lack seriously in England an early acquaintance with the training of warfare, and the nearest approach to that training we find in the Rugby Union game of football. We think the merits and advantages of the great "Football Movement" of the latter half of the nineteenth century are still far from being recognized by the authorities, and we think also that in this respect the Rugby Union game affords more valuable training than the other.

We have given our reasons at some length for exalting the one form of the game above the other, but we do not wish our readers to conclude that we by any means hold in contempt that form of the game which we consider to be inferior to the other. We have said frankly that skill in "heading" or "high-kicking," or in other acrobatic antics of the Association field, is skill of a kind which we do not think it useful to encourage, and with the elimination of the hand for defensive purposes, and with the Association notion of "off-side" play we have no sympathy whatever. The other points we are willing to admit are and should be considered matters of opinion merely, but in our humble opinion the Rugby Union is right and the Association wrong. But even with our opinions, such as they are, we say that the Association game is a good game, only not so good as the Rugby Union. Our attitude towards football is like that of the Scotch toper toward whisky. The toper opined that he had never tasted any whisky that was bad; all whiskies were good, only some were better than others. So do we think of football. All football is good, only some kinds of football are better than others. In many of the country districts where the Association game alone is played, football has done wonders towards the improvement of the population. It has turned many a slouching rustic or mill-hand into a well-knit manly fellow, and has caused in many a case the public-house to be deserted on the Saturday afternoon of the winter for the football field; it has given *esprit de corps* to many an aimless neighbourhood, and the game has alike benefited the higher and lower classes of the community. But we say that the Rugby

Union game effects exactly the same good objects and does its work better.

We have been told that one reason why the Association game has been sedulously cultivated in many districts, and the Rugby Union game discouraged, is that the latter game leads to unnecessary roughness and brutality. We can hardly believe that this reproach attaches to the one game more than to the other ; but if in any district the Rugby Union game has been marred by roughness and brutality while the Association game has not, then we say by all means let the Rugby Union game go down and the other spring up and flourish. But what we are quite convinced of is that Rugby Union football has been played for years, and still is played in many districts without any brutality or unnecessary roughness, and without any more danger than is afforded by the Association game or any other manly outdoor sport, and as long as this is so, we ask lovers of football to prefer the Rugby Union rules.

M. SHEARMAN.



## Ernst Frank.

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ON Saturday, August the 17th, 1889, died one of the most enlightened and large-hearted musicians of our time. Ernst Frank, a native of Munich, made his earlier studies under the guidance of the veteran brothers Franz and Vincenz Lachner, and his career from the day upon which he entered his profession was one long record of devotion to the best interests of his art. While fulfilling an engagement as one of the sub-conductors at the Vienna Opera-house, he accepted an invitation from Bologna to superintend the historical first production of "Lohengrin" in Italy. The experiment led the way to a lasting success of that work in the land of song, and the result was, in the opinion of all his Italian colleagues, mainly due to his genius, tact, and ability. Having thus assured his position, he had not long to wait for a post of the first importance in his own country. The conductorship of the Mannheim Opera having fallen vacant, Frank was at once appointed first Capellmeister. The admirable performance on that stage of Wagner's "Meistersinger" under his direction made a considerable stir in Germany at the time, and directed much attention to a theatre which had not been remarkable for any exceptional excellence. During his sojourn at Mannheim occurred an incident which was the chief landmark in his life. He was one day visited by a stranger, whose works, since become of world-wide celebrity, owed their first acceptance to Frank's foresight and enthusiasm. The interview was described to me by my friend himself in a way too vivid and picturesque to be satisfactorily reproduced. A knock came at his door on the top storey of a very lofty town house, and a gaunt figure entered his room, breathing painfully, and with consumption writ plain upon his face. As soon as the stranger could speak, he began, "My name is Goetz, of Zürich." Frank greeted him, and for some minutes vainly tried to discover the



object of his visit. At last Goetz mustered up courage enough to stutter out, "To tell you the truth, I have written an opera."

"So much the better," said my friend, cheerily.

"Ah!" said Goetz, "you are the first conductor who has said that much to me, all the others say 'so much the worse.'"

The sentence showed a true appreciation of Frank's nature and the words of encouragement were not misplaced; the opera was "The Taming of the Shrew." From that moment the two were fast friends, working together through the score, improving, shortening ("You are taking out my life-blood," Goetz used to say, when some inevitable cut was decided on), and preparing the work for the stage. The first performance was anxious work for the warm-hearted conductor. The invalid composer lay on a sofa in the stage box, so weak and ill that a failure, as Frank knew too well, would have killed him then and there. He often spoke to me afterwards of the weight of this double anxiety, his hopes and fears at once for the success of the opera and for the life of its composer. The brilliant result is now a matter of history, and in its recording it is but fitting that the generous man whom we have lost should have his just share. Goetz, partially revived by the reception of his opera, as a mark of his gratitude dedicated to Frank his Symphony in F major, the work which has most safely assured his popularity in this country, and set to work upon a second dramatic composition on the subject of *Francesca da Rimini*. Of this he wrote the book himself, with the help and advice of Joseph Viktor Widmann of Berne, the brilliant librettist of "The Taming of the Shrew." This work, alas! he did not live to complete. The first and second acts he nearly finished, the third he left only in sketches; and his last expressed wishes were that Frank, as being best acquainted with his method of working, should complete the opera; as a final referee for consultation he named Johannes Brahms. Frank undertook the duty with a heavy heart, but so finely was his difficult share of the work performed, that Brahms had no words for it but those of hearty approval. The preface to the opera is the best possible record of the care and judgment with which the editor entered upon his hard task. It was produced at Mannheim, and at first was accorded a large measure of success, but whether from the gloominess of the subject, or from a certain lack of brightness and relief in its treatment, it has not shared the general acceptance accorded to its sister opera. There is no

denying that in its poetry and beauty of utterance it strikes a far higher note than the comedy, and it is hard to believe that even in these days of express speed and electric restlessness its merits will be left behind, and its beauties wasted and forgotten. After the death of Goetz, Frank exerted himself to the utmost to ensure a hearing for his works, and the publishing house of Kistner at Leipzig ably seconded his efforts by engraving the posthumous compositions which he selected for publication.

In 1878 Frank's intimate friend, Otto Devrient, with whom he had long been associated at Mannheim, and in whose ability and earnestness of purpose he had complete faith, accepted the directorate of the theatres at Frankfort-on-Main, whither went also Frank as his first Capellmeister. Owing to some differences with the Theatre Committee, Devrient shortly afterwards resigned, and Frank, who stretched his friendship to his colleague to a point which some thought even unnecessary, followed suit: living on for some time longer at Frankfort as a teacher, and in almost daily intercourse with his friend Madame Schumann. By her he was intrusted with the supervision of the full score of her husband's opera "Genoveva," then about to be engraved for the first time, and of the new edition of the Faust music. He also wrote a short comic opera which was brought out at Carlsruhe. But he was not long allowed to remain in retirement. The resignation of Hans von Bülow at the Court Theatre of Hanover left vacant a post which, in spite of dangers and difficulties unusual even in those most inflammable of institutions, Frank accepted, and by his excellent tact succeeded in carrying on with signal success. The excellent orchestra, which is the pride of that opera-house, he maintained at its high level of fame, and the performances which he directed both inside and outside the walls of the theatre were models of their kind. His position there was at all times difficult, not least so owing to the unfriendly attitude of a press which, partly from political motives, was bitterly and unreasonably opposed to all the policy of the Prussian Court Intendant. This Frank endured silently and without a word of complaint, out of a spirit of loyalty to a chief, whose temperament was vastly different to his own, and with whose views he had but little in common. In the intervals of his hard work he wrote an opera on a large scale upon the subject of "Hero and Leander," which shortly after its completion was produced both at Berlin and at Hanover. Despite, however, a sound musicianship and picturesque colouring, it only obtained a *succès d'estime*,

and did not long keep the boards. Shortly afterwards in 1886 he wrote in conjunction with his friend Widmann an opera on the subject of "the Tempest," which he had hopes of seeing performed at Frankfort. He was, however, doomed to be disappointed ; he arrived there only to find that a work by another composer on the same subject had been already accepted. The strain and annoyance of theatre business, his disappointment with regard to his own compositions, and the death of his father, which occurred in the autumn of that year, insidiously told upon his constitution, and in the winter his health gave way. He took a temporary rest, and was apparently restored to sufficient health to enable him to resume his work. But the improvement was only temporary ; his over-worked and worried brain gave way under the strain, and after a long illness he died at the comparatively early age of forty-three. The distressing nature of his ailment brought with it but one mercy, he was spared the knowledge of the death of his only son : the double grief has fallen on the solitary wife and mother, who lives to mourn them both.

As a composer Ernst Frank did not make any considerable mark. He had been too long identified with the conductor's desk to be able to free himself sufficiently from the influence of the works he had daily to rehearse and direct. Always musicianly and well-designed, his writings lacked that independence and force which alone can give life to an artistic creation. If his lot had not been cast in a round of duty which involved the production of other men's compositions, the result would doubtless have been more worthy of his deserts ; for he had all the temperament of an artist of the first rank. The greatest gift he possessed, his quick and sympathetic appreciation of the powers of others, returned evil for good and militated against his own chances. As a conductor, he was of the very first order ; careful, enthusiastic, full at once of steadiness and fire, with a sure grasp of the meaning of his author. In his rendering of simpler music, he was as exact as in his presentment of the most modern and complicated scores. If Wagner was the hobby of his youth, Mozart was the favourite of his maturity ; to conduct the "Figaro" was one of his greatest pleasures, and his boyish enjoyment of it was assuredly shared alike by his artists and his public. Of Wagner's works he most loved the "Meistersinger" ; Brahms had no warmer admirer and no truer friend. He belonged to no party, but appreciated what

was best in all, without being blind as to faults, or sparing in his criticism of what he considered bad art. A more unprejudiced musician has seldom lived. His wide literary attainments were of additional service in keeping his mind open to all shades and tints of feeling in others.

The world has many a brilliant genius to boast of, many a warrior, politician, artist of commanding position and easy fame; it is not so rich in the unselfish helpers of the fame of others, in the quiet men of literature who, like Henry Bradshaw, spend their lives in helping forward and assisting other men's work and take no credit for themselves; in the unselfish and self-obliterating artists who, like Ernst Frank, set themselves to find out unknown genius in others, and to make it appreciated at its due worth. The lives of such men are by their very nature more beautiful than the more dazzling and exciting records of epoch-making names. They are the corner-stones, the foundations, without which the carved pinnacles, the delicate tracery, the tapering spire cannot be raised or fashioned, and deprived of which they would fall. Such architects of other men's fame are too frequently passed by unnoticed by their contemporaries, but they cannot be forgotten by those whose lives they have helped to brighten, whose studies they have helped to widen, and whose aims they have helped to direct, to encourage, and to realize. It would ill become me, who, an unknown foreigner, received the same welcome, the same help, the same sound advice and active encouragement from this generous brother in art which he accorded to worthier countrymen of his own, to be silent now as to his loyal and unswerving power of friendship, a friendship which showed itself in deeds as well as treasured words. I may be pardoned if this poor tribute which I lay to his memory has so far a tinge of personal feeling, for I am conscious that I am but adding one to the list of the many obligations of his brethren in acknowledging my own; debts of honour which neither they nor I can now ever hope to repay save by following in his steps and honouring his name.

C. V. STANFORD.



## Authors and Publishers.

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### PART II.

SUCH were some of the traits of authorship about the middle of last century. It was reserved for Samuel Johnson to lift literature out of the slums of Grub Street. He was a poor man when he came up to London to live by his pen. Cumberland says he subsisted on the scanty pittance of fourpence a day. Only the crumbs of literary labour at first fell to his lot. But when he came into communication with Mr. Cave, he was employed to write articles for the *Gentleman's Magazine*, as well as reports, at second hand, of the Parliamentary debates. Reporters were not then admitted to Parliament, and some of the best known speeches—such, for instance, as the reply of Pitt when he was reproached for being a young man—were from the pen of Samuel Johnson.

He had already written the tragedy of "Irene," but it was refused by the theatrical managers, and was not put upon the stage until twelve years later. He had also written his 'London, a Poem,' in imitation of the 'Tenth Satire of Juvenal.' It was refused by many booksellers; but Robert Dodsley at last gave him ten guineas for the manuscript, and its publication proved a success. Though living within his means, Johnson long continued poor. In a letter written to Cave four months after his appearance of his 'London,' he signs himself "Impransus" (dinnerless), which was literally true. Cave invited him to dinner; but he was so poorly clad, that he did not sit at the guests' table but behind a screen, where a plate of victuals was sent him, while he overheard the conversation of the company.

Literature was in a transitional state. The period of patronage

had not yet passed away, and a general demand for books had not yet begun. A large reading public did not exist. The fee paid for the dedication of a book was usually much larger than what could be obtained for its copyright. Johnson said, "the known style of a dedication is flattery : it professes to flatter." Every rich and good-natured lord was pestered by authors, who expected by their flattering dedication to obtain a purse of gold. The small author was under the necessity of eking out his income by levying contributions on the great. Books were printed merely to be dedicated. Savage obtained ten guineas from Herbert Tryst for the dedication of "*Sir Thomas Overbury*." He received twenty guineas for a panegyric on *Sir Robert Walpole* ; and various sums of patronage money from Lord Tyrconnel and others. But whatever sums he thus got from his patrons rapidly melted away. Johnson, who knew him in his sorrows, left a touching memorial of his life. In concluding it, he says that the narrative may not be without its uses : "if those who, in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregard the common maxims of life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

Johnson conducted himself in an entirely different manner. He bore up against misfortunes ; cheerfully did the work that was given him to do ; and gradually attained the highest point of his profession. Yet even he, like Savage, desired to find a patron for the *Dictionary of the English language*, which he had then projected. The patron whom he had fixed upon was the learned and polite *Earl of Chesterfield*, one of his Majesty's principal Secretaries of State. The plan and prospectus of the *Dictionary* were first sent to this important nobleman. They were carefully written out by an amanuensis, and signed by Johnson's own hand. He waited for an answer, but none came. He then went to the *Earl's house*, sent in his card, and waited in the ante-chamber. But after a long delay—not being invited to see the great man—he went away in disgust, and vented his wrath against him seven years later.

So large and important a work as the *English Dictionary* could not then be undertaken by any single bookseller. The practice of diminishing the risk of publication had now developed into the division of a book into shares, each partner being liable for his portion of the cost. *Dr. Johnson's Dictionary* was accordingly

published in this manner. The booksellers who contracted with Johnson for the execution of the Dictionary were Robert Dodsley, Charles Hitch, Andrew Millar, the two Messrs. Longman, and the two Messrs. Knapton. The stipulated price to be paid on completion was 1500 guineas. The work necessarily involved much labour. Six amanuenses were employed, Johnson himself superintending them. Millar took the principal charge of conducting the publication. "I respect Millar, sir," said Johnson, "he has raised the price of literature."

The Dictionary of the French Academy required forty years for its completion; yet Johnson finished his work in about seven years. In the meantime, however, he occupied himself with other remunerative work. He continued to write for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. His 'Irene' was placed on the stage through the influence of his friend Garrick. He published 'The Vision of Theodoric,' 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' and he began the publication of 'The Rambler,' in which some of his finest essays appeared. He also wrote for 'The Adventurer,' and other miscellaneous works. In short, he was a man full of industry, energy, and self-helpfulness.

At length the seven years passed, and the famous Dictionary was ready for publication. Lord Chesterfield, whom Johnson had so long before desired for a patron, hearing of the completion of the work, inserted two articles in 'The World,' recommending the Dictionary to the public. But Dr. Johnson had already acquired a leading position in the literary world. He no longer required the introduction of a patron; the booksellers had supported him, and the public had subscribed for his Dictionary. Thus the courtly service failed of its object. Johnson turned from the Earl's honeyed words, and addressed him in the following memorable letter:

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, and was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it would be useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before. . . .

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been

delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it ; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself." \*

Lord Chesterfield's only answer to this polished sarcasm was the description which he afterwards gave in his celebrated letters of a "respectable Hottentot." Dr. Johnson, however, perpetuated the word "Patron" in his 'Imitation of Juvenal':

"Yet think what ills the scholar's life assail,  
Toil, envy, want, the Patron, and the jail."

From this time forward, Johnson looked to the booksellers and the public for his literary remuneration. "Learning itself," he said, "is a trade. A man goes to a bookseller, and gets what he can. We have done with Patronage! In the infancy of learning, we find some great man praised for it. This diffused it among others. When it becomes general, an author leaves the great, and applies to the multitude." "But," said Boswell, "it is a shame that authors are not now better patronized." "No, sir," replied Johnson ; "if learning cannot support a man—if he must sit with his hands across till somebody feeds him, it is as to him a bad thing, and it is better as it is. With patronage, what flattery ! what falsehood !"

When Boswell and Mrs. Desmoulins were complaining to Johnson that he had not been called to some great office, nor obtained more money for his works, the sturdy-minded philosopher observed, "I never have sought the world ; the world was to seek me. It is rather wonderful that so much has been done for me. All the complaints which are made of the world are unjust. I have never known a man of merit neglected ; it was generally by his own fault that he failed of success. A man may hide his head in a hole ; or he may go into the country and publish a book which nobody reads, and then complain that he is neglected. When patronage was limited, an author expected to find a Mæcenas, and complained if he did not find one. Why should he complain ?"

On the publication of the Dictionary, Johnson wrote to Mr. Langton : "It has, you see, no patrons, and, I think, has no opponents except the Critics of the Coffee-house, whose outcries are soon dispersed into the air, and are thought of no more."

\* Sir Walter Scott said of Johnson and the imitators of his style : "Many can make Johnson's report, but few can carry his bullet."



Boswell said to him, "I am sorry you did not get more for your Dictionary." "I am sorry too, sir," replied Johnson; "but it was very well; the booksellers are generous, liberal-minded men." He considered them to be the real patrons of literature. But for their enterprise, he could not have carried his work through to completion; and they were not sure that they could be recouped for the large expenses they had incurred during the prosecution of the Dictionary.

Goldsmith also found that the days of patronage had departed, and he was under the necessity of depending on the booksellers for obtaining access to the public. At an early period of his career, before he had produced any work of note, he prepared for the press 'An Inquiry into the Present State of Politic Learning in Europe.' He was at that time poor, and struggling with difficulties. He wrote to a friend in Dublin: "Where am I now? O Gods! here in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score." In another letter he said, "Every work published here, the printers in Ireland republish, without giving the author the least consideration for his copy. I would in this respect disappoint their avarice, and would have all the additional advantages that may result from the sale of my performance there to myself." Goldsmith accordingly gave directions for a hundred proposals of his forthcoming book to be sent to Ireland; but he received no reply, and no subscriptions were forthcoming. Piracy of English books was firmly rooted in Ireland. The Irish booksellers, like the American, considered it their policy to steal the brain works of English authors; and the Irish Parliament, like the American Congress, passed laws protecting the theft. The Irish piracy of books, even though written by Irishmen like Goldsmith and Burke, was not abolished until the Union with Great Britain.

"I don't think," said Burke, in one of his first letters to an Irish friend, "that there is as much respect paid to a man of letters as you imagine. I don't find that genius, 'the rafhe primrose which forsaken dies,' is patronized by any of the nobility. . . . Writers of the first-class are left to the patronage of the public. After all, a man will make more by the figures of arithmetic than by the figures of rhetoric, unless he can get into the Trade wind, and then he may sail secure over Pactolean sands."

But the English booksellers treated Goldsmith and Burke very well, especially after they had become known. Goldsmith

was still writing hack-work for the *Monthly Review*, the *Critical Review*, and *The Bee*, until he made the acquaintance of Johnson, when they became fast friends, though Johnson occasionally gibed at the Irish author. At length Goldsmith began his 'Vicar of Wakefield.' After much delay, and many misadventures, he at last completed it, and then he was arrested for rent. He sent to Dr. Johnson, saying he was in great distress. Johnson sent him a guinea, saying he would come directly. On his arrival, Goldsmith produced the manuscript of 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' his last resource. Johnson perused it, but did not think it would have much success. Nevertheless he went to Francis Newbery, and sold the manuscript to him for £60. He brought the money to Goldsmith, with which he discharged his rent, but not without rating the landlady for having used him so ill.

Newbery did not think much of his purchase. He allowed the manuscript to remain in his desk for several years. At length Goldsmith's 'Traveller' appeared, a poem which Johnson thought equal to anything published since the death of Pope. It was successful, and Goldsmith's name was received with applause. 'The Vicar of Wakefield' was then taken from the bookseller's desk and published, and it proved still more successful. 'The Traveller' was thrown into the shade by 'The Vicar,' a tale which, said Scott, in his generous way, is without parallel as a fireside picture of domestic beauty.

The booksellers went on employing Goldsmith. "I have no dependence," he said, "on the promises of great men. I look to the booksellers for support." He compiled a 'History of Rome' for the use of schools, for which he obtained £300; a 'History of England,' for which he obtained £600; and a 'History of Greece,' for which he obtained £250. He covenanted with the booksellers to secure 800 guineas for a work on Natural History. There was no original research in any of these works. He merely compiled them from other works, and wrote them out in his clear and explicit language. Indeed, Johnson said of his Natural History, "If he can tell a horse from a cow, that is about the extent of his knowledge of zoology."

The booksellers treated Goldsmith better than he treated himself. During the last seven years of his life his average income exceeded £400 a year—not an inconsiderable income in those days. A man living in the Temple with such means might be called opulent. But Goldsmith was unfortunate in

not knowing the right uses of money. It ran through his fingers like quicksilver. He had not the independent spirit of Johnson. The booksellers even paid him for works that he never began. "Was ever man," asks Macaulay, "so trusted before?" Poor Goldsmith spent all his money, and died in debt.

Few works of fiction were published at that time. There was no great reading public, out of which to make a living by small profits and quick returns. A few novels were translated from the French—cumbrous folios or interminable duodecimos—by De la Calprenede and Madame Scudery. Smollett, however, was still read. Horace Walpole, one of the fine-gentleman class of authors, described Smollett as a low writer of romances. Mrs. Radcliffe became the most popular novelist of her time, though her works are now nearly forgotten. Her first work was 'The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne,' which appeared in 1789. Then followed the 'Sicilian Romance,' and 'The Romance of the Forest.' These made a strong impression on the public. Her last tales were 'The Mysteries of Udolpho,' and 'The Italian,' for which she received respectively the sums of £800 and £900. The prices of novels—trashy though they were—were rising in the market.

But lesser-known authors received much less. Miss Burney offered her first work 'Evelina' to Dodsley, who refused it as being anonymous. At last she sold it to Lowndes for £20. The book made a sensation, and she had no difficulty in selling for a much better price her second novel, 'Cecilia.' After resting for about twelve years—during part of which time she was Keeper of the Robes to Queen Charlotte, she published by subscription her five-volume novel 'Camilla,' by which she realized, it is said, about £3000. The bookseller gave for her last novel, 'The Wanderer,' in 5 vols., £1500; but it was the poorest of her performances. Though Miss Burney's works were much prized in her own day, they are now nearly forgotten. How many of these novels of former days are like child's houses built upon the sand, which the next tide washes away!

Nor must we forget the authoress of the 'Simple Story.' Elizabeth Simpson was the daughter of a Suffolk farmer; and being of a romantic disposition, left home, shortly after her father's death, and went to London to endeavour to procure an engagement as an actress. She failed there, but obtained an engagement in a country theatre. She shortly married Mr. Inchbald, also an actor, much older than herself; and they went

about from one theatre to another. Sometimes they were reduced to great extremities. On one occasion, when travelling about the country seeking engagements, the husband and wife went into a field by the roadside, and made their dinner on raw turnips. After the death of her husband, Mrs. Inchbald finished her 'Simple Story,' and sent it to try its fortune in London. But none of the publishers to whom it was offered would accept the work. She then obtained an engagement to play secondary parts at Covent Garden Theatre. To eke out her scanty means, she tried to write for the stage. For her first farce, 'The Mogul Tale,' performed at the Haymarket, she obtained 100 guineas. Her fame became known and appreciated. She received as much as £400 by her comedy of 'Such things are,' as much by her 'Wives as they are and Maids as they were;' and £700 for her 'Every One has His Fault,' probably the best of her plays. She edited several works connected with the British Theatre, which were remunerative. Mrs. Inchbald's 'Simple Story' appeared in 1791, twelve years after it was written, and she obtained for it £200. Three years later she wrote her 'Nature and Art.' On these two works her claims as a novelist rest. They both became extremely popular, as they deserved to be; and they are still reprinted in our collections of standard novels. Mrs. Inchbald was a sweet, simple woman, of blameless character. She wrote these works from the heart and to the heart, and therefore their success.

The alleged illiberality of the publisher to the author is as old as the art of bookmaking. "What, sir!" said Cervantes, "would you have me sell the profit of my labour to a bookseller for three marvedis a sheet?" But what if the result of the selling of the manuscript does not amount to three marvedis a sheet? What, if the sheets, when published, are only fit for lining trunks or kindling fires? How many books are worthless! How many more are worse than worthless! It has been a foolish taunt that booksellers drink their nectar out of authors' skulls. It would be as foolish to speak of the excessive sums given by publishers for books, as instances of their profuse liberality. The bookseller is merely a man of business; who gives to the author what he thinks will repay him on the publication of the book. If the work does not sell, it is the author and the public who are to blame, and not the bookseller.

The publisher, as well as the bookseller, is directly interested in fostering literature. It would be ridiculous to suppose that he

declines to purchase a good book, by which he is sure to make money, on purpose to depress an author or to discourage literature. The bookseller hates to see the works of any author encumbering his shelves. He enters upon his business, not as a philanthropist, but as a publisher; and the more books he sells the better for him, whether he publishes on his own account or sells them on commission.

The reason why so many books fail, is because the people who wrote them have nothing original to say; or what they say, is said badly. Another reason is, that few of those who *can* write, know anything. They have no invention. They do not see with their own eyes, but with other people's eyes. They write books about other people's books, and have little of their own to tell us. Chamfort gives another idea of authorship: "What makes the success of numerous works," he says, "is the affinity between the mediocrity of the ideas of the author and the mediocrity of the ideas of the public."

When an author has composed a work, he necessarily takes an interest in it. Every writer of books, says Shelley, likes to breech his bantlings. He may have spent many years upon it, and probably forms an excessive estimate of its value. He is under the impression that most readers of books will desire to possess it. Lackington, the bookseller, tells the story of a gentleman who, not being able to find a purchaser for his manuscript, resolved to publish it at his own expense. The publisher desired to know how many copies should be printed. The gentleman began to compute how many families there were in Great Britain, and assured the publisher that every family would at least purchase one copy. He was of opinion that, at the lowest, sixty thousand copies only might be printed of the first edition. The publisher prevailed upon him, much to his disgust, to print only twelve hundred and fifty instead of sixty thousand. The result was that only a hundred copies were sold, not even enough to pay for the advertisements; and the author departed railing at the stupidity of publisher, bookseller, and public.

Bookwriting is quite as much a speculation on the one hand as bookselling is on the other. Only a small number of the books published pay their expenses; and very few of them reach a second edition. "Every year," says De Quincey, "buries its own literature." When an author writes for money, he goes to the publisher and endeavours to sell him the manuscript

for as much as he can get. He may get too little, or he may get too much. The publisher takes the risk, and incurs the expense of printing, binding, and advertising. If the book sells and the author thinks he has got too little, he proclaims that he has been outwitted or defrauded. But if the book does not sell, it never enters the author's head to refund the copy-money or return the amount of loss to the publisher. Both have run the risks of the speculation; and both must be content to abide the issue.

But it is not authors only who are impoverished by their labours. Do we not hear of poor doctors, poor lawyers, starved apothecaries, and curates steeped in poverty? The bankruptcy list shows that authors alone do not suffer from the publication of their books. Publishers and booksellers are not, as a rule, rich men. Brewers, whiskey manufacturers, and gin-distillers, make far more money. A modern writer says that "a single wholesale draper in Cannon Street, or St. Paul's Churchyard, probably makes in one year the combined profits of all the London publishers over a similar period." Has not Isaac D'Israeli written a chapter about *Authors who ruined their Booksellers*? He only mentions a few of the ruined booksellers, but he adds that a "book might be written on the subject." Had he lived, he might have added the story of Scott, Ballantyne, and Constable.

Though the business of publishing is exposed to peculiar hazards, and the publisher has for the most part to rely upon his own judgment, the best of them have shown no want of enterprise in supporting authors whose works were in demand. Of course, when an author has secured a reputation, he keeps the benefit of the copyright to himself. In 1759, Dr. Robertson, the Edinburgh Professor, obtained from Cadell and Millar, London, the sum of £600 for the copyright of his 'History of Scotland.' But his reputation being enhanced by the publication, he received no less than £4500 by his 'History of the Reign of Charles the Fifth.' "An author," said Robertson, "should sell his first work for what the bookseller will give, till it shall appear whether he is an author of merit, or, which is the same thing as to purchase-money, an author who pleases the public."

Gibbon brought out the first volume of his 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' in 1776. "So moderate," he says, "were our hopes, that the original impression had been stinted to five hundred copies, till the number was doubled by the

prophetic taste of Mr. Strachan. I am at a loss how to describe the success of the work without betraying the vanity of the author. The first impression was exhausted in a few days ; a second and third edition were scarcely adequate to the demand ; though the bookseller's property was twice invaded by the pirates of Dublin." Gibbon received £6000 in all for his work. The sum might be thought large, yet it was not enough. The tools—that is, the books that he required to purchase (there being no consulting libraries then) cost the workman as much as he obtained for his work. "Six thousand pounds gained on those terms," says D'Israeli, "will keep an author indigent." In fact, no man who has to work for his livelihood can hope to be a great historian. Had Gibbon retained the copyright in his own hands, he might have received a much larger remuneration ; though it is doubtful whether he could have paid to his bankers, like a modern historian, a cheque\* for £20,000 from his publishers, for the two first volumes of his 'History of England.' Hume only received £200 for the two first volumes of his 'History of England,' but he received £4000 for the remaining volumes.

Literary occupation is regulated, like everything else, by the law of supply and demand. If the author cannot find a market for his books, he is in the position of an artist who cannot sell his picture, or an ironmaster who cannot sell his iron, or a weaver who cannot sell his cloth. There are authors from whose books the publishers instinctively shrink, such as poetry and sermons. How many of the works of former Poet Laureates are now read ? They are nearly all forgotten—dead and buried. When Sterne offered a volume of Sermons to a London publisher, he was asked, "Cannot you make them *witty* ?" Dr. Blair sent the manuscript of his first volume of Sermons to Mr. Strachan for his opinion ; but he discouraged the publication of the book. Strachan afterwards consulted Dr. Johnson, who thought the Sermons admirable. Thus encouraged, Strachan and Cadell purchased the first volume for £100, and the circulation was so great that they voluntarily doubled the purchase-money. For the second volume they gave Dr. Blair £300, and for the third volume £600. Thus Sermons, for once, turned up trumps.

At the booksellers' trade sales, Alderman Cadell was accustomed to give the famous toast of "The Booksellers' four B's," which

\* The cheque was that of Messrs. Longman and Co., paid to Messrs. Williams, Deacon, and Co., for the first two volumes of Macaulay's 'History.'

indicated the books that were sold in the greatest numbers. The four B's were 'Burns's Justice,' 'Blair's Sermons,' 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine,' and 'Blackstone's Commentaries.' And yet many of these books had gone a-begging for publishers. Burns sold his 'Justice' for a very small amount, and it became a splendid property. It was the same with 'Buchan's Domestic Medicine,' but it was afterwards reclaimed by its author, and went through 80,000 copies during his lifetime.

Publishers make many hits as well as many misses. In the last century they were, for the most part, their own critics. "The Fathers," as Southey called them, "are by no means infallible in their judgment of books." It is difficult for them to judge of the value of any book in manuscript. It will be remembered how many manuscripts went the round of the trade without being able to find a publisher. That of De Foe's 'Robinson Crusoe' was remarkable. Prideaux's 'Connection between the Old and the New Testament' was handed from publisher to publisher for more than two years. Paley's 'Principles of Moral Philosophy' was refused by the publishers; and then he brought it out at his own expense. The author had no difficulty in afterwards disposing of the copyright for £1000. Dodsley refused to publish Home's 'Douglas,' Murphy's 'Orphan of China,' and many other works. Although Mrs. Radcliffe's romances continued to be read, Miss Austen's first novels were not accepted. Cadell peremptorily refused to publish her 'Pride and Prejudice' at any price. At length she was enabled to publish her 'Sense and Sensibility' anonymously; and, to her surprise, it brought her in a share of the profit amounting to £150. Now, no novels are more prized than those of Miss Austen. Sir Walter Scott said of her, "I read again, and for the third time, Miss Austen's very finely written novel of 'Pride and Prejudice.' That young lady has a talent for describing the involvements, feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I have ever met with."

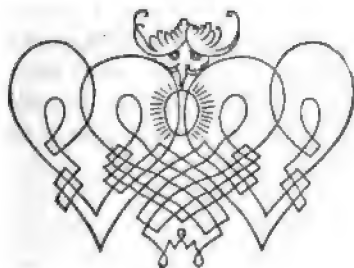
While quoting from Sir Walter Scott, we may give his idea of publishers and authors, from his letter to Miss Seward: "Bookselling," he said, "is the most ticklish and unsafe and hazardous of all professions, scarcely with the exception of horse-jockeyship. I apprehend that upon the whole the account between The Trade and the authors of Britain at large is pretty fairly balanced; and what these gentlemen gain at the expense of one class of writers, is lavished, in many cases, in



bringing forward other works of little value. I do not know but that this upon the whole is favourable to the cause of literature. A bookseller publishes twenty books, in hopes of hitting upon one good speculation, as a person buys a parcel of shares in a lottery, in hopes of gaining a prize. Thus the road is open to all, and if the successful candidate is for once a little fleeced, in order to form petty prizes to console the losing adventurers, still the cause of literature is benefited, since none is excluded from the privilege of competition." In addition to this it may be observed that when the successful candidate has secured his reputation, he has no further difficulty in publishing the remainder of his works at remunerative prices. Of course, the public is always the best judge.

We conclude this article with a clever anecdote told by a lady novelist. "Three ladies, all of them novel-writers, had met in a corner by the door. 'What shall we talk about?' said one. 'It ought to be something professional. Let's abuse the critics.' 'No, let's abuse the publishers.' 'We'll abuse them both,' said the first. 'I cannot,' said the third; 'they have been good to me, they have been my best friends. . . . They have found fault sometimes, but the faults were there; and if I was not aware of them, it was better for me to know. I have learned a good deal from the notices of my books, and sometimes I have been touched by the kindness with which a fault has been pointed out or excused.'"

S. SMILES.





On the 18th of February, 1889, between 8 A.M. and 8 P.M. the record for Holborn was:—

|                                |       |
|--------------------------------|-------|
| Cabs . . . . .                 | 4,399 |
| Omnibuses . . . . .            | 2,566 |
| Wagons and carts . . . . .     | 5,349 |
| Other vehicles . . . . .       | 2,022 |
| Horses led or ridden . . . . . | 35    |

14,371

The foot-passengers on the south side of the street numbered 36,002, and on the north side 30,622, in all 66,624.

Ten years ago, in 1879, the return of traffic for London Bridge gave, during the hours between 6 A.M. and 9 P.M., 18,725 vehicles, of which 2688 were omnibuses. Since then it has, of course, materially increased, but no statistics have been compiled to show in what degree. The foot-passengers at the same time numbered 168,779.

These figures, inadequate as they are to afford any vivid idea of the total traffic which drivers have to contend with, at least suggest that it is enormous and almost uncontrollable. But as a matter of fact we are so used to see the way vehicles are handled that we forget how well it is done, and do not pay rightful tribute to the skill and patience of those who manage them. Whether we take Fleet Street or Cheapside, the Mansion House or the diabolical Bedlam of Thames Street, the same skill is to be observed; and if we reflect how seldom it is, considering their great numbers, that drivers come into anything but comparatively courteous contact with the police, it seems that the machinery of London traffic begins to approach in some degree the perfection of an organism or an automatic machine. For though it threatens to break bounds, it never does, and the few blocks that occur in the main arteries of this vast city are rarely dangerous. The topic is a large one, and might be illustrated in many ways at great length. I mean to speak in this paper more particularly of 'busmen, of whom, including omnibus and tramcar drivers and conductors, there are 12,633 now licensed in London.

The 'bus drivers are usually countrymen who have been accustomed to handle horses from their boyhood. Among them are to be found old farm-labourers, stablemen, grooms, reduced 'bus proprietors, and many others. Occasionally the proprietor of four or five 'buses will drive one himself. There is now on one of the main London routes a driver living in a

West-end square who married a Polish Princess, and is a wealthy man. He cannot do without his daily task, and seems to prefer 'bus driving to handling a phaeton or carriage. But as a general rule the gentleman of the novelists, who takes up a position on the box seat at six shillings a day after driving his own four-in-hand, is really a myth, and nothing more ; for if you ask a 'busmen whether he ever knew of a gentleman coming down to such a position in the social scale, his affirmative answer must be received with caution, owing to his vague use of the very elastic term "gentleman." To get the truth from him it is safer to say "a real swell," and then he will almost to a certainty reply negatively, although he will probably refer to cabmen as possessing the doubtful honour of including reduced noblemen and the like in their ranks. Yet I believe there was only lately a racing man of some social estimation in the employ of the London General Omnibus Company as a "timekeeper," whose duty was to see that the 'buses kept to their regular time on passing his station, or else to report their conductors to the Head Office.

The late threatened strike among the 'busmen seems to have been somewhat in the nature of a fizzle or false alarm, and has gone out like a wet fuze. For some time I have been in a position to ascertain whether it was likely to end in anything, and have come to the conclusion that there is nothing like really deep-seated dissatisfaction among the men employed by the Company which has been in trouble. On the whole, the Road Car men are fairly contented, for among their numbers are many old hands from the General Omnibus Company, who prefer their present employers. It is rather comical to notice that some of the Road Car hands believe that this threatened strike was due to a Machiavellian scheme of the older Company, who fomented discontent in order to injure their rivals. "Who paid them h'agitators, sir," I was asked by a driver ; "that's what I want to know? You depend on it the Omnibus Company did. It's only in the course of nature they should be jealous of us, and want to run our 'buses off the road. Then what would the fares be? Look, sir," and he bent towards me with a most mysterious air, nodding his head ponderously, "you know as it was said we was to go out that Monday? Well, what d'ye think the other Company did?" I shook my head. "Why, sir, they had new fare-boards ready to stick up at once. There!" and he nodded again.

On enquiry of the rival drivers I could find no corroboration of this, and certainly believe that it was nothing but a surmise on the part of some Road Car man, which repetition had converted from a rumour into reality.

It was not wholly without difficulty that I persuaded the 'busmen to talk with any degree of freedom, and I had sometimes to assume an American accent as I related them incidents of the Western States which were more or less veracious and might lead up to something I wished to know. One driver remarked that in his opinion the way things were managed in France was much more astonishing than anything I could tell him of America. This was uttered with an air of vast importance ; and then he turned and asked me whether I had ever been in Paris. On my acknowledging the disgraceful fact that I had never set foot in that city, he became more consequential than ever. *He* had been there, for one of his regular passengers paid his expenses across the Channel in order that he might see the Exhibition. His patron's money seemed to have been to some extent wasted, for the sole great fact he brought back with him was that the Frenchmen were astonishing and unnatural fools, who drove on the wrong side of the road. He wondered how they managed to get along at all, even though he thought nothing much of their traffic. When I told him that the English rule of the road was confined to England and that the almost universal custom was opposite to ours, he sneered at the universe, and, including America in his ban, evidently thought me and my presumed countrymen no better than the French after all. No argument nor persuasion, no illustration nor rhetoric could induce him to look on the matter as a mere convention, for as far as he went he was evidently a bigoted platonic realist who would have condemned a nominalist to the stake.

This same driver told me, what I indeed knew before, that the Parisian horses were much inferior and much worse treated than their English congeners. Yet not long ago matters were equally bad in London, and any one who remembering no more than ten years back can recall to mind the wretched specimens of horse-flesh which drew the vehicles of that time. In those days many of them came from Belgium and were similar in build to the lanky, leggy animals who, in nature's coat of black or a little added paint, now draw a funeral *cortège*. At the present time the 'bus horses are of a better stamp, to say nothing of their being better fed, better groomed and less brutally used. The

Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has done much to alleviate the lot of the 'bus horse, and this is generally recognized by drivers. When I told one of the way horses were looked after and treated in New York, he said, "I suppose there ain't no Prevention Sassiety there."

That same man, who was a cynical, dissatisfied lean man, with a sneer added, "But they don't have no Sassiety for the Prevention of Cruelty to Drivers." His grievance was that his inclusive hours were about sixteen hours a day. As a general rule, however, the men look upon long hours as an economic necessity, and do not think that the Companies could shorten them and yet pay much of a dividend. One man, evidently a Conservative of the deepest dye, went so far as to argue that twelve hours a day was the right thing for a working man, and evidently looked on me as a Socialist and agitator when I urged that one man should not work more than another, and that eight hours was amply sufficient for any one who thirsted for hard work. He was, however, as impervious to argument or enticement as Canning's knife-grinder, and soon became silent, being evidently relieved when I left the box seat.

As a matter of fact the Road Car men do work longer hours than the General Omnibus Company's *employees*, but in the opinion of most of the men there is much to make up for the difference in time, which is on an average about an hour and a half. For one thing the Omnibus men have far more calls upon their pocket than the Car men, and often pay out to horse-keepers and others over ten shillings a week. Although they are supplied with the money by the conductors, who in turn take it, and more, from the Company, it is naturally annoying to be obliged to do what amounts to paying other men's wages. A driver dare not refuse, for the horse-keeper will make it so unpleasant for him, that in the end he will be stopped for not doing his duty without friction, and another driver will take his place. Of course the authorities in the General Omnibus Company are well aware of the state of things, and feeling unable to alter them to their satisfaction, let them go on as they are. On the other hand the horse-keepers for the Road Car get only an occasional tip, so that the drivers' expense amount to little beyond the recognized eighteenpence, one shilling of which goes to the accident, or damages fund, and sixpence to the sick fund. If there should be a surplus in these at the end of the year, the money is shared.

As wages go nowadays, the pay of the men in the employment of the larger Companies cannot be considered so very bad, especially when it is taken into account that they make a good deal which should legally go to increasing a dividend. Every one is quite aware of this. The pay of the Omnibus Company's drivers is 6s., the conductors get 4s., the horse-keepers 3s. What they make over depends on many circumstances, but as a general rule the driver will get between three and four shillings a day extra from the conductor, who probably "knocks down" nearly ten shillings during the day, taking most of it himself. The horse-keeper gets a shilling a day from the driver, who has also to see the men who hold or change horses, while the conductor pays the timekeeper at certain points. These last receive very small pay.

In the Road Car Company the wages are somewhat higher, the drivers receiving 6s. 6d., the conductors 5s., the horse-keepers 3s. 5d.; but then, owing to the ticket system, they are unable to make as much aside as their rivals. One driver of a Road Car objected very strongly to the tickets on account of their making a man look like a thief; but as five minutes after he declared irritably that, owing to the arrangements the Company made for looking after their financial interests, the men were hardly able to get an extra drink, the honesty I first attributed to him seemed a doubtful quantity. It is certain, however, that the conductors do make something by foisting used tickets on passengers. These they pick up, and then pretend to tear them from the roll. All the year round, however, they take enough to keep them fairly contented, in spite of spies and the ticket inspectors, whom they nickname "Jumpers." Sometimes indeed an inspector will "pal in" with the conductor and work the route for their joint benefit, until suspicion is excited by a falling off in the receipts. For, as is sometimes remarked to conductors of more than average dishonesty, "the Company wants a little of it, my man."

Occasionally the conductor and driver of a 'bus on an especially good route will make a very good thing of it for a time. A driver in the Road Car Company, but formerly of the General Omnibus Company, chuckled to me over the fact that once for a long time his share of the daily "swag" was ten shillings. "Out of that, sir, I could afford to pay all calls, and yet do well." As he received £2 2s. a week and made at least £3 more, it certainly seems that he ought to have been able to settle with the horsekeepers and yet have a good balance in hand.

However, that was on an exceptional and hitherto unworked route.

It is worth remarking that though passengers sometimes chuckle when reflecting that they get the long drive from Piccadilly Circus to Hammersmith for *2d.*, that route is regarded by the Companies as doing very well. Two drivers assured me that they believed it and the West Kensington line of 'buses made as much as any other. It might be well to bear this in mind when groans are next heard about competition and the cutting of fares.

What has that same competition not done for the 'bus-travelling population of London? Only a few years ago the handsome and commodious vehicles now at our disposal for a penny were narrow, dirty, straw-steaming dens into which was no admittance under twopence. Their windows perpetually rattled, their odour was offensive, their ventilation vile, their seats contracted to a rude ledge, while the steps to the top were a ladder such as one sees in mines, only to be ascended and descended at the risk of a broken neck; while the horses which drew them were of such kind, that it pained every humanely disposed person to sit behind them. We certainly have much to thank the Road Car Company for if it was only for the introduction of more commodious vehicles and those garden-seats, which the inventor should have registered. The carriages of the present London, Chatham and Dover Railway are the only vehicles human beings are supposed to enter, like the old 'buses of the General Omnibus Company. Now, however, matters are different; it is so easy to climb on the top of a 'bus, that women, once a rare and almost disgraceful sight on the outside, are often in the majority there. Perhaps drivers are not wholly glad of this, as it compels their remaining motionless longer when one of their fair passengers descends. Indeed the humours of some women on 'buses are more annoying than amusing, and once when two girls stopped a driver three times before they finally decided on the right spot to alight, the driver, a fine strong fellow, with a ruddy face like the north-west moon in a fog, angrily remarked to me that he had come to the conclusion that if women weren't wicked they were silly. Perhaps under the circumstances he might be pardoned for such a sweeping generalization, for the ways of women in stopping, entering and leaving a 'bus are often annoying, and can always be made a topic of conversation with a loquacious conductor when none but men are inside his vehicle.



As concerned with what may be called the "strategy" or high policy of 'bus-handling compared with more commonplace tactical matters, "following 'buses" and "keeping the road" deserve mention. It is sometimes of importance for a driver, who knows that for some minutes no 'bus has preceded him, to prevent any rival passing him in order to pick up the accumulations of waiting passengers. He will sooner let a 'bus which is behind, waste time in snapping up an odd old lady who takes five minutes to get in than wait for her. Then he may have a long stretch of road for some minutes with no one close in front of him.

'Busmen get very angry at other drivers and conductors "stealing time" from them. As the times for passing certain points are duly specified in the ordinary instructions, it follows that, during certain minutes, well-defined parts of roads "belong" to the 'bus which keeps its hours. To "steal time" is for a driver of the same company to loaf behind and pick up passengers which should have been left for the next 'bus. Nothing annoys the robbed individuals more, and to revenge it they "follow" that 'bus, making it hurry, until they force it close up to the next one in front, thus very likely keeping it for a long distance without a passenger.

A good deal of skill comes in at such places as Piccadilly Circus, where many 'buses start at frequent intervals for the same destinations, say, Walham Green. On this point a driver once said to me, "if my 'bus goes to Walham Green and I see a white 'bus standing at the corner, of course I wait. He's got all the passengers just then, and if I draw in behind him, the police won't let me wait, not they. So I stops outside, loafs, goes slow, anything to kill a minute or two, so that three or four 'buses to Hammersmith, West Kensington, or Victoria come in and force the Walham Green 'bus to go. Then I comes up and we stand a show. Oh yes, sir, there's a good deal of art in it!"

One of the most irritating incidents which can happen to a constant 'bus traveller is to enter a "pirate" by mistake, and then have to pay double fare. Last year I talked with the driver of a "pirate" in Oxford Street, and his contempt for the regular 'bus drivers was quite on a par with the swagger of the buccaneer in fiction who sneers at "mere honest traders." He chaffed the Companies' men as he went along, recommending one to pull his left-hand rein, asking another if he was a converted hearse-

driver, and telling a third that he ought to drive for Buffalo Bill and be looked at through a "hop'ra glass." Every now and again he made a charge as though intending to spear a hostile conductor on the end of his pole. He despised them all, and congratulated himself on working fewer hours and making more money than any of them. I asked him what Company he belonged to. "This 'bus and two others," he replied, "is an association all to itself, and I belong to it." "Do you mean you are a shareholder?" He winked at me. "In a kind of a way I am. My mate and I go where we like and do pretty nearly as we please. If we can see where more money is to be made than here, we leave this road and change about."

This seems to be the common custom with "pirate" buses owned by the smaller proprietors. At the present time, for instance, they will leave their usual haunt as evening comes on, and hang out a placard "To Barnum's direct;" while in the winter, when the snow is heavy, they hook in a third horse, and go fast where the regulars can only crawl, charging of course extra fares. Generally speaking, however, they are nothing but traps for the unwary, who pay twopence instead of a penny, and get no satisfaction beyond being told that that 'bus does not belong to either of the big Companies. As to the wages they make, I imagine no one but themselves knows, though they certainly are considerable.

Few people, if indeed any, have any notion of the immense capital invested by the larger Companies, or of the stock-in-trade they employ, nor that there are as many as 1898 omnibuses licensed to carry passengers in London. The General Omnibus Company owns very nearly 9500 horses, the average price of which is about £33 10s., while the Road Car Company owns 2285. The horses of the latter concern are a little the heavier in appearance, and probably cost more when bought. Every horse is branded with a number on the hoof of the near fore-foot, and each animal that becomes entirely unfit for work is slaughtered. Some few which are still sound, but not suitable for fast work, are sold. There are many points of interest in the accounts of the various Companies. For instance, in the half-yearly Report of the Road Car Company an item in the receipts is "Army Registration of horses to September 29, 1890—£450." Many of these animals are kept on the books of the War Office for an annual fee of ten shillings, which gives the Government the right to purchase them at a certain price in case of emergency.

A sum of £7000 is set aside in the War Office estimates giving a control over 14,000 horses. Doubtless in the case of any perilous extremity we should take them *nolens volens*, pay or no pay, but this system at any rate gives the authorities ready, instant and legal access to a supply of valuable transport animals, just as they can obtain registered steamers for cruisers or troop-ships if they are needed. We continually hear military alarmists lamenting the utter inability of the country to remount or even to mount the cavalry ; but should the necessity arise for immediate action, the Government would find little difficulty in temporarily annexing far more horses than those of the 'Bus Companies, which are mostly only fit for transport or artillery. It may be remarked that the average working life of a 'bus horse is about twelve years.

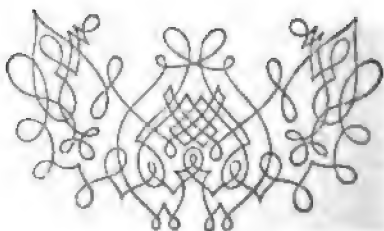
The General Omnibus Company consumes in six months considerably over a hundred thousand pounds' worth of forage. An item in its half-yearly receipts is £5220 for advertising, while the Road Car made £830 in the same way. But when we come to the statistics of passengers carried, the figures are large. From January 1 to June 30, the General Omnibus Company carried nearly fifty-one millions of passengers ; while during the same period the Car Company's figures reach thirteen millions and a half. Of the various other Companies and associations and small owners no statistics are readily obtainable. The Road Car Company's report gives the weekly average earnings per car as £17 7s., and the expenses as £16 5s. 10d., which leaves a balance in favour of the Company of £1 1s. 2d. The General Omnibus Company's 'buses earn weekly only £15 11s. 4d. ; but as no details are given of the expenses, it is impossible to say what cash overplus is left. Probably the average working expenses are much lower, owing to the greater number running, for the Omnibus Company has 810 'buses on week-days to 155 of the Road Cars. In all likelihood the Directors are fairly satisfied that the ticket system would not increase the dividend, even though they know that the weekly earnings ought to be nearer £18 than £15.

To an outsider it seems rather a painful thing that dishonesty should be a recognized factor in any business. Perhaps in this case it is inevitable ; but certainly if the wages were raised, it would no longer be compulsory. No man can nowadays be expected to work from twelve to sixteen hours for such a few shillings as the drivers and conductors get. A man who knows

he works for small wages, and knows, moreover, that he is quite expected to help himself, will hardly have a very high moral standard when he leaves the footboard. He will get to look at things in the way the American conductor did, who on obtaining employment on a Railroad was "stone broke," but a very short time afterwards was known to be well off, and in possession of much jewellery, many town lots and a new house. When the directors accordingly called him up and, reproaching him, bade him take his discharge, he merely remarked, "Well, gentlemen, you are right, but if you discharge me, you must put another in my place who will have to get all these things. As for me, I am quite satisfied now. I think you will be consulting your own interests by keeping a contented man!" It is hardly likely that any London conductor has been, or will be so successful as this logical and keen-witted American, either in making money or in keeping his situation when detected, but they all do what they can in this direction. No doubt there are very many absolutely honest men in the Companies' employment, but most of them come sooner or later to the conclusion that they are playing a game of skill, in which cheating is not forbidden, but only being found out. All they owe to themselves and their families is not to be caught with the cards up their sleeves, or with used tickets in their possession.

Considering how hard worked these men are, how skilful, and how steady, they certainly deserve more than they get when employed, and other prospects when past work than being told that since they are no longer of use to the Companies whose business they have carried on so ably, they must descend from the box seat or the foot-board, and give place to some younger man from among the ever increasing crowd of those who look for work in the streets of busy London.

MORLEY ROBERTS.



## Up the Obi to Tobolsk.

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IN the two articles published some months ago in this Magazine I described my wanderings in the frozen wilderness, which had landed me on November 8th at the village of Obdorsk.

I had now returned, if not to a high standard of civilization, at least to a land of settled habitation, and within the framework of an ordered community, with Church and State duly represented by Popes and Tchinovniks.

Obdorsk, which had been the goal of our cold, wearisome reindeer journey, and had seemed to my Samoyede companions in the fireless, hungry nights on the barren tundra like the promised land flowing with vodki and roubles, is the most northerly Russian settlement on the Obi. Its few low wooden huts nestle round a hill, which is covered by the wooden chapel of the Russian missionaries, and overlooks the confluence of the rivers Polui and the monster Obi. Rising as it did, when we reached it on the 8th of November, over endless miles of snow and ice, in which the banks of the rivers were indistinguishable from the surrounding flat country, this hill, with its little cluster of huts, appeared like some inhabited islet rising from the sea ; and yet this forlorn settlement is the capital of the land of the Samoyedes. In the summer it can only be approached by water, the banks of the river and all the surrounding country being too marshy to admit of any other means of communication. In winter the frozen river is the high road which joins it to the rest of the civilized world, and a high road which needs careful and clever navigation on the part of the reindeer-drivers, owing to the danger of the numerous and broad crevasses with which the Obi is intersected ; in autumn and spring, however, when the first frosts set in, and again when the ice breaks up, Obdorsk is often left many weeks at a time entirely cut off from

the rest of the world. It was just after such a period of isolation that we reached it, and no regular communication had yet been established along the frozen Obi, so that my hopes of finding letters and, what was even more important, a remittance of money with which to proceed on my journey, were dashed to the ground, and we had to make up our minds to a halt till the arrival of the first post from Berezow. I cannot say that this appeared at first to any of us a particular hardship. A fixed watertight roof over our heads, plenty of fuel, and plenty of food, appeared to us the only things life was worth living for, and my sympathies for the people whose fate it is to spend their lives in these frozen plains in the midst of Samoyedes and Ostiaks were only aroused after the novelty of permanent shelter and meals coming with assured regularity had somewhat worn off.

Obdorsk, as I have said above, is the capital of the Samoyede country. The Russians, when extending their dominions towards the frozen North, followed the policy to which their success in administering the numberless tribes and countries which have had to submit to their irresistible advance in every portion of Asia is due. They left the various tribes in possession of their tracts of country, granting them self-government and exacting only a certain tribute and the right of trading, fishing, and sending convicts. The land of the Samoyedes proper is the Yalmal Peninsula, but it extends west to the Urals, south to a line running from west to east a few versts north of Berezow and to the east towards the Yenisei, its limits in this direction being rather vague, as the Samoyedes share the rights of 'pasture in the forests on the west bank of the Yenisei with the various other north Siberian tribes. Their form of government is of the most primitive kind. They were, till within a few years, governed by a hereditary Kniaz or Prince, who held a regular patent from the Czar. He made himself responsible for the poll-tax of his subjects, and presided over the meetings of the "starosti" or elders of the tribe, dealt out summary justice, and imposed fines and taxes. The last Kniaz died three years ago, and according to all accounts was a man of no little capacity and intelligence. Finding that the Russian traders were using vodki as their only article of barter, and that his tribe was in consequence getting rapidly demoralized, he informed the Russian officials that he would no longer make himself responsible for the payment of the poll-tax if the sale of spirits was

not absolutely and strictly prohibited in his dominions. Accordingly he gave them the choice of stopping the sale, or of themselves collecting the tax, knowing that the nomad habits of his subjects who travelled over the tundra to places unapproachable by European taxgatherers made this an impossible task. His request had to be complied with, though evil tongues will have it that there was a reservation in this agreement rendering it possible for his Samoyede Highness to provide himself and his family with the fire-water necessary for his delectation and that of his friends. His mode of living was similar to that of his fellow-countrymen, but his herd was celebrated for its size, and the chosen quality of its deer. His habitation was a large choom a little north of Obdorsk. Being a man of plenty of energy and enterprise, and finding that he was treated with scant ceremony by the Russian officials, and that his demands on several disputed points were not listened to, he one day harnessed his best deer to his sledge, and, with one or two chosen companions, disappeared from his choom. Some time after, reports reached Obdorsk that he had crossed the Urals and that, boldly traversing Northern Russia, he had made his way to St. Petersburg to lay his grievances before the Czar, by whom he was treated with much kindness and with the honour due to a reigning prince. After a short stay he set forth on his lengthy return journey, on which he proved his foresight and the interest he took in the welfare of his people. Observing that the reindeer of the Laps, through whose country a part of his journey lay, were far larger and stronger than their Samoyede kinsmen, he took with him a dozen stags to improve the breed. This laudable effort, however, was not crowned with success, as the scanty food of the tundra did not suffice for these deer, used to the abundant and more nourishing moss of North-east Russia. I learnt many details about this potentate from Alexander, who on a former expedition with the Siberian explorer Professor Saumier had visited Obdorsk and seen him in the heyday of his rule. After his death his magnificent herd was divided amongst his sons and daughters, who, though still clinging to the title of "kniaz," are no longer allowed to enjoy the privileges accorded to their father. Soon after my arrival in Obdorsk I received a visit from them. They were only distinguishable from their humbler brethren by the fact that their garments were made entirely of the hide of white reindeer, and that the women wore an unusual number of brass ornaments. They besieged me,

regardless of the fact that I understood not a word, with a long recital of their woes in having been deprived of their princely privileges, until I discovered that the only means of putting a stop to their rhetoric was in a lavish distribution of vodka, a method which they were by no means averse to, and which certainly was effective in rendering them speechless for a prolonged period.

I gathered much information concerning the habits of Samoyedes and Ostiaks from the worthy citizen of Obdorsk who had hospitably received me under his roof when all his fellow-citizens looked upon me and my companions with doubt and distrust.

Constantine Popow had settled in Obdorsk when quite a young man, allured by the prospects of making his fortune in the fishing industry, like so many others of the great Siberian merchants before him. The giant Obi is filled with valuable fish, most of which are, however, only known to me under their Russian names. First and foremost is the sturgeon, which runs to an enormous size here. One I saw freshly caught weighed 216 pounds. The Moksun and Nielma are very plentiful, and in addition to these there are many smaller varieties. These fish are caught with nets and lines in summer, with wicker-baskets shaped like eel-traps, introduced into holes laboriously cut through the ice, in winter. They are then salted and transported in spring to the great fairs in the interior of Siberia; chiefly that of Irbit, where they are sold to the proprietors of mines and other employers of labour in the Ural, who sell their fish to their workmen as their main staple of food. This fishing industry has laid the foundations of several large fortunes on the Obi, but the money so made has, as a rule, found its way into the pockets of one or two giant capitalists, who have thus practically become the lords and masters of the land. Poor Popow, after reaching a very high standard of prosperity, had, when on the verge of success, encountered a series of misfortunes and succumbed to the autocrat of the Obi, Mr. K——, a successful, influential, and utterly unscrupulous Tobolsk Gombeen man. Popow had come to Obdorsk with a very scanty amount of ready money. He set up his nets, after paying a small tax to the Samoyede community for the right of fishing, and succeeding the first year, gradually laid the foundations of a fortune. As his business developed, he employed Ostiak fishermen, whom he paid in



kind, obtaining the articles to do so on a year's credit from the great Tobolsk merchant. This man, possessing at the time the only steamers on the Obi, was *ipso facto* the only man to whom Popow could sell his fish, the steamers being the sole means by which the fish could be transported to Irbit in time for the fair. Seeing Popow's success was on the point of making him independent and of enabling him to build a steamer of his own, K—— suddenly raised his freights to a prohibitory price. Popow being unable to sell his fish, was unable to pay for the goods he had obtained on credit, and in due time was made a bankrupt. I give this case as an instance of the mode of establishing absolute monopolies by people provided with some capital in Siberia, and which has led to the enormous fortunes made by men like Mr. K—— and many others. Popow was in these unhappy straits when I reached Obdorsk, and I was filled with the greatest pity for this really excellent and worthy type of Russian. He had gained for himself by his disinterested actions during three years of famine the affection of all the natives, by selling bread at Obdorsk at rather less than the cost price, whilst the Gombeen man had raised his to famine prices on other places on the Obi.

There was another portion of Obdorsk society which I learnt to know through my host, and by no means the least interesting one. These were the political exiles, who were seven in number. They lost no time in introducing themselves to me. I had hardly been under Mr. Popow's roof half an hour, and was revelling in all the unwonted luxuries of civilized life, such as chairs, tables, and, above all, a looking-glass, when the door opened, and I was much astonished to hear a female voice greet me with "Good evening," in English. A young lady, accompanied by two gentleman-like looking companions, entered, and apologizing for disturbing me at so early a period, began to overwhelm me with questions as to my journey, my further plans, and news of the world in general. I soon made out these were three of the banished Nihilists, the seriousness of whose crimes had caused their banishment to the most northerly exile district of West Siberia. My interest was naturally most especially aroused by my female visitor. She was, according to her own account, twenty-six years of age, and in her intelligent, refined face one could read the tale of the seven years of imprisonment, exile, and the hardships of the struggle for existence which had been her lot in several places in Siberia.

She did not volunteer to tell me the actual cause of her present enforced residence in Obdorsk, a very severe punishment which has only in two previous cases been inflicted on women. For a woman it is almost impossible to subsist through the long and severe winter on the monthly Government grant of six roubles (roughly, twelve shillings), which in other places can be supplemented by their own efforts, but which in Obdorsk form almost the sole income for women exiles, there being little or no demand for the sort of work which they are fit to undertake. Though unwilling to speak of the immediate cause of her banishment, she was quite ready to be communicative about the various incidents of her journeys through, and her enforced sojourn in, Siberia, "*où je suis enterrée vivante*," as she said. She was educated in a University in the south of Russia, and though having taken no part in the Nihilistic movement herself up to that date, accompanied her brother, when she was eighteen years of age, to the mines in the extreme east of Siberia, where he had been condemned to work for the rest of his life as an active Nihilist. Having seen him established there, she made her way back to Irkutsk, *en route* for her native town; but here she was informed by the police that it was expedient, owing to her connections, to keep her "*En prevention*," that is in preventive exile. However, she obtained money and a false passport, and then started on a wild journey in the middle of winter through the whole of Siberia alone, a girl of eighteen, closely pursued by the police. After a continuous journey of several weeks, fraught with every kind of danger, she reached Moscow, and sought refuge in the only quarter which was left open to her, viz. the friends and accomplices of her brother. These, of course, made her a tool for their plots in return for the concealment they afforded her.

In this *milieu* she was thoroughly imbued with the principles which have sent hundreds of every class of society to the scaffold, and to life-long exile in the most dismal portion of the globe. She soon became a leading spirit amongst these criminal fanatics, and after very few months was arrested, and having suffered a year's imprisonment in the gloomy fortress of St. Peter and Paul, at St. Petersburg, was sent to Surgut. She managed to make her escape from here, and on being re-arrested on her arrival in Russia, was sent to Obdorsk. One could not help having a feeling almost akin to admiration for the calm unimpassioned way in which she and her two companions

described the sufferings of separation and isolation ; talking of their " cause " as if, instead of having political assassination for its object, it were some holy religion which some day must triumph, and of which they were the apostles and martyred exponents. Her six companions were Poles, and one of them, a young lawyer, struck me as singularly well-informed and intelligent. To eke out the monthly six roubles the men followed various trades, being bootmakers, locksmiths, and so on. In addition to this, the lawyer was in charge of the Meteorological station. The woman kept house, and employed her spare moments in bookbinding, a handicraft, however, for which there was but little scope in Obdorsk. There is little or no restriction on the movements of the exiles beyond a visit to their homes at eleven o'clock at night, an hour when they are supposed to retire. This visit, however, in Obdorsk is made in a very perfunctory manner, the distance which separates Obdorsk from the nearest inhabited spot making it impossible for the exiles to escape with their very limited supply of money. The thing most complained of seems to be the opening of their incoming and outgoing correspondence by the *Zasedatel*, the official who reigns over the district of Obdorsk, and is practically an autocrat ; his superior, the *Ispravnik* of Berezow, pushing but very rarely as far north as Obdorsk. This fact of being practically at the mercy of a small official in out-of-the-way places, seems to me the worst hardship the political exiles, who are all sent to these regions for serious crimes, have to put up with, for many are the annoyances and tyrannies which can be inflicted by these officials, who are too often utterly uneducated and unprincipled men risen from the ranks of the local police of the larger Siberian towns, and regarding the persecution of political exiles as their *raison d'être*.

A strict censure is exercised over the books and pamphlets which are sent by friends and relations from home, but this seems to be evaded, as I had reason to discover myself in the following way.

Soon after my arrival in Obdorsk I was laid up with a violent attack of dysentery, occasioned, no doubt, by the sudden change from a dietary which would have gladdened the heart of Banting, consisting exclusively of half-raw and often wholly raw reindeer-meat, to a more or less luxurious one of vegetables and fruit. This illness left me in a very weak state, and I was a considerable time regaining my strength. During the days of

my convalescence, time hung very heavily upon my hands, and not being provided with much literature, I thankfully accepted the loan of the few books which formed the library of the Obdorsk exiles. The selection was characteristic, and if not exactly of the light description suitable for the tastes of an invalid, at any rate instructive. John Stuart Mill's 'Political Economy'; 'La Révolution de '48,' by Louis Blanc; 'Social Problems,' and several other pamphlets, by Henry George; and 'Sunrise,' a novel, by Black. Every one of these books, excepting the last, were strictly prohibited, but owing no doubt to the difficulty of comparing their titles with the official list of prohibited books, they had managed to escape the vigilance of the "Zasedatel." On my recovery I paid a visit to the house occupied by the "politicals," as they are called all over Siberia, and spent the evening in their company. As I sat surrounded by these quiet and most inoffensive-looking people, discussing the various berries which abound in these regions, and which were the only luxury which could be provided in addition to the tea we drank, I could with difficulty realize I was in the presence of people who formed part of the most dangerous and criminal of secret societies; whose very name is avoided in all circles of Russian society, and who are only mentioned with bated breath. My hosts were anxious to draw me into a discussion of the Irish question, which seemed to interest them greatly, and which they followed with the closest attention in such papers as they were allowed to receive; but finding me absolutely opposed to their views on this subject, they soon desisted from "drawing" me, and with much tact avoided all political discussion, expressing, however, their amusement at the excitement created by the refusal of certain Irish members to don the prison costume, and the consequent outcry all over England and America. They mentally, no doubt, compared the lot of Russian and Irish conspirators, as they grimly pointed to the photographs which adorned their walls of the chained gangs of which they had formed part. There was no question in these regions and this climate of refusing the prison costume, and Mrs. X. showed me a little fashionably-cut jacket, still adorned with the yellow diamond-shaped mark which indicated the length of her sentence, and which she had made from the loose cloak of rough grey material, which is the travelling costume of the Russian convict.

Much as I was interested in this section of Obdorsk society, I

had to refrain from too much intercourse with them and confined my visits to that described, as I was not anxious to deepen the suspicions of the other and official portion of the community, who openly expressed doubts as to the veracity of the account I gave of my journey and of my antecedents. The want of means to proceed on my journey did not make the state of affairs any better, and it was with no little anxiety and impatience that I awaited a solution to my embarrassing position. The amiability of my host and his worthy wife, however, went far to make my enforced halt bearable. I occasionally, when the cold was not too intense, shouldered my gun and tramped along the frozen Obi in search of the ptarmigan, which swarmed in the low brushwood of the banks and islands. On one of these occasions I had one of the greatest frights it has ever been my fortune to experience. I was walking along the middle of the river when I suddenly heard a roll like that of thunder seemingly rushing towards me up the course of the river. The perfectly cloudless sky could not account for this mysterious and startling phenomenon, and it was not till the sound came close, and passed on, accompanied by loud cracking sounds all round me, that I realized it was the river itself that was causing it. I was not long in gaining *terra firma*, and then learnt from Crowther, who was versed in all the mysteries of ice, that the falling away of the water under the enormous thickness of ice, which we found to be as much as nine feet, caused it to suddenly crack in all directions, and produced the deafening sounds which had so startled me.

Another and more pleasant break in the monotony of my stay was a visit from our quondam Samoyede guides and companions. They came from the winter quarters they had taken up in the neighbouring forest to solemnize the baptism of the infant which had made its appearance *en route*, and provided as they were by me with the means of procuring, *sub rosa*, sufficient vodki to make this ceremony pass off with *éclat*, they were in the very best of spirits. They came driving up the village in fine style, Arik, the young lady, leading the way with the four snow-white reindeer she always drove, and which were an heirloom of her departed father's. Her sledge was gaily decorated with bright-coloured lappets, and she was girt about with a strap glittering with the brass cartridge caps which she had carefully picked up each time I had fired off my gun within her reach. The others also had furbished up their sledges and

harness, and Ivan's leading deer was decorated with a large bell, which tinkled merrily as they trotted up to the door of the church. A baptism is regarded by the Samoyedes as a most legitimate means of "spoiling the Egyptians," *i.e.*, the Russians, and the religious part of it impresses them but little; in fact, even those who profess to be Christians are very lukewarm in their devotions, and always have a sneaking regard for their original "Shaman" religion. But a baptism is an easy method of turning an honest penny, and is a ceremony which never loses the charm of novelty for the wily Samoyede.

The villages and settlements of the extreme north of Siberia possess as a rule one or two Russian missionary priests whose business it is to lay hold of every native and convert him to the orthodox faith. This is done by the simple process of giving him a little silver cross to wear, sprinkling his head with holy water, and naming him after the saint on whose day the ceremony happens to take place. In addition to this (and this forms the attraction to the native) he is given a shirt and a rouble, *i.e.*, a bottle of vodki. As there is no means of ascertaining the fact of this ceremony having been gone through, the Samoyede, as soon as his reindeer brings him to some new village, forgets his name, takes off his cross, and soon rejoices in a new name, a new shirt, a new cross, and a new carouse, and thus the operation goes on practically *ad infinitum*. The consequence is that the Samoyede is often at a loss to remember what his real name is, not knowing which to choose in his *embarras de richesses*, and readily answers to any name in the Russian calendar.

We had been very much pleased to see our companions once again, but after they had spent a considerable portion of the 300 roubles I had paid them in vodki, their visit to Obdorsk became rather embarrassing, especially as they thought it natural to consider my lodging their headquarters. I was eventually obliged to have them forcibly ejected, but till late at night I heard them singing and wrangling in the main street outside our door. I may here say that singing is only a relative term to describe the sound emitted by the Samoyede even when sober. It consists of a long "recitative" of two notes, the fundamental and a minor third. The words are generally impromptu, giving a description of some ordinary occurrence repeated over and over again till the want of breath puts a stop to the performance. I believe they possess some kind of stringed

instruments, but I never saw one, though I observed they were fond of what they no doubt call music, but to us seemed discordant sounds. Amongst the various luxuries our friends provided themselves with at Obdorsk was a small accordion (a very favourite instrument of the Russian peasants), on which they performed without ceasing the most appalling din, showing the greatest contempt for a fine solo on this instrument performed for their benefit by Crowther, and indicating that he could not play, as he produced only one note at a time. I can well understand their liking for sounds of any kind, living as they do in the unbroken silence of their native tundra.

Wishing to compare the Samoyede and Ostiak modes of sledging, the reindeer *v.* the dog-sledge, I undertook an expedition to the residence of the last of Samoyede princes, which lay about 30 versts west of Obdorsk. My weight, however, demoralized my canine team soon after the start, and notwithstanding blows lavishly distributed to the motley pack, which consisted of all sorts and conditions of dogs, I was obliged to accomplish most of the journey on snow-shoes. I reached my destination after a five hours' tramp, and found a large well-built wooden hut—or, as it is called in these regions, "jurte." I particularly noticed at the door a draughtboard cut out of the solid rock, and was told by Alexander that draughts were the favourite amusement of his late Highness, who was much looked up to by his subjects, for an accomplishment so far beyond the powers of an ordinary Samoyede. With this and several other short excursions, I tried to wile away the time till deliverance came rather unexpectedly, and in noble style. I had been out shooting all the morning on the 23rd of November, and on my return in the afternoon found the whole village in a flutter of excitement owing to the unexpected arrival of the Ispravnik of Berezow, the potentate of these regions, who has charge of the whole district from the village of Samarova on the Obi to the shore of the Arctic Sea. What was the astonishment of the good people of Obdorsk when they found that the despised and suspected stranger whom they had eyed askance during his fortnight's stay was met in person by the "Boyar," as the Ispravnik is called by the natives. Their demeanour underwent an extraordinary change during the two days I remained in Obdorsk before starting on my southward journey, and they vied with one another in their attentions. I was moved with pity for the poor Zasedatel, who had confined

himself till the Ispravnik's arrival to a visit of inspection rather than welcome, and who now thought his position had been imperilled by not having shown me greater hospitality. As it was, I fear that my visit (unconsciously, it is true, for my part) brought him to the verge of ruin, as the Ispravnik's unexpected arrival brought to light certain irregularities in the local administration which would have otherwise passed unnoticed for a long time to come.

It was with great joy that on Sunday, the 25th of November, I shook the snow of Obdorsk from off my feet, and after a touching and hearty farewell from my amiable host and his wife, whom I had got to like most sincerely during my stay, and to whose attentions I chiefly owed my speedy recovery from a severe illness, I started on another stage of my travels, which was to bring me into immediate touch with the higher civilization, in the shape of the Tobolsk telegraph station.

The first section of this journey, namely, from Obdorsk to Berezow, a distance of about 500 versts, we accomplished by means of reindeer sledges in 56 hours, a splendid performance when compared with our tedious progress of an average of 20 versts a day over the tundra, but this was of course under very different circumstances. We travelled by the imperial reindeer post night and day, with relays of deer changing every two hours, finding the deer ready to be harnessed to our light sledges at every station. The fact of our being accompanied by the Ispravnik, who returned with us to Berezow, no doubt had a good deal to do with the attentions and zeal which were shown us on the way by the natives. Our road lay over the frozen Obi, the track being marked by boughs stuck in the snow, every ten or twenty yards, a work which the riparian Ostiaks are obliged to do gratis. They are also obliged to keep reindeer herds at certain points along the river to furnish the means of posting between Berezow and Obdorsk.

The pace of this reindeer posting, when fully organized, compares very favourably with that of the horse-posting on the great Siberian post-roads, the average being 12 versts an hour, including stoppages, and the cost is infinitely smaller, the charge being the modest sum of three kopeks a verst for a sledge with five large deer, which sum includes the driver, who is generally of the (*soi-disant*) fair sex. The post stations are just the common Ostiak "jurts," inhabited by the owner of the reindeer which he furnishes for the stage. I may here describe



these jurts, which are the habitations of most of this tribe. They are low log huts solidly built of the whole unhewn trunks of pine-trees. They are generally provided with one window, which is covered with fish-skin or a thin slab of ice. In the corner is an open fire-place constructed of baked mud, into which logs of wood are placed in an upright position, the smoke finding its way out through a hole in the roof. Round the hut runs a low wooden divan covered with matting, in which the inhabitants sleep at night and the women work during the day. I observed that the Ostiaks were very careful to wipe their feet when ascending this divan, which habit, like that of their women, who carefully cover their faces when in the presence of men, reminded me strongly of Eastern customs. The Ostiaks are infinitely more industrious and handy than the Samoyedes, being clever at working fish-skins into clothing and sacks, and making good matting out of the long grass which grows on the banks of the Obi. The Samoyedes, on the other hand, generally confine their talents to fashioning the sledges and harness for their deer, and dressing the skins they require for their clothing.

Half-way between Obdorsk and Berezow we stopped at the large village of Muja, which is chiefly inhabited by Sirianians, a tribe against whom the Ispravnik was waging deadly war. We ascribed most of the demoralization of the natives to the contraband sale of spirits by this astute people, who plunder and cheat the natives and the Russian peasants with the greatest impartiality. Against those who were established and owned houses in Muja, the energetic Ispravnik could do little, but he summarily warned some itinerant ones to leave his district and make their way back to their native village on the Petchora. These Jews of the North are most independent, and, owning large herds of reindeer, travel through the Ostiak country, refusing to pay the tax of three kopeks a deer per annum, which the Ostiak owners of the land have permission to raise for the right of pasture ; but as it is they who generally hold the illicit trade of vodki in their hands, the natives are not over-anxious to quarrel with them, leaving the onus of dealing with them to the Russian authorities, who are practically powerless. I was much amused, during our short stay of two hours for food at Muja, by the sort of drumhead court-martial held by the Ispravnik, who whilst eating, administered summary justice, seemingly getting through an amazing amount of work whilst doing ample justice to his dinner. After Muja the scenery of the Obi became more

varied and interesting. Stunted pine-trees and an occasional larch took the place of the willows which had covered the banks of the river. The river here appeared to be about two versts across, but as we approached Berezow it grew rapidly narrower. Berezow, which we reached at 10 o'clock at night on the second day after leaving Obdorsk, is the most important town on the Obi north of Tobolsk. It had grown to a considerable size, and boasted several fine houses, when it became the prey last year of a terrific fire, which soon reduced three-fourths of the place to ashes. I was most hospitably received and most nobly entertained during my stay by a Polish quondam exile, Mr. Rafsky, who is a living example of the fact that with energy and intelligence an exile's life in Siberia need by no means be an unhappy one. This gentleman had been sent to Berezow for taking part in the rising of '63, and had travelled to his destination under the old conditions, doing most of the way on foot, this cruel journey lasting the best part of a year. Once settled down at Berezow, he entered the service of a small Russian merchant, and by dint of intelligent and steady work amassed a considerable fortune, and is now the most important man of Berezow and its district. Though at liberty to return to his native country in virtue of a recent amnesty, he elects to stay in Siberia, having married the daughter of a fellow exile, and thriving well on his monopoly in spirits, which he has obtained for the Berezow district. It appeared strange to see the Ispravnik and all the other officials treating him who till lately had been absolutely at their beck and call with the deference and all the respect the world shows to a superior.

Berezow seemed an enormous improvement on Obdorsk, and boasted several civilized institutions—a hospital, a fine stone church, a post-office, and several shops. But, alas! the two historical curiosities which had been its pride had been destroyed in the great fire to which I have already alluded. These curiosities were the houses inhabited by Menshikoff and Ostermann, the exiled favourites and ministers of Catherine I. The only now remaining records of these two "show" exiles who ended their days in this distant land, are a wooden cross marking the grave of Ostermann, and a small diamond locket, which had been suspended in the church by Menshikoff's daughter, at one time betrothed to Peter II., and who had followed her father into exile. No monument of any kind marks the grave of Menshikoff, and the exact position is one of the

greatest subjects of discussion in Berezow society. Many a heated argument between such dignitaries as the priest, the Ispravnik, the commandant, and the postmaster did I assist at during the festivities given in my honour. A good standing matter for dispute must indeed be a godsend in a place which the post only once a fortnight puts into communication with the rest of the world. A few days after my arrival Berezow was *en fête*. A Te Deum to celebrate the miraculous escape of the Emperor and Empress from the terrible railway catastrophe of Borkhi was solemnized and followed by a banquet given by Mr. Rafsky. Prosperity had turned the revolutionist into the loyalist, and nobody shouted a louder hurrah than he. The entertainment, which had begun at 11 in the morning, lasted till dark, the fun growing fast and furious. The church choir, who had opened the solemnity by singing the national anthem, gave a selection of comic songs; and the schoolmaster, whose flights of oratory we had listened to for some considerable time, treated us to an exhibition of the most lively *pas seuls* on the dinner-table.

The day after their solemnity a special messenger reached me from Tobolsk bringing me from the Governor a sledge and the necessary "sinews of war." On the 6th of December I accordingly left Berezow and pushed on to Tobolsk with as little delay as possible. At Berezow, we took final leave of the animal I had begun to look upon with a certain veneration, the reindeer, as horses were now the order of the day, and I found a distinct change for the worse. The progress was of the slowest. The route lay for more than half the journey on the Obi, the frozen surface of which was from Berezow onwards of the roughest description. This is due to the banks being much steeper on this part of the river.

Before the river sets definitely for the winter it generally freezes and breaks up again two or three times, and the blocks of ice which float down, getting jammed between the high banks and congealing, cause the surface of the river to be broken and rough. The motion of one's sledge over this portion of the Obi indeed resembled far more that of a ship pitching and rolling in a heavy sea than anything else. Many were the hard knocks, upsets, and breakdowns which we suffered. The great cold had now set in, and driving in an open sledge against 37 or 38 degrees below freezing-point (Reaumur) at night was no joke. The cold rendered the wood of our sledges so brittle that they

were continually coming to pieces, and on the second day of the journey the large sledge which contained my baggage, and my companions Alexander and Crowther, had to be abandoned in a large crevass into which it had toppled. Much time was lost in procuring a sledge to replace it, but luckily the surrounding country was getting much more thickly populated, and assistance could be procured in the frequent straits in which we found ourselves. The population as far south as the large village of Samarova is Ostiak, but a far superior kind to those in the neighbourhood of Berezow and Obdorsk. Their intercourse with the Russian settlers and exiles has greatly altered their rough modes of living, and frequent intermarriage has modified their type of face ; in fact, it here becomes very difficult to distinguish the men from the ordinary Russian moujik, though the women, owing to the fact of their adhering to their native costume, are always distinguishable. About 200 versts south of Berezow the country we passed through underwent a great change. Frequent little villages of wooden huts crowned the steep banks of the river, and occasional clearings in the thick wood spoke of small attempts at agricultural development. The road or rather track along the frozen river too began to show signs of traffic, and we passed long strings of sledges carrying the frozen fish, the one article of merchandise of these regions, to Tobolsk and the other large centres of commerce. Small rough ponies, looking more like polar bears, with their shaggy coats covered with hoar-frost, were here the principal draught animals, but one still occasionally saw a string of dogs manfully struggling with a heavily laden sledge.

The weather, though intensely cold, was very bright and clear, and the sun streaming through the trees covered with their thick coat of snow seemed to be reproduced in myriads of diamonds. Here and there on the river we came upon large squares of open water, places which, probably owing to strong under-currents, or according to other accounts owing to warm springs, never freeze even in the hardest winter, and from these huge columns of vapour continually go up in which the sun forms rainbows of the most dazzling brilliancy. Game seemed to be very abundant here, large coveys of ptarmigan, capercaillie, and black game covering the trees and bushes, and the foot-prints of hares, foxes, and lynx being visible everywhere in the deep snow which covered the banks. At night we continually heard the dismal howling of wolves, and on one occasion were

followed for a whole stage by five of them, keeping at a respectable distance, however, and each time that I brought my sledge to a standstill, in the hopes of getting a shot, disappearing into the forest, only to reappear again as soon as we were in motion. At all the stations we came to we heard tales of the exceptional number and ferocity of the wolves, who were causing the greatest depredations owing to the very great and very early cold. At Samarova, a village at the confluence of the rivers Obi and Irtysh, we finally left the Obi and made our way over *terra firma*. Vast plains now took the place of the larch and pine forests, and the windmills we saw in the villages we came through showed that the enormous corn-growing area of Siberia pushed as far north as this. Ostiaks grew fewer and far between, and the minarets which were now visible here and there showed us we had reached the country of the Tartars.

After six days and nights' continuous sledging, during which the thermometer had sunk to 40 degrees below zero (Reaumur), I reached Tobolsk, where I was most hospitably lodged and entertained by the Governor, Mr. Troinitzky. The size and the whole appearance of Tobolsk surprised me very agreeably; it compares most favourably with the large Russian provincial towns, and though losing year by year in importance owing to the rapid progress of its rival, Tiumen, it still creates the impression of a prosperous well-to-do town. Tobolsk was formerly the residence of the Governor-General of West Siberia, which accounts for the number and size of its Government offices, which crown the hill at the foot of which the rest of the town stretches. One of these buildings, the "arsenal," as it is called, differs greatly in style and in solidity of structure from the surrounding buildings, which is owing to the fact of its being the handiwork of the Swedish prisoners of war sent there by Peter the Great. The great "lion" of Tobolsk is an exile of a unique kind, namely, a large church bell belonging to the town of Uglitch. A conspiracy was hatched in this town against the Tzar Boris Gudanof in the beginning of the 17th century, and the signal for its execution was to be the tolling of this bell. The plot, however, was discovered in time, and all the conspirators, the bell included, were duly punished. After a public flogging and the breaking off of two of its ears the unhappy bell was banished to Tobolsk, where it hangs in a separate little belfry by the side of the cathedral. It has, however, with brazen stoicism lived down its

misdeeds, and the worthy burghers of Uglitch are now very anxious to get back their criminal, the inhabitants of Tobolsk being equally anxious to keep their exile, pleading in the fierce controversy which is at the present time raging on the subject, that the amnesties which have periodically enabled the banished to return to Russia did not include the bell. This knotty point has as yet not been decided. There are three large convict prisons at Tobolsk, two for males and one for females, which owing to the courtesy of Mr. Troinitzky I was enabled to visit. These prisons are occupied by the convicts condemned to forced labour in Siberia, who spend here the beginning of their term of imprisonment before being distributed amongst the mines and factories. I visited the prison on Sunday morning, and came in time for the mass, which was being celebrated by the prison chaplain in a sort of dark vault in the basement. It was some time before my eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, and I could see the rows of stolid pale faces, and the forms of the convicts clothed in grey loose cloaks. One side only of their head is shaved, which gives them a peculiar and uncanny appearance. Altogether this mass was a weird and impressive ceremony ; the dark vault with the little altar at one end, bright with its numerous tapers, and only the voice of the priest intoning the service, and the clanking of the chains which each convict wore, breaking the silence. After the mass was over I visited the rest of the establishment, and was astonished at the good food which is provided for the prisoners, good rye bread, lentil soup, and as much "Kwas," a kind of beer, minus the alcohol, made of rye bread, as they wish to drink. The huge dormitories in which they pass the night seemed clean, warm, and well ventilated, but the low platforms on which they slept seemed very crowded and allowing little room for each man.

After a few days' stay at Tobolsk I was joined by Mr. Eliot, who had come from Petersburg to meet me, and after a rapid journey through Tiumen, Perm, Kazan, Nijni Novgorod, and Moscow, I reached St. Petersburg on the Russian Christmas Day, after a journey which had lasted five months and seventeen days.

VICTOR A. L. MORIER.



# Miss Blake of Monkshalton.

BY I. O. F.

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## CHAPTER V.

LUNCHEON was always a stately meal in the Blakes' house. Henry stood solemnly behind Jane's chair, and the footman behind Emma's. When Anne was not there, no sound broke the hushed silence, except a subdued voice saying, "Any sherry, mum?" or in Miss Blake's firm tones the demand, "Henry, bring me the bread." Emma hated this formality, and thought that surely at the mid-day meal discipline might have been relaxed; but Jane said, "No, it was better for the servants always to have things done properly, besides, our poor father always had it so," two quite unanswerable reasons, Emma supposed, and especially so when announced by Jane in her concise emphatic tone, a tone which somehow impressed the most rebellious hearer with a sense of hopeless finality—as hopeless as the old cry of "Thumbs down."

To-day, however, which was Thursday, the day before Anne's return, and two days after the eventful dinner-party, there was a feeling of suppressed excitement in the air of the dark dining-room.

Jane was sitting more uprightly even than usual, an expression of stern rigidity on her well-cut features and in her pale blue eyes; Emma's face was flushed, and the lace on her cap was trembling and vibrating. Still, if you had sat long in that room, you would have gradually felt that a kind of magnetic current was being projected at you by the immovable Jane, filling you with an intense desire to contradict everything she might say or think—for indeed in time you would even have found yourself believing that your two minds were arguing and wrangling with one another without the medium of words.

It is strange how some people's mere presence is irritating and exhausting.

An outward show of decorum was always strictly observed before Henry, so no conversation was going on to-day, not even the usual formal remarks about the weather and topics of a like nature, for a stormy morning had been passing in Jane's room. Henry, of course, and the whole household, were perfectly aware that something was going on, and that "Missis had been giving it to Miss Emma ever since Miss Anne had gone to stay with them Taylors who give themselves such airs."

The continual sound of wheels passing outside, muffled by the drawn venetian blinds and by the red and yellow masses of geraniums and calceolarias which stood on each window-ledge, added to the hushed solemnity inside, and Emma's eyes began to look hazy with repressed nervous tears.

"Henry," said Jane's firm voice suddenly, making Emma's heart jump and her knife and fork fall with a crash on to her plate, "tell Jenkins I wish to have the brougham at half-past three punctually. Do you intend to accompany me, Emma? I am going to order a new mantle and bonnet and various other things, for as we are going back to the country on Monday, I must get all my things ordered to-day if possible—I think you had better do the same."

"Well, no, I think not, Jane, if you will excuse me; I feel tired, and the heat is so great to-day, I really would rather stay at home. Perhaps you will kindly tell Madame Josephine to send me some bonnets to choose from to-morrow morning."

"Very well, just as you please, of course, though I must say I consider your wiser course would be to come yourself this afternoon—one never knows what may happen to-morrow. However, I know advice is generally best kept to oneself."

At half-past three Jane drove off, leaving Emma wondering how she could best fill the time of Jane's absence with the largest possible amount of enjoyment. She went into the large drawing-room, where the windows stood wide open and the awning over the balcony kept out the afternoon glare; the air inside was cool and fragrant with flowers. An occasional fly, hurriedly buzzing in and out, added a peaceful slumbrousness to the room, and in a few moments Emma was quietly asleep in a large arm-chair.

She was still there when Forbes was announced by Henry. At first his eyes, blinded by the brilliant light outside, could



scarcely distinguish her, as she sat trying to waken herself up, and smoothing down the lace on her head, which he was sure must be ruffled.

As she rose to meet him and gave him her hand, he was filled afresh with a sense of the patheticness of her face, and sat down on a chair beside her with an inward glow of rage against Jane, who he guessed had been more than commonly hard on her during the last few days.

"Aunt Emma," he said, "I have come to have a chat with you ; Miss Blake isn't in, is she ? I want to have you to myself and talk to you about Anne."

"Oh dear me, Bernard, every one talks to me about Anne—I am sure I wish I had never been near Mrs. Taylor's house ! Oh, if only you had been there and had taken Anne in to dinner as usual, it would have been all right. Oh, why didn't you come ? and what is it you have to tell me about that poor child ? Is it something fresh—something I shall have to tell Jane about ? She is out shopping just now, and won't be home for an hour or more yet."

"Well, I am glad of that," Bernard began, but a slightly grieved look on Emma's face checked him. Each sister was most strict in never allowing any one who was not a relation to speak at all slightly of the other in her presence. Abuse Emma as she might to her face, Jane never allowed any one else to so much as hint the least disparagement of her sister. "It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest," was a favourite maxim of hers.

"I am glad of it," Forbes went on, "because I want to talk about Anne to you only. Miss Blake would be very much annoyed and think me very impertinent if I was to say anything about her niece to her. Besides it was you who were at the Taylors' the other night and saw that fellow Stevens. What did you think about him and Anne ? Did she seem to like him ? Of course he would admire her—every one does, you know ; they must."

"Oh, my dear, I have been so unhappy ever since that miserable night. I wish I had never been to the Taylors', for Jane has been so much annoyed about it all ; and that poor Mrs. Taylor came here yesterday to call and ask if Anne might stay longer—and somehow it has all seemed to be my fault, and I have reproached myself ever since with my neglect—I ought to have watched over the child more, but how could I, at dinner,

you know? and then such a very uninteresting person as he looked, it never occurred to me seriously, until Sir James noticed it, that there could be anything in it; but as soon as ever I got home, Jane seemed to find it all out and see it so clearly. I never can see things so quickly as Jane does."

She paused for a moment, and Forbes hastily took the chance of trying to return to the main point.

"Well but, Aunt Emma, does Anne like him, for what Stevens thinks doesn't matter so long as Anne is indifferent about him?"

"But that's just the point I am so unhappy about, for it seems from what Mrs. Taylor said when she came here that he is always at her house, and has been with Anne nearly every day, at lunches and afternoon teas and balls! Oh, dear me, I tried to warn her as I was saying good-night, and the child was in such a hurry to leave me, I could hardly get a word in, and then what I did say didn't seem somehow to have the right effect—and that beggar I gave the shilling to, Henry knew him quite well by sight, and tells me he was locked up next day for being intoxicated in the streets! Oh, dear me, everything I do seems to come to a bad end!" and her tears began to overflow.

"Well, I don't think Anne will come to any bad end," said Forbes, consolingly, and touching her hand gently for a moment. The allusion to the beggar of course he did not understand, and avoided referring to it lest Emma should embark on long explanations, leading him still further from the point he wished to ascertain.

"If I can help it, she shall not have anything to do with Stevens any longer. He's a gambling spendthrift kind of fellow, and if I get hold of Anne to-night at Mrs. Carew's ball, I'll tell her all about him; that will cure her of any admiration she may have for him. I know he can talk about art in rather a clever way—he's picked it up from his father; and he's rather good at that kind of spurious metaphysical talk about life and beliefs which is so taking with young ladies, so no wonder poor Anne liked him as you seem to think she did, though I don't myself believe she thinks about him any more than you do, Aunt Emma."

"Well, as I said before, I'm afraid she is seeing a great deal of him. Mrs. Taylor wanted to keep her longer, but Jane wouldn't hear of that; really I do think she was a little too severe with the poor woman, but then any one with Jane's high principles

couldn't be expected to tolerate Mrs. Taylor's vulgarity. However, we go home on Monday, and Anne comes back tomorrow, so we must hope that perhaps not a great deal of harm has been done," ended Emma doubtfully, wishing Forbes would corroborate her hope; but through Miss Emma's words and manner he had gathered a feeling that matters were more serious even than he had expected, and he leaned back in his chair absently watching the flowers softly waving in the window. He felt very unhappy—too unhappy to say anything.

"It will be very terrible at Monkshalton," said Emma in a low tone; "I am sure I wonder how it will all end."

Bernard roused himself with a start.

"Aunt Emma, I think I had better tell Stevens that Anne has no money except what Miss Blake chooses to leave her, and I am certain she won't leave her a penny if she marries that fellow! If he knows that, I don't believe he will go on with it, for he cares more about money than about anything else in the long run—he's always betting and gambling."

"My dear boy, what a terrible idea that he should only admire Anne because of her money! But you don't know Anne if you think that anything you may say to her against him will make her like him less, if she has once begun to care for him. Oh, my dear," she went on, her hands nervously stroking her gown, "I don't think any one can hinder or prevent these things—they are something stronger than you have any notion of." Bernard smiled to himself rather bitterly, but Emma did not see his face, and went on in a still sadder tone. "I foresee nothing but unhappiness for us all three. Anne's life will be spoiled by that dreadful young man, and Jane will never forgive her and never forget it, and I"—she paused and added in a lower voice—"I can become a nurse or join a sisterhood, it doesn't matter which."

Bernard looked at her silently, surprised at the complete hopelessness her words expressed. As he looked at her, and looked round the room, at the large gilt timepiece, whose heavy tick seemed to emphasize the general dreariness Emma's face expressed, at Jane's armchair, with its wide, expectant arms, and her little table with severe-looking workboxes on it, he began to feel as if the coil were closing round him too, as if Stevens, Mrs. Taylor, and Miss Blake were irresistible arms of fate which were softly fastening on to him. He stood up suddenly, to shake off the idea, and went across to the open

window and on to the balcony. Miss Blake's carriage at that moment drove up, and he saw her stately figure slowly get out and come up the steps. He hurriedly returned to Emma's side.

"Dear Aunt Emma, Miss Blake is coming in, and there is only a moment left. I will see what I can say to Stevens; and don't feel so unhappy. I don't think it is so bad as you imagine. I shall run down to my father's next week, and tell you how things are going on; but I don't believe Anne cares for that fellow."

"Thank you, my dear Bernard. You are a great comfort to me, my dear; but I am afraid you are wrong—I believe I know best."

As Jane's footsteps were heard mounting the stairs, Bernard felt as if the coils were again closing round him: he hastily bade Emma goodbye, and bowing to Jane as he passed her at the door, fled down into the cheerful sunny street.

"Really," thought he, as he walked along, "when Miss Blake comes near one, she seems to refuse one leave even to exist, though I don't know how she manages it!"

## CHAPTER VI.

It had rained all Monday at Monkshalton without cessation, and even at six o'clock in the evening, as the Blakes were driving from the little railway station at Halton, through four miles of lanes with high hedges and tall trees, and grey walls covered with dripping moss and ferns, it was raining as steadily as ever. As Anne looked out of the window, she caught glimpses through the trees of a grey sky with here and there delusive patches of brightness in it, which to all country folk illustrate that description of the Scotch climate, "rain with showers between." The air was full of the delicious odour of wet woods and things growing, and now and then a thrush burst into joyous singing; but Anne felt nothing, saw nothing save the heaviness and gloom of the grey sky, for she was filled with the thought that each mile along the muddy roads meant for her a mile nearer the old dull life, a mile farther from freedom and joy. To-morrow, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, would bring the old familiar round of dulness. She pictured the daily drive at the same hour, along the same roads, seated with her

back to the horses, a sickening position at the best of times, but especially so on a scorching day; Emma and Jane sitting opposite her, wearing the same bonnets, the same gloves and mantles every day, and with the same look on their faces. Jane rigid, but observant of all the defects in the agricultural proceedings of their neighbours. Emma, absent and melancholy, nervously anxious to answer Jane's remarks with intelligence, and at the same time to temper the severity of her judgments on Hodgson's turnips or Mr. Forbes's reckless felling of timber. How dull it all was, and how she hated it! Anne gave her feet a restless stamp of impatience, most unfortunately on Jane's gown.

"My dear Anne," began that lady, but a sudden look of despairing misery on Anne's young face brought a slightly softened feeling into her heart, and she abruptly stopped and cleared her throat.

After all, the child was only young, and young things, especially in the present day, could not help being tiresome; one must bear with them in this world, she thought, with an unconscious implication that in the next more summary dealings on the part of the Almighty might make forbearance on hers unnecessary.

The carriage turned in at the old-fashioned white gates with tall stone posts and balls, which Anne used to think so beautiful, but which to-day did not look half so interesting or picturesque as Mrs. Taylor's grey pillared porch in Kensington.

"Morson hasn't cleared away those felled trees yet," said all-seeing Jane, as they drove rapidly through the finely timbered park. "I must have him in first thing to-morrow, for I have no doubt he has done nothing but waste his time since we went up to town, and I must insist on a thorough account] of everything."

Her voice had a sound of prophetic relish of the unfortunate Morson's discomfiture.

As they drove up to the door, the peacocks on the terrace walk uttered their discordant melancholy shrieks—"like Aunt Jane's voice," as Anne used to say when she was a little girl.

The housekeeper met the travellers in the hall with a nervous smile of welcome. She was rapidly running over in her mind all the maids' misdemeanours, all the breakages which had occurred during her mistress's absence, and trembling at the

thought of Miss Blake's remarks and questions concerning them.

"Nothing escapes missus's eye," they all knew to their cost; but in spite of their awe and fear of Jane, the old servants had a curious feeling of worship for her. Scold or tyrannize as she might, they all admired her, for they recognized the spirit of justice which showed through her sternness; and though they perhaps loved Emma most, yet their feeling of feudal adherence to Jane was firmer and deeper.

"She's one of the old sort, she is, she'll tolerate no nonsense, and any one as doesn't do his duty had better keep clear of *her*," they said. The rigid righteousness which softened to no weaknesses of her own or other people's, and which oppressed Emma's morbid soul, found an answering voice in their more sturdy natures.

Tea was waiting in the drawing-room—a melancholy-looking room which ought to have been cheerful, for the windows were down to the ground, letting in plenty of light; the furniture was Chippendale, and the chintz of a pretty old-fashioned pattern; while here and there Chelsea shepherds and shepherdesses were standing on old Japanese cabinets, keeping guard over china bowls full of dried rose-leaves and lavender. But the blinds Miss Blake never allowed to be drawn quite to the top, and the chairs always had to stand in certain places, which produced a cheerless uninhabited look; and just now the flower garden outside, though full of gay sweet-smelling carnations and roses, was looking muddy and draggled in the rain, and beyond in the park the cattle were standing forlornly sheltering under the trees and keeping an anxious eye on the gate, for it was milking time. It all tended to intensify the usual depression of the room.

Emma stood and looked out at the well-known landscape, keenly conscious of the familiar scent in the room of Japanese cabinets and dried rose-leaves which pervaded the house and which the very sound of the word Monkshalton always brought to her mind. This house, then, and the London house, constituted her whole world—a narrow, warped, comfortable untroubled world. Why could she neither feel happy in it, nor yet brave enough to venture forth into another one more active and complete? Jane's voice broke in on her thoughts.

"I see this teapot hasn't been thoroughly cleaned lately, and the spoons don't seem very bright either. Really I am glad we

have come back in this sudden fashion, it lets one see how things go on in our absence. I do believe that Nankin bowl has a crack in it ; now I'm sure there was no crack when I left home."

Her emphasis on the "I" somehow impressed Emma with a feeling of guilt, as if she had cracked the bowl or was in some way answerable for it.

"Well, seeing that both Aunt Emma and I left home when you did, Aunt Jane, we couldn't have cracked it."

"Anne, you don't speak in a very pleasant tone, I think, nor are your words very becoming from a niece to an aunt. I think, my dear, you had better finish your tea, and then retire to your room to rest after the journey."

Jane spoke with restrained irritation. Though she would not have acknowledged it for the world, she really felt a little sorry for Anne. Her heart was not quite so dead to all sentiment and romance as Anne supposed, and the suggestion that she should go and rest in her room was really the outcome of this concealed sympathy. It was in fact a great concession, for her general rule was that young people should never give way to any feeling of fatigue or illness.

She found it somewhat difficult to be altogether considerate after a long tiring railway journey, particularly with two companions who regarded her as the tyrannical cause of their flight ; for she was aware of Anne's attitude of rebellion and of Emma's sympathy with the child. A particularly exasperating state of things, she considered, when in reality she was the only one who was properly upholding the family dignity.

Anne received her rebuke with an angry sigh. This, then, was to be her far-stretching future—the sound of steeping rain, a vista of sleepy cattle under trees, and beds of old-fashioned fragrant flowers, and a smell of dried lavender, with Jane's clear masterful tones overshadowing the whole. She rose abruptly from her chair, and, seizing her scattered gloves and hat, went up to her room. She felt a pang of dismay when she opened the door and looked in. When she had left it only four weeks ago it had worn a bright pleasant look, and it had always been a quiet sunny harbour of refuge from Aunt Jane's presence ; but now it was changed, and seemed full of a dreary emptiness. What was it was changed, she wondered—the house, the room, or could it be herself ? Coates, with her back to the door, was on her knees unpacking Anne's boxes.

"What dress will you wear to-night, Miss Anne, the white one you were wearing before we went to London?"

Anne did not answer, and the maid, turning round to repeat her question, saw her suddenly lean against the doorway and burst into tears. With Coates' words a sudden rush of realization had come of the cause of this horrible blackness, of its never-endingness. She would have to go back to the old ways, the old dresses, the old sights and sounds, just as before, but with a new kind of discontent in her soul. Everybody at Monkshalton was so old and so uninteresting. Oh, if she could but see some one like Cyril Stevens again, for his language had been the same as her own, and their minds had met on a common ground of youth and unreasoning lightheartedness. It was in this kindredship, and this alone, that, unconsciously to Anne, had lain the charm of their intercourse. Cyril had a quick mind, and he could converse with that ready sympathy which requires no ponderous explanations, and which can catch and return a half-expressed thought with pleasant readiness. To Anne, who never saw any one but old people, who regarded a man of thirty-two, like Bernard Forbes, as a person of advanced middle age, such a vision of youth and brightness was delightful and astonishing. Would she ever again meet any one like him—would she ever again have any young sympathetic companionship? Alas, no! She had come back to the old stifling atmosphere which always reminded her vividly of the stories of prisoners chained for life in dismal dungeons with which the old gamekeeper used to terrify her long ago. Part of the house was very old, and the servants had traditions of skeletons and dungeons underground. The skeletons seemed to be creeping up to her now, pointing at her, and jeering at her for thinking she could escape them. No, no, she had come back; she could never, never escape. Her sobs grew more gasping.

"Have some of this sal volatile, Miss Anne, it will do you good. You're quite wore out with the journey and the heat—and missus always a worritin' at you, poor dear," she added to herself. Coates knew all about young Stevens, and she rather admired him, and wished him well, being of a sentimental disposition herself. Henry and the other servants sided with "Missis," and thought with the usual conservatism of servants that "he only came of a rubbishy lot like them Taylors, and that Miss Anne should do better than take up with such a one."



"Don't take on so, Miss Anne dear, but lie down on the sofa and drink this, for it will revive you," said the faithful Coates, holding a tumbler in one hand and a shawl in the other to wrap over Anne's feet. Anne obeyed, and presently lay quite still and quiet on the sofa, watching the maid unpack her things and put them all in the old familiar places. No more questions were asked about her dress for dinner, but Coates did not put out the old white dress, her ready tact divining that somehow her words were connected with Anne's outburst of sorrow.

After dinner Jane disappeared to have a searching interview with Mrs. Wilton, the housekeeper, when various trying discoveries were made concerning cracks and snips which had occurred during the house-cleaning. Jane was an adept in the art of cross-questioning, no prevarication, no elusion was possible before her, and victim after victim came out of Mrs. Wilton's room that evening in tears. Deep was the admiration expressed in the servants' hall at missis's cleverness in getting to the bottom of everything. "No more use to try and get over her than to try to cure a fox o' stealin' chickens," was Henry's verdict.

So absorbing were the scenes enacting in the servants' department that Henry had not brought the lamps into the drawing-room as soon as usual, and the gloom there was growing deeper and heavier; the chairs, with their light chintz covers and straight legs, were growing more and more like dim figures with outstretched arms waiting expectantly for the ghosts of those who had been used to sit in them in long past years. Fires were not allowed after the middle of June, no matter how cheerless the weather might be, so Emma and Anne sat near the window, gazing out at the flower-beds and the dim figures of the cattle moving under the dark trees.

No sound came through the open window but the peacocks' harsh cry, or the hoot of a distant owl, and now and then a half human cough from an asthmatic sheep. The rain had ceased and the clouds were slowly thinning.

The house had been built, or rather rebuilt, from a much older one, in the days when a pleasant, cheerful view was thought quite unnecessary, and the only thing to be considered was shelter from all possible wind, so that, although lovely wide sweeps of hills and flat mosses and sea, were within a stone's throw of the garden, the house itself stood in a hollow with tall heavy beech-trees and sycamores on one side. On the other side, into which the drawing-room looked, was a flower-garden

with a sunk fence dividing it from the park which swept up to the horizon line, while in front was a grey stone terrace and more park sloping up to some wind-blown Scotch firs, standing out against the sky. Behind, were extensive stables and farm buildings.

The iron gate between the garden and the park now and then swung to with a heavy click, and steps tramped away into the darkness down the drive, as some gardener or farm-labourer went home, leaving the silence more impressive than before.

Behind the house, it was much less melancholy, sounds of talk came out of the servants' hall and the kitchen, a horse now and then neighed and stamped in his stall, a calf bleated, and the house dog uneasily growled in his kennel and rattled his chain as some of the servants passed in and out, talking in a subdued manner. All sounds of talk or laughter were subdued when Miss Blake was at home, as if a superstitious fear prevailed of her omnipresence.

Emma was wondering as she and Anne sat together in the growing darkness what she had better say to the child ; whether she had better say something sympathetic and consolatory about the hurried flight from London, or whether such a course would not be disloyal to Jane, making her wholly responsible for it all, and whether it would not be also taking Anne's interest in Stevens and sorrow at leaving him, too much for granted. Emma thought it most indelicate to suppose any young lady could be really interested in a young gentleman who had not decidedly proposed to her, and till Forbes came to see her, as he had promised to do, she felt quite in the dark as to what had really passed between Anne and Cyril.

Anne meanwhile was longing to talk to her aunt, longing to tell her some of the trouble which was in her soul, for in the darkness and the silence that choking air of the dungeons was again creeping around her. Neither knew how to begin, and the silence reigned undisturbed till they heard Henry lighting up the hall. Soon the lamps would come in, then Jane would return and no more could be said. Emma took a sudden resolution.

"My dear child," she said, crossing the room to Anne's chair and leaning over the back of it so that the child could feel her words if she could not see her, "the world is very sad, it all looks so beautiful and we might be so happy ; but somehow, if

we have no troubles in our outside lives, we seem to make them, to bring them, and it seems to me as if all we can do is to help each other and love each other. I only say this, dear, because I want to help you ; I am very helpless myself, but I know one's troubles are more in oneself than in one's circumstances, and I want you to think of that."

Anne was deeply moved, for Aunt Emma very rarely spoke so unreservedly, and, without turning round, she put up her hand to stroke Emma's face.

The door opened and Henry came in with the lamp, followed by the footman carrying the heavy branched candlesticks. As the glare of light came in, the darkness seemed to sweep past out of the window, the chairs lost their rigid look of expectancy and fell back into mere chairs again ; the windows were closed and the shutters barred, shutting out the peacocks and the motionless trees, and in came Jane, carrying some china to be mended by herself, for no one else, not even Emma, she considered could be trusted to do it properly.

The heavy feeling of misery seemed to vanish, and as Anne sat sipping her coffee and turning over some new magazines, the skeletons and the prisons no longer had any reality.

## CHAPTER VII.

It seemed to Anne, during the next few weeks following their return home, that she had never before half realized how monotonous life at Monkshalton was, how tyrannical Jane was, and how surprisingly submissive Emma was. Day by day the outlook grew more gloomy, and the fracas with Aunt Jane more frequent ; it seemed indeed as if a regular demon of rebellion had settled in the girl's soul.

Emma was so anxiously awaiting Forbes' promised visit, which never took place, that she hardly observed how serious things were getting, till one morning, about three weeks after the flight from London, a terrible outbreak on Anne's part took place.

It was a brilliant hot morning in July ; the sunshine was streaming in through the open windows of the breakfast-room. Jane was seated behind the table severely reading her letters, and Emma was beginning to take some bacon, when Anne burst into the room, saying, in an excited voice, "Aunt Emma, do you know the Forbes came home last night, and Sir James

Haughton and his sister have come with them and are going to pay them a long visit?"

"When will you remember, pray, to come into a room quietly and not to address remarks to any one till you are within speaking distance, not shouting distance?" said Jane; "and I should like to know why you inform Emma of the Forbes' return more particularly than me; am not I supposed to be interested in them too, or have you some special reason for informing Emma?"

Anne's exuberance, born of the brilliant sunshine and the hope of the Forbes' bringing London news with them, was effectually quelled, and Emma dropped a large piece of bacon on the snowy cloth, the implication of a guilty alliance between her and Anne producing her usual sensation of nervous heat and flurry, which this morning the fragrance of the summer air and the cawing of the rooks in the great trees had somewhat dispelled.

Breakfast in summer-time is a peculiarly sensitive hour of the day. The awakening from the delicious death of sleep and the beholding again of the splendid sunlight creates a feeling of intense happiness, which one's fellow humans are apt to dissipate by unsympathetic crossness or bustling plan-making about matters which seem tiresomely trivial compared with the joy of beginning a new day in this eternally wonderful world.

Anne sat down with a smothered snort and began to make signs to Emma under cover of the urn expressive of general hatred of Jane. Emma grew more and more agitated, thinking that something terrible must have happened to the Forbes of which Anne was trying to secretly inform her; till suddenly Jane, feeling that something was going on, shot a rapid glance over the coffee-pot at Emma's vibrating head-dress.

"What are you doing, Emma, whispering and grimacing at Anne? Really, I am surprised at you, behaving like a school-girl at your age! How can you expect Anne to behave herself properly at Mrs. Taylor's when you yourself set her such an example? Tell me what it is all about at once!"

An awful pause ensued, for cautious Jane herself had for once overshot the mark, and felt she had said more than was discreet in her reference to Mrs. Taylor's. How terrible was Jane's memory, thought Emma, for that unfortunate conversation had never been referred to since, and Emma was beginning to hope Jane had forgotten it.

"How mean of Aunt Emma to have been abusing me to Aunt Jane!" thought Anne. "Then every one is against me, and I must fight my own battles;" and, with the sudden glow of anger which swelled in her soul, her courage leaped up to an unprecedented height. "We weren't whispering; I was making faces at Aunt Emma about you, Aunt Jane, about you! You spoil everything, you turn the sunshine into gloom, and you scold us, till some day you'll kill us, at least you will kill Aunt Emma. I know you will never forgive me for speaking in this dreadful way, and I know I oughtn't to do it; but I can't help it, it is as if there were some demon inside me making me say it!" she ended breathlessly, clutching the table with both hands in her excitement.

Emma got up quickly, terrified at the awful bombshell which seemed to have suddenly exploded. The child must be ill, she was sure, and she must get her some water or sal volatile.

"Don't touch me, Aunt Emma! even you have turned against me now," said Anne, in a hoarse whisper.

"Anne, I insist on your leaving the room at once. I never heard of such dreadful, disgraceful behaviour before. Go into the winter parlour and sit there quietly until I come to you. Henry shall bring you some breakfast there."

Jane's stern voice, trembling with indignation, had to be obeyed Anne felt, and she rose and disappeared out of the door.

"What has happened to the child, Emma? What have you been doing? Now, tell me immediately! I know there is some mystery about the Forbes'—what is it?"

"I know nothing about it, nothing more than you know yourself, Jane. The poor child was making signs to me at breakfast, but I didn't know what it was all about. I am sure she meant no harm; but, oh, why did you say anything about Mrs. Taylor? I am afraid she does feel a little upset about that young Mr. Stevens, and flying down here in such a hurry—and, after all, you know, we are rather old people for such a bright young thing as Anne is to live with. I think it would almost be better for her if you were to let her go out more and see more people of her own age. She thinks too, now, that I've been saying things against her, and I am sure I never did, Jane, you know I did not! I somehow think Bernard was right in saying"—but here Emma's courage failed, the awfulness of having reproved Jane, however mildly, broke in upon her tremulous mind; she

hesitated, stopped, and looked anxiously at Jane's clearly cut face.

"I cannot think what all this tirade is about ! you and Anne seem determined to say everything that is rude and improper to me—to me, of all people, when I am the only one of the family who seems aware of what is becoming to a young lady's dignity. It's all nonsense about that young man, she must get over all that, and the sooner the better ; and pray, if you did not complain to me of her behaviour at Mrs. Taylor's, how is it I found out all about what was going on, so that, when that ill-mannered woman came to call, I was prepared with what was proper to say to her ? Of course you told me. Now let us hear no more of these high-flown harangues and nonsense, and leave me to settle matters with Anne. She must be treated with suitable severity, and I forbid you to interfere, Emma—do you hear me ? I am your eldest sister, and know much more about the world than you do. And what do you drag in young Forbes' name for ? What has he got to do with it all, I should like to know ?"

The entrance of Henry with a tray for Anne's breakfast prevented further talk, and Jane presently left the room to interview Wilton. Now was Emma's time for trying to get hold of Anne and set matters straight about Mrs. Taylor and Jane's misleading statement. She crept to the door of the winter parlour and softly opened it. Anne was seated on the floor by the open window eating her breakfast with great haste. Her favourite cat was sedately sitting by her side, reproachfully watching each mouthful his mistress ate.

"My dearest child, I never said one word about your behaving badly at Mrs. Taylor's, I am incapable of such a thing, as you ought to know. Your Aunt Jane has entirely misunderstood something I said ; don't let your heart be sore with the thought that I have been in any way against you."

"Yes, Aunt Emma, dear, I know, I oughtn't to have said what I did to you ; but it doesn't seem to matter much," said Anne, stopping eating her breakfast a moment to kiss softly the cat's head, "I feel as if I couldn't bear everything any longer ; why don't you do something to stop it all, Aunt Emma ?" she continued with a sudden burst of energy ; "how is it you can bear all this grinding and worrying ? It is really ridiculous that two grown-up women like you and me—for I am grown up, though you won't believe it—should calmly give in to one

tyrannical one! She doesn't know any better about the world and things than you do! Indeed, you know, Aunt Emma, you really are a much better woman than she is. Why do you look so miserable always, and never do anything in your own way? I mean to hold my own this time. I know you think," she continued, turning rather red and speaking more rapidly, "that I admired Mr. Stevens very much; I don't think I did, at least it was not that sort of thing, it was only because I found it so wonderful and delightful to be able to talk freely to some one about all kinds of things, anything, without being told you were silly or tiresome; and then, you know, it was so pleasant to find some one who said 'I don't know' sometimes. Aunt Jane always says she knows—and I don't believe she does—or else that I know 'nothing about such things and ought not to talk about them.' Oh, Pussie dear," she said, as the cat reached up a stealthy paw to draw down a piece of toast on her fork, "let us drown Aunt Jane and enjoy ourselves!"

"Oh, my dear, don't say such dreadful things even in fun—they make me feel as if we were doing something wrong in sitting here talking!"

There was a pause whilst Emma was thinking whether she had better tell Anne something about her own life which might perhaps be of use to the child. Would it be of use? Was it worth while to torture herself by speaking of old sorrows?

A bird flew past out of the roses climbing outside the window; the cat's eyes dilated and his tail began to vibrate gently.

"Aunt Emma, did you see that fly-catcher? She's flown off her nest. Now do just stand upon the window-ledge and look into the rose-tree; you'll see the nest and four gaping throats in it," said Anne, pushing away her breakfast-tray and eagerly stretching her head out of the window.

"My dear, how frivolous you are to be thinking of birds' throats and nests when there is this terrible state of things going on! It may be nothing to you, but it is terrible to me. You say why do I look unhappy and yet do nothing to alter my life?" Her mind was made up, she must try and explain matters to Anne. There was a resolute tone in her voice which made Anne look at her wonderingly and listen attentively.

"I cannot alter my life now, it is too late. I tried to rebel when I was young like you, but our father thought differently about what young ladies ought to do, and you see, my dear, daughters living at home never have any money. What was I

to do? I knew nothing; I was never clever like Jane, and he knew I wasn't, and he knew I had ideas he did not like about women and their lives, and so he left to Jane the entire management of the estate and the money after your father died—you have never known, my dear, that I have only what your Aunt Jane allows me." A slight flush came into her cheeks and a light into her eyes. "Jane is so generous, you would never know I have not an equal right to everything. She did not think it right, nor did I, to disobey our father's will, so every quarter-day I find a certain sum on my dressing-table, neatly tied up—exactly the same amount that Jane allows herself for personal expenditure—we never mention it to each other, so in return for such goodness and delicacy I must try to live more in accordance with her views and our father's than I otherwise should. You see, my dear, as you get older you will more and more realise that it is the intangible threads that bind us together and shape our lives more than mere outward circumstances, and we can never, never get away from them. I ought not, perhaps, to tell you all this, my child, but I felt if you knew more of my life it might help you. And there is something else"—her eyes began to fill with tears, and her voice trembled—"when I was two-and-twenty I very nearly ran away with a gentleman to whom I was very deeply attached, and whom I was forbidden to marry because he had no money; but your grandfather found it all out, and he was very angry, oh very, very angry; I don't think he ever quite forgave me, and Jane always said I had irrevocably disgraced the family. We had driven twenty miles before we were overtaken, and a great many of the neighbours heard all about it. Since then I have never felt the same. You see, Jane is so proud and high-principled she has never quite forgotten it, I see it in her face when she is displeased with me about anything. But don't think," she added as Anne, who was listening breathlessly, made an indignant exclamation, "don't think she has ever referred to it or ever reproached me. Oh no—Jane is too noble to do that! You see," she went on more calmly, "I am over fifty now and I have calmed down, but the constant friction has worn my heart out and I have no energy or courage left to do anything. I love the dear old people in the village; but they are not in great need of love, I think, for somehow in this world it's the sinners one has most at heart, and it doesn't fill up the gap in my life as something else might have done; and then London is so



large, everything seems endless, it frightens me and brings home to me how old and feeble I am."

"Dear, dear Aunt Emma," burst in Anne, falling on her knees beside her, kissing her hands and half sobbing with sympathy and excitement, "don't say that, don't think it! You are not old and feeble, you're my dear, dear Aunt Emma whom I love more than anything else in all the world. Why, Aunt Emma, I should have murdered Aunt Jane long ago if it hadn't been for you! Think of what use you are," she went on, laughing excitedly—"you've kept Aunt Jane out of her grave, and me from prison or the gallows! Oh, she's coming—she's coming! Run away quickly, dear—run, for she will think we are plotting and planning something dreadful if she finds you talking here!"

Emma hastily disappeared through a door which opened into the next room, whilst Jane's measured step came along the stone-flagged hall. The cat heard it and leisurely got out of the window, carefully shaking his hind paws as he went; no animals loved Jane's presence, and her stiff silk dresses were not inviting to sit on or to softly rub against, even if such familiarities had been allowed.

"Now for it," thought Anne, as the door opened. Her heart beat and her hands shook in spite of herself, and the old remembrances of those far-away unhappy prisoners chained in the mouldy dungeons again rose between her and the sunshine outside, where the munching cattle were staring sleepily through the rails, and the gardener was mowing the lawn, filling the air with the smell of the freshly-cut grass.

"Anne, I wish to speak to you very seriously; sit down on that chair. Now tell me why you spoke in such an improper manner to me this morning? First of all, tell me whether you feel ill in any way. Young people in my day never made illness an excuse for improper behaviour, but I know that times are changed, and I see young ladies and young gentlemen sitting in lounging-chairs and saying their backs ache in a way which my poor father would have thought most ill-bred."

She paused for Anne's answer, which came nervously.

"No, thank you—I am quite well."

"Then what does it all mean? Am I to receive an apology from you, or do you intend to persevere in a course of open rebellion against my authority?"

"It means, Aunt Jane," said Anne, looking boldly at her and

with a feeling of "now or never" in her heart, "that I must have something to do—some more liberty. I want to be good, but I feel as if all my goodness were being eaten away—all my strength is taken up in trying to keep myself down ; and, Aunt Jane, one must live, one must ; I believe I want to be free more than to be good. Oh, please help me !"

She had forgotten all her nervousness now, and the ghosts of those old prisoners seemed to be around her urging her on to cry for liberty.

"I am always expecting, always longing for something nice to happen," she went on—"something which will make me feel I am really living ; and now it has come suddenly to me that *this* is living, that time is flying fast, and when I do wake up out of this stifling monotony death will wake me, and I shall never have lived at all. You've killed Aunt Emma ; don't, oh, don't kill me too !"

In the passion of her earnestness, Anne stretched out her hands imploringly. Jane was motionless—Anne's hands fell. There was a deep silence, and the cat suddenly peeped over the window-sill, making inarticulate mews at Anne, but, catching sight of Jane, it hastily disappeared again.

At last the silence was broken. Jane rose slowly from her seat and came close to Anne, gazing steadily into her upturned face.

"Anne, I never heard such wicked words in my life before—never but once," she added, as the remembrance came to her of a far more terrible and passionate appeal on Emma's part when all hope of marrying the man she loved was taken from her, "and I intend never to hear them again. How dare you say I am killing you—you, whom I took in when your reckless, spendthrift mother died, after she had broken your father's heart"—a deep flush spread over Anne's face, which brought a harsher ring into Miss Blake's voice and a paler gleam into her blue eyes—"you, whom I resolved to bring up as our father's grand-daughter ought to be brought up, so that by your good conduct you should in part atone for your mother's faults ? Hitherto I have regarded your outbreaks as mere childish naughtiness, and have borne with them ; but now I shall adopt a different line of behaviour. It is fourteen years since you first came here, and yet I have not been able to make you understand that you are to do as I tell you, and not to set up your own ideas and wishes against mine. You shall not go outside

the park gates till you tell me you are sorry for the way in which you have been behaving, and till I see a more obedient and lady-like spirit in you. It is all for your own good I say it," she continued, sitting down again in her chair; "for I know what is best for you. You must learn that you are not put into the world to do just as you like, but to learn to do as you are told. When I was a girl I did just as my father bid me—"

"But, Aunt Jane," burst in Anne, "did you never want to have your own way, and did Aunt Emma never want hers either?"

Jane's brow darkened at this mention of Emma's name.

"Your Aunt Emma and I did not always agree about what was right, but whatever happened our father always knew best."

She sat still a moment, wondering how many more wrong-headed people bent on self-destruction she would have the care of; what an excellent thing it had been for poor Emma, and was now for Anne, she thought, that she was there, willing and able to restrain them and set them in the right path.

"Now, let us have no more of this nonsense, but be a better girl in future, and till I see some improvement, remember, I forbid you to go outside the grounds."

The sight of some one coming up the drive and through the iron gate made her anxious to finish the interview; so, clearing her throat and straightening the rustling folds of her gown, she left the room with a heavy measured tread.

Anne looked out and saw Bernard Forbes coming towards the house. She leaned out of the low window, and, seeing no one but a gardener, made eager beckoning signals to Forbes.

He came up softly whistling, and began stroking the cat, who had appeared on the window-sill again as soon as Jane had left the room and was standing loudly purring.

"Bernard, do you know I've got into the most dreadful scrape with Aunt Jane? She says I'm not to go outside the park, and she has been perfectly furious with me, and I am so miserable, so dreadfully miserable, and Emma's been nearly crying, and what is to become of us all I don't know. I think I shall run away—only, where shall I run to? Oh, Bernard, I do so hate and detest Aunt Jane—she makes us all so wretched! I think grandpapa must have been a dreadful person; I am so thankful he died before I came here!"

"My dear child, how excited you are! What dreadful

sentiments to express on such a splendid morning! You had better have your horse round, and I'll come with you to gallop off this explosiveness."

He was accustomed to strong expressions on Anne's part, and did not think there was anything the matter worse than the usual quarrels between Miss Blake and her niece. He had come to see Emma and explain his long absence, and to assure her there was nothing to fear from Cyril Stevens, so that he was not wholly attending to Anne. She saw he was not, and her heart swelled within her.

"Nobody cares, nobody thinks it worth while to help me," she thought; "I shall certainly go mad if I am to be shut up here!"

Finding her silent, Bernard looked up and was startled at the unusual expression of misery on her fair young face, for young misery has sometimes a look of appalling keenness.

"Why, what is the matter? What have you been doing to bring down all this hurricane upon you?" he said.

"Bernard, if I were to leave home could I find something to do, or somewhere to go to? Could I find some place to live in where I could think and talk as I liked and work at something?"

"Well, it depends on what you want to work at," he replied, ignoring the first part of her question, as being less easy to answer. "Do you want to be a hospital nurse, or a type-writer, or a crossing-sweeper, or what?"

"Don't laugh at me, please don't—it is unkind of you not to see that I am seriously, deeply in earnest! I must do something besides enjoying the sunshine and soft grass—something more than reading to the old people in the village and knitting them endless comforters and mittens. If I could ever talk to any one it might help me, but I never see any one, never, and Aunt Emma is just as miserable as I am."

"My dear child," said Bernard leaning his elbows on the window-sill and looking at her flushed face, "I know you have a dull time of it here, and I know, of course, that Miss Blake is not what one could describe as a charming person to live with; but you've got a certain duty to fulfil even towards her, and much more towards Aunt Emma. She is very fond of you, and she would be dreadfully cut up if you gave them the slip and ran off somewhere. Besides, you must remember no one would take you in; no one likes to have a stray young lady turn up

asking for a home—it's worse than finding a kitten curled up on your doorstep when you come home at night ; chloroform may be a merciful remedy for the latter ; but one couldn't try that on you. This world is not a very cheerful place somehow—at least, it doesn't seem so to you ; but you've got to live in it and make the best of it, and really," looking round as he spoke, "you are not as badly off as if you were a starving sempstress in a London attic."

"Yes, oh yes, I know all that, 'not more than others I deserve' and all the rest of it. But I think the world is really a cheerful place, a most wonderful place, and it is only we who cramp ourselves up and shut out all the air and light till we see nothing but our miserable prison-house. You know you think so too really, you know you despise all the fuss over things that don't matter a bit—over what is proper and what isn't. I am ashamed of it all and I am sick of it all, and I shall go ! I shall go right away, and I don't care if Aunt Jane never forgives me, and I don't care what any one may say, I don't care a bit, only I must and I will go !"

She stopped, breathless with excitement, and buried her hot cheeks in the cat's soft fur, much to the annoyance of that dignified animal, who was earnestly engaged in washing a most important paw.

"Well, I never heard such a serious outburst from even you before !" said Forbes, thoroughly aroused now to the sense that Anne meant every word she said, and rapidly turning over in his mind what he could say that would most effectually check any rash proceeding on her part.

"It is quite true what you say about people making themselves unnecessarily miserable, but you will find you must give in to the ties and threads which bind you. For instance, if you were to run away now and find something to do which would make you happy and give you a larger life, what would become of Aunt Emma ? Why, she would droop and fade away without you here ! You are sunshine and light to her—to all of us," he added, under his breath. "And then when you realized that, and found she had died because you had deserted her, that in fact you had killed her, what would you feel ? Could you ever enjoy freedom again ? Wouldn't all the world be poisoned to you ? You will find that all your life is a struggle between following your own bent and being dragged back and down by intangible appealing hands—only sometimes I think that, after

all, as Aunt Emma says, it is not downwards they drag you, but upwards."

They were both silent, for the mowing was close to them now, passing and repassing under the window ; but Bernard saw by Anne's face that she had listened to his words, and was thinking about them. He resolved to go and talk it over with Emma at once, so with a smile and a nod he moved away towards the front door. To enter a house without ringing and being formally announced, however intimate you might be with its inmates, was an unpardonable sin in Miss Blake's eyes.

Anne drew a long breath as he disappeared round the corner of the house.

"Well, I've never had such an awful morning in my life—three sermons on the duty and necessity of stifling my soul! Bernard is very good and kind, but he doesn't quite understand how impossible it is—perhaps a man hardly could!"

*(To be continued.)*



## Correspondence.

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*The name and address of Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers or return their letters under any circumstances.*

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### ST. ALBAN'S CATHEDRAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

I am willing to make great allowance for the anger of Mr. Gibbs's architect just now, and I should have left his exhibition of it to find its own level if he had not tried to give it strength and flavour by "illustrating my want of accuracy and misstatement of facts which were certainly known to me when they occurred." He kindly limits himself to one; but then, after the fashion of such writers, he implies that it is only a sample, and such a bad one that nobody need doubt that he could have taken plenty more. Well, be it so, and let us see what his sample proves of our respective powers of misstatement of facts which we certainly knew when they occurred, and I shall confine myself to that. Sir A. Blomfield begins thus:

"Lord Grimthorpe speaks of Street's R. I. B. A. party who came down to St. Alban's (in 1878) to prove that there never was an E. E. or Decorated high roof to the nave. As a matter of fact, the party went there on no such foolish errand." When I read that, I feared it involved a rummage into a heap of old newspaper letters for proofs of what I had written in your November number from memory, and a discussion of details which nobody would attend to now. But I found I need look no farther than the very report he refers to, of Messrs. Street, Christian, and Blomfield, read by Street to the Society of Antiquaries and "entirely concurred in" by the other two, who spoke there. Their then President had made the first attack on our Committee, and after being pretty well riddled by me in the *Times*, had asked Street to help them, who organized the actual party of volunteers at the R. I. B. A., as the report says. Street was notoriously a master with his pen (in two ways) and with his tongue too. I often said he would talk down sixteen ordinary men, among whom I certainly include his two colleagues.

With true oratorical genius he introduced himself and them with a

protestation that they all went down with a complete absence of prejudice, and apologized for interfering in such an unusual way with other people's work, on the ground that "he had been appealed to on both sides." One side could only mean our Committee; and yet I am quite certain, and the Committee-book confirms it, that they never, directly or indirectly, did anything of the kind. As they were divided, until the ultimate minority of two seceded, it is likely enough that one or two individual members may have asked his opinion; but if they did, that would be only a case of his using a word verbally true but practically false, because sure to be misunderstood. His protestation of impartiality, as I soon pointed out, had been unhappily discounted *à priori* by himself and Mr. Christian, who had been airing in the architectural papers a few weeks before some imaginary private grievances against the Chancellor of York. Nevertheless any one is at liberty to believe that they were all as ready to discover that we were right, as wrong, in saying that we were going to reproduce the old E. E. and Decorated roof with parapets and gutters, because the later flat one was so rotten that the final estimates for what was called "repairing" it were as much as the contractor offered to build a new high one for.

Now then let us see what their report said they did discover, after the most careful examination, set forth in most convincing detail. "These original (Norman) roofs undoubtedly had no parapets or gutters:" which everybody who had ever looked at the old printed histories of the building knew perfectly well, and that the roof ran lower down into eaves. Then, after some more elucidation, "This leads to the inference that the Norman roof was never renewed until the present flat one was constructed . . . not later than the 15th century," which everybody also knew to be the date of Wheathampstead's lowering of the high roofs into flat ones. If they had condescended to ask the clerk of the works, who knew all this better than anybody both from historical and structural evidence, he would have told and shown them that Abbot Trumpington had rebuilt the west gable and raised the nave walls a yard, and made a new roof over the five western bays, early in the 13th century, and that in 1323 all the middle bays of the nave except the north wall fell suddenly, and was rebuilt in continuation of Trumpington's soon after, and the Decorated roof carried as far as the tower, of which there were the clearest indications to those who chose to see.

What has Sir A. Blomfield to say now for himself and his charge of my misrepresenting him and his colleagues? And for their plausible proofs that the "Norman roof, and no parapets or gutters, remained until the 15th century?" Has he forgotten that one of their own allies, Mr. Neale, who had written a large illustrated book on the abbey *ante litem motam*, and used the old histories, saw that the no E. E. roof theory would not go down, and ingeniously invented an amendment of it, illustrated with more drawings, that such a roof could never have



had parapets if it was in the old Norman lines, and pretended to prove that any such "restoration" as we had announced was impossible, by measurements no less careful than theirs? To which no other answer is needed than the fact that there they all are now, the parapets exactly as Sir G. Scott had partially restored them, or as Wheathampstead did, and the roof in the Norman grooves which stared everybody in the face, and still do in the photographs up to 1879. I am only concerned now with the triumviri, and therefore say no more of Mr. Neale. I had to say plenty on former occasions.

Sir A. Blomfield has evidently learnt somehow since 1878 that any attempt to prove that there were no E. E. or Decorated roofs was a "foolish errand," whoever undertook it, and, I suppose, forgot that he had been either dominated or persuaded by a much more powerful man (though a very bad and mischievous architect) into "entirely concurring with it." But what are we to think of a man who spends two months in elaborating against another a charge of "misrepresenting facts which he certainly once knew," without ever looking back at his own report to two Societies to see what he had really told them?

He not only denies that they went on that "foolish errand," but tells us what they did go for, and do. "They went to examine and report on the state of the roof and flat-painted ceiling, the demolition of which had already begun." If he had looked at the report, confused and inaccurate as it was on that point too, it would have reminded him that not a square foot of "painted ceiling had begun to be demolished"—by us. He only makes a slight mistake, after the manner of "true antiquaries," of 156 years, for the time when the painted and panelled oak ceiling of the ten western bays of the thirteen, was demolished, and replaced by nailed-up rubbishy thin deal boards lime-washed into sham panels; which, not only the antiquaries, but Scott went raving about as an invaluable piece of mediæval art, without ever going up to look at it, or sending up a man to bring them down a board. Even Neale's book had told them better. Again, what has he to say for that purely superogatory piece of ignorant misrepresentation of what everybody else has known for eleven years, and some people much longer, as well as for denying the utter rottenness of the whole roof? I see the chief organ of the R. I. B. A. tells him that he has only damaged their cause by trying at this time of day to rehabilitate that rotten old roof and modern ceiling. I do not see how an architectural leader can be sunk lower. So there I leave him.

This is not the first, or second, or third time he has tried his hand—or teeth—on me, and I am far from objecting to it, so long as I am able to write myself. But on the whole I advise him to try them henceforth on some other file, though I am an old one.

GRIMTHORPE.

33, Queen Anne Street, W.

## Notes of the Month.

THE parts have now been settled for the Ammergau Passion Play, and the following comparison of the *dramatis personæ* in 1880 and 1890, which a correspondent has kindly sent us, will be of interest.

### CHARACTERS IN THE AMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

|                              | 1890.                     | 1880.               |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------|
| <i>Christus</i> . . . .      | Josef Mayr . . . .        | Josef Mayr.         |
| <i>Peter</i> . . . . .       | Jakob Hett . . . .        | Jakob Hett.         |
| <i>Judas</i> . . . . .       | *Johann Zwinck . . .      | Gregor Lechner.     |
| <i>John</i> . . . . .        | *Peter Rendl . . . .      | Johann Zwinck.      |
| <i>Maria</i> . . . . .       | *Rosa Lang, dau. of Burg- | A. Krach.           |
|                              | meister . . . . .         |                     |
| <i>Joseph of Arimathæa</i> . | Martin Oppenrieder .      | M. Oppenrieder.     |
| <i>Nicodemus</i> . . . .     | Franz Steinbacher . .     | F. Steinbacher.     |
| <i>Kaiaphas</i> . . . .      | Burgmeister Johann Lang   | Burgmeister Lang.   |
| <i>Annas</i> . . . . .       | *Franz Rütz, Sen. . .     | Sebastian Deschler. |
| <i>Pilate</i> . . . . .      | Thomas Rendl . . . .      | Thomas Rendl.       |
| <i>Herod</i> . . . . .       | *Johann Diemer . . . .    | Johann Rütz.        |
| <i>Choragus</i> . . . .      | *Jakob Rütz . . . . .     | Johann Diemer.      |
| <i>Simon of Cyrene</i> . .   | *Gregor Lechner.          |                     |

\* New parts.

We understand that the Dress Rehearsal, open to the public, will take place on Sunday, May 18th, and the first regular performance on Whit Monday, May 26th.

Of the three "first numbers" which made their appearance last month, none was particularly meritorious. The *Speaker* gave a quotation of eleven Greek words, containing no fewer than five misprints. Mr. Stead, in the *Review of Reviews*, proposed to act as Father Confessor—in strict confidence—to any stricken soul that would pour its troubles into his Editor's Box:—a rôle never very popular in this England of ours. As for the penny *Daily Graphic*, if we appraise its value at one-sixth of the sixpenny weekly *Graphic*, we shall surely be doing it no injustice.

Mr. McArthur, in the course of his recently published Autobiographical Sketch of Rubinstein, alludes incidentally to the great pianist's passion for cards. How keen that passion is may be illustrated by the following anecdote, which was related to us by one of those present. On the occasion of one of Rubinstein's recent visits to London, he

invited a large number—between twenty and thirty—of his English friends to spend a Sunday with him in the country. Richmond was chosen as the *rendezvous*, and there the guests assembled for luncheon. But immediately on the conclusion of that meal, Rubinstein exclaimed, "Now I must have a game of whist." Unexpected difficulties, however, presented themselves. The landlord declared that card-playing on Sunday was contrary to the terms of his licence, and, though Rubinstein stormed and expostulated, remained for a long time obdurate. At last he yielded to entreaty, and accordingly the four players were concealed from public view in a small private room at the end of a passage. The blinds were drawn down, and the lamps lit, and there, with locked doors, Rubinstein and his friends played whist in midsummer weather until it was time for the whole party to return to town. How the other twenty odd guests passed their time, history relateth not. *A propos* of Rubinstein, another curious fact not mentioned in Mr. McArthur's biography may here be set down. He once told a friend that his playing in his great Historical Recitals became eventually so automatic that he often used, on sitting down, to go through his task without any consciousness of what he was doing.

Rubinstein's physical resemblance to Beethoven is too well known to call for further comment from us; but, according to his biographer, they have at least one other point in common in their kindness to young folk. To illustrate this feature of the elder master's character we may be permitted to give a rough but literal translation of the beautiful letter written by Beethoven to a little girl who had sent him a letter-case. The original may be found in the third volume of Thayer, but it has not yet appeared in an English dress. The date shows that it was written about the time when Beethoven was engaged on the Eighth Symphony.

TEPLITZ, 17th July, 1812.

"MY DEAR GOOD EMILY, MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND :—

"Late comes my answer to your letter to me; a quantity of business and constant illness must be my excuse. My being here for the restoration of my health proves the truth of that excuse. You must not tear away their laurels from Handel, Haydn, and Mozart; to them they belong, but to me not yet.

"Your letter-case shall be put away with other tokens of esteem given me by many, but not yet nearly deserved.

"Go on; practise not only art, but press into your own inner self; for art and knowledge alone raise men to the throne of God. Should you ever, dear Emily, want anything, write to me with confidence. The true artist has no pride; he sees unfortunately that art has no limits, he feels darkly how far off he is from the goal, and though he is probably admired by others, he laments that he has not yet arrived where his good genius is shining like a distant sun. I dare say I would rather come to you or your friends than to many rich people whose minds betray their poverty. Should I ever come to H——, I will come to you or your friends: I know no other attractions in men than those which denote them to be good people; where

I find these, there is my home. If you want to write to me, dear Emily, use the above address, or Vienna; that is always right. Think of me as yours and as the friend of your family.

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"L. VON BEETHOVEN."

Owing to the good-nature of a correspondent, we are enabled to supplement our anecdotes—published in last month's "Notes"—illustrative of the manners and customs of the Dublin *bourgeoisie* by yet another specimen. At one of the Viceregal Balls a young "detrimental" came up to where a young lady was sitting, and asked her, in her mother's hearing, whether he might have the pleasure of a dance. But before the daughter could reply, her fond parent hastily broke in, "'Deed, an' ye can't, then! Sure, she's keeping herself cool for the Earl of Clanfurly!" The arguments in favour of abolishing the Irish Viceroyalty are undoubtedly both numerous and cogent, but the advantages of such a step would be dearly bought by the suppression of the chief opportunity for these delightfully naive remarks.

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A story has been "going the rounds" for some years past, and was reproduced in *Notes and Queries*, to the effect that General U. S. Grant, when in this country, dined with the late Duke of Wellington, and in the course of conversation said, "I understand, my Lord, your father was a military man."

We believe that the germ of this obviously apocryphal tale is as follows. When General Grant was dining with the late Duke, and talking of his father's career, he several times asked him what was the largest number of troops he had ever commanded on any occasion. The Duke used to say, "I felt sure, that whatever number I named, the General would probably claim to have had a much larger army under his command. So I did not answer his question."

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What can be done to prevent the spread of juvenile smoking? We believe it to be most injurious to the very young, especially when the materials consumed are the vilest and strongest tobacco, and the worst and commonest of paper. Last Sunday we met a child of some seven or eight years, about 8 A.M., carrying home a jug of milk, and holding in his mouth some abominable screw of tobacco. The child coolly came up to us. "Could you gi' me a light, sir?" He did not get his light, but he got something else.

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#### NOTES FROM EDINBURGH.

A Scotch winter is invariably the hot-bed (if the term is not paradoxical) of Bazaars and Charity sales. This winter has been no exception, and while other seasonable signs have been lacking, Bazaars promoted by all denominations, and held for all conceivable objects,

have set in with their usual severity. Glasgow, following the example of Edinburgh three years ago, has just had a most successful Bazaar for a Students' Union. It was held at the College, in the Bute Hall. In keeping with the scholastic associations of the place was the dress of the Stall-holders, all of whom wore college caps and gowns. The sum realized amounted to £13,716.

From the nature and organization of Scottish Universities, there can be little or no corporate life among the Students. They live at their own homes or in lodgings, independent of each other, or of College authorities, and except during the hours when they attend the Professors' lectures they are entirely masters of their fate. The promoters of the Union Scheme realized how great was the want of a common meeting-place, and have worked with such energy that now Edinburgh and St. Andrew's Universities have both got Unions, and Glasgow will shortly have one. The Edinburgh Union was opened in October, and has already proved itself an inestimable boon to the many students who have enrolled themselves as members. Though habitually conservative in his instincts and traditions (however radical his politics may be) the Scotch student has not been slow to appreciate the boon of having a delightful club close to the University, where there are reading-rooms, a smoking-room, a debating hall and a gymnasium, and where excellent food is supplied at a very moderate charge.

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Mr. David Douglas has just brought out a little book called 'Dr. John Brown and his sister Isabella,' for which many of the friends, known and unknown, on both sides of the Atlantic of the author of 'Rab,' will be grateful to him. It is written by a great personal friend, Miss MacLaren, and was at first intended for private circulation only. For this reason it is at once something more and something less than a book. There is no attempt at biography or consecutive narrative, yet it is more than a sketch, it is a living picture of the beloved physician that Miss MacLaren has given us in these few simple pages. With a sentence, a quotation, the suggestion of an anecdote, or the memory of a well-known attitude, she calls up the dear familiar presence walking down Princes Street, or looking out of his carriage-window waving his hand with characteristic gesture, as he drove from one friend's house to another. Who that knew that greeting and smile will ever forget, the

" Sweet, attractive kind of grace,  
The full assurance given by looks,  
Perpetual comfort in a face,  
The lineament of gospel books."

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The Edinburgh Social Union has just published its fifth annual report. This Society is an outcome of that movement which received its impetus from Miss Octavia Hill's noble work in London. The

object of the Society is to provide for the better housing of the Poor. In a picturesque and historical town like Edinburgh it is an inestimable advantage that this work should have been undertaken by a Society anxious to preserve the beauty and interest of the old buildings. Many allotments which under other circumstances would have been razed to the ground have been built up and restored on the old lines. This is notably the case with the picturesque Whitehouse Close in the Canon-gate, at one time the Holyrood Stables. The Inn for 300 years the best known hostelry in Edinburgh, where Johnson and Boswell put up during their stay in this town, is now a dilapidated ruin, but the Society has bought it, and in a few months it will not only be a suitable comfortable dwelling-house, and as picturesque as of old.

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#### NOTES FROM PARIS.

At the present time the one topic of conversation is naturally the Influenza, or rather the peculiar illness improperly called by that name. Whatever it may be, it is universal; every one has it, or has had it, or is going to have it; often whole households at once. We received an apologetic note from a lady well known in fashionable society, the Baronne d' O——, stating, as an explanation for social short-comings, that she had been laid up, with her whole family, and now was reduced to the dire necessity of *cooking the family dinner herself*, with the assistance of her daughter; all her servants being in bed, and no one to be had who could take their place temporarily. Such incidents, annoying as they are, would be amusing, if there were not such a serious side to the question, in the number of deaths, and the difficulty of procuring either doctors or nurses. The first are absolutely worn out with fatigue; a well-known physician told us that *never* in the whole course of his practice had he seen anything like the number of cases; that he had literally no respite, and often could not get time for his dinner before eleven at night, having taken only a hasty cup of chocolate at mid-day, between two professional visits. All the wheels of the social machinery seem arrested, and everywhere the reason given is, *La Grippe*. Are we not indebted to the Exhibition for the outbreak of this "plague of Egypt," and may we not suppose that the strange denizens of far-distant lands, brought over as curiosities, have left us their own especial "microbes" as a legacy?

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At this season of the year the poor suffer fearfully. No doubt there are many impostors, but there is much undeniable distress; as was proved in preceding winters, on the establishment of a Charity called "L'Œuvre de la Bouchée de Pain," which was set up as an experiment. Only bread and a glass of water were given, which must be consumed on the spot, and not taken away. Scant comfort, in wintry weather;

yet the poor creatures stood for hours in the rain, or in the snow, waiting for their miserable meal. This striking proof of utter destitution touched the hearts of some kind philanthropists, who have now established another Charity, called "*Le Pain pour tous*," which gives bread and a cup of hot coffee in the morning, to all who come at eight o'clock, but two hours earlier the crowd has assembled, each one hoping to be among the first admitted. Fifty go in at a time, but as the meal has to be consumed on the spot, the others have to wait their turn. Each one receives half a pound of good bread, and a cup of hot coffee; which may save many a life! Hitherto about four thousand have been fed thus daily; but an appeal has been made, subscriptions are flowing in, and it is hoped to extend the benefit to each "*Arrondissement*" of Paris. Some touching instances are recorded of respectable workmen thus assisted in the time of dire distress, who have sent their mite to help the others, after having got work.

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The question of lodgings for the poor is attracting much attention here, as in England, and some model dwellings have just been opened, with every promise of very satisfactory results. The funds, 550,000 francs, which have not been wholly employed, were given by the rich banker, M. Michel Heine.

The building is divided into three distinct houses, surrounding a large court-yard planted with trees; in a particularly healthy situation on the Boulevard de Grenelle. On the ground-floor is the inevitable "*conciergerie*," a place for drying the linen washed by the lodgers, and other conveniences. The children of the occupants are allowed to play in the court-yard. The houses have, in Parisian style, seven floors. Each lodging comprises three rooms; one, a kitchen (with a range, a covered sink, water laid on, as also gas), which is used as an eating room by day, and a bed-room for the boys of the family. The father and mother occupy the second room, and the girls the third. The rooms are well-papered, light and airy. Each lodger has a cellar; on every floor is a pipe for refuse, which descends into receptacles fitted into the court-yard, and is removed by the dust-carts in the morning. The other sanitary arrangements are well contrived, and are separate for each lodger. Rents vary from 260 francs to 350 francs a year, according to the floor. Many have been the applications for lodgings, but they are only granted to workmen bearing an excellent character; the intention of the founder being that the mere fact of living there should become a guarantee of respectability. It is expected that the rents will bring in interest at 4 per cent., which will be used, with the residue of the fund, to build other houses of the same kind.

Every one must wish success to the generous donor.

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Some curious and very conclusive experiments have been tried by M. Bourrier, inspector of butchers' establishments, as to the effect of

tobacco-smoke on raw meat, and other articles of food. The result would seem to prove that it is highly dangerous to partake of food kept in a place where smoking is allowed.

Four pounds of meat cut into thin slices were subjected to the fumes of tobacco, and given to a dog, who turned away in disgust. They were then chopped and rolled into a paste; thus disguised, the poor dog took them, and died within an hour, presenting all the symptoms produced by acute poison. Another piece of meat, also imbued with tobacco-smoke, was put into the oven and then given to rats, who were effectually poisoned. Broiled meat, such as beef-steak, absorbs the tobacco-smoke with especial facility; and the gravy flowing from it has been proved to be particularly dangerous.

Consequently those who are in the habit of taking their meals in places filled with tobacco-smoke run a serious risk, and it is suggested that the deleterious effects of alcoholic drinks must be considerably increased.

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A well-known man, of a thoroughly Parisian type, has fallen a victim to the Influenza—M. Fournier, the "Chef de claque," according to popular phraseology, or, according to his own more dignified qualification, "*Entrepreneur de succès*," at the Opera, the Odéon, and five minor theatres.

The particular business of the "Chef de claque" is to get up and lead applause at the theatres; enthusiasm, like many other emotions, being contagious. The "claque" exists in all French theatres; and "artistes" will tell you gravely that it is impossible to do without it. The Italian Opera alone was supposed to live on its own merits; but perhaps the assertion would not bear too close enquiry.

At all events, matters were more concealed there; everywhere else the "claque" is a recognized institution, and to a practised eye the "claquers" are easily discernible, seated as they are in a compact group under the chandelier, about the centre of the pit. They are evidently men of the working-class, with large, robust hands, always devoid of gloves, that the loud clap may not be in any way deadened. They bring their hands together with a significant regularity, indicating previous drill; and when too persevering in their efforts to support a failure, often meet with loud protestations, and cries of "*A bas la claque*." They are paid three francs a night for their services; but they often indulge in surreptitious cheating, by selling their seats a little below the usual price, and adding the money thus obtained to their regular pay. They are led by a delegate of the "Chef de claque," paid five francs a night. The "Chef" himself does not preside, nor does he receive a salary (except at the Comédie Française), but, on the contrary, he pays 20,000 francs a year for his privilege. This money is, however, returned to him in tickets, with a reduction of 50 per cent. on the price at the ticket office. These tickets he sells, with considerable profit,



especially when there is any successful play ; for then he raises his prices far above what is paid at the door. He also buys up a quantity of tickets at the regular price, and then sells them on his own terms. Usually all these transactions are managed at a wine-shop opposite the theatre, where tickets can always be procured when none can be had at the theatre itself. The "Chef de claque" also buys up the tickets given every night to the authors of plays then being acted ; he lends money to the managers ; he receives gratuities from the authors desiring to attract notice, who explain to him what points they particularly wish to have brought before the public, whose attention is then riveted by appropriate bursts of applause, when an intonation, or an attitude, or a speech occurs which might not be remarked, if left to its own merits.

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All this seems worthy of our old friend Mr. Crummles ; but the greatest French actors do not disdain to have recourse to such *charlatan* means of ensuring success. Nor are the French alone responsible for such proceedings. We were told by a Venetian gentleman, that when Ristori acted in Paris, a number of bouquets were brought to him in his box with a request to throw them at the feet of the actress, on the occasion of a recall. Being personally acquainted with Ristori, he conscientiously threw his bouquets ; which were brought back to him after every fall of the curtain to be thrown again and again !

The business of a professional "Chef de claque" seems to be a lucrative one, for M. Fournier has left a fortune of a million of francs.

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The French often get singularly confused ideas, suggested by familiar English expressions. We were amused by an elaborate explanation considered necessary in a French paper to elucidate the fact that "The Old Gentleman" and "The Grand Old Man" are *not* identical !

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The impersonation of Joan of Arc by Sarah Bernhardt is creating the greatest enthusiasm and exciting the most violent patriotism. Whether all this is quite wise at the present time, with "the lion seeking whom he may devour," remains doubtful.

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We can recommend for family reading, "Mon Oncle d'Amérique," by Mme. J. Colomb ; "Cœur Muet," by Mlle. Zénaiade Fleuriot ; "Les Protégés d' Isabelle," by Mme. Fresneau de Ségur ; "Charmant," by Mlle. Louise Mussat.



## Our Library List.

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DEMETER AND OTHER POEMS. By LORD TENNYSON (1 vol. 6s. *Macmillan*).

ASOLANDO. By ROBERT BROWNING (1 vol. 5s. *Smith, Elder & Co.*).

The publications of these volumes, followed by the death in the fulness of years of the younger of the poets, has set people thinking on the two great master-singers of our time and the gifts that they have brought to English literature. Both have written much on the spiritual problems of the age, and both by different paths have arrived at somewhat the same conclusion. The teachings of "In Memoriam" and of "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" will doubtless be cherished so long as the Broad Church party endures, but perhaps each poet's main title to fame will rest on grounds less open to controversy. Lord Tennyson, by his exquisite felicity of expression, "All the charm of all the Muses flowering often in a lonely word," picturing "The slow, broad stream that, stirred with languid pulses of the oar, Waves all its lazy lilies;" the waters "marbled with moon and cloud," the "tender curving lines of creamy spray," the "dewy tasselled wood" with its bluebells "like heaven upbreking through the earth," and in hundreds of other phrases equally or more beautiful, has shed a new radiance over English landscape. While Browning, with his men and women, "Karshish, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty," has illuminated as no English poet since Shakespeare the recesses of the human heart, "its joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, beliefs and disbelievings." In the Epilogue to "Asolando," published the day before his death, he thus writes his own epitaph:—

"One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake."

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OLD COUNTRY LIFE, by the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD (1 vol. 10s. 6d. *Methuen*), is a collection of various essays on rural life as it was in the days before railways had changed the face of the land. Though there is little in the volume which would not be familiar to those who have studied the subject, it forms a charming companion for a spare half hour, and its attractions are considerably enhanced by the elegance of its

appearance and the woodcuts with which it is plentifully interspersed. Most of Mr. Baring-Gould's subject-matter is drawn from the south-west of England, especially Devonshire, with which he is personally connected ; but readers from all parts may find amusement in his pages and, *mutatis mutandis*, apply what he sets down to their native county. Probably few, if any, generations since the beginning of history have seen such sweeping changes in the methods of ordinary life as have been witnessed by men now verging on fourscore. Eventually the first half of the nineteenth century will probably be regarded as one of the turning-points of history, so that it is more than ever fitting for those who, like our author, wield the pen of a ready writer to instruct the rising generation concerning the habits and customs of those who in a decade or so will have passed away for ever. The old may be better or worse than the new ; let us at least endeavour to realize what the old was.

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THIRTY YEARS OF COLONIAL GOVERNMENT, Edited from the papers of Sir GEORGE BOWEN by STANLEY LANE POOLE (2 vols. 32s. *Longmans*), gives an elaborate presentment of what may be called the official view of Colonial Government. Sir George Bowen's experience has been unusually if not uniquely wide, for he has governed Queensland New Zealand, Mauritius, Victoria, and Hong-kong. In all these important posts he was successful, his greatest achievement being his share in the founding of Queensland. Here he had the advantage of exceptionally able subordinates, though readers would hardly be able to deduce as much from the present volumes, where the central figure occupies the stage to the exclusion of almost all else. Ample materials are given for estimating Sir George's powers as a speaker and a letter-writer, in both which capacities he has evidently considerable fluency and readiness. What strikes the reader, however, is less the force of the remarks in themselves than the extreme aptness of the quotations from the Classics or elsewhere by which they are illustrated. Mr. Stanley Lane Poole has done his work as editor conscientiously, and the volumes should prove welcome to all who are interested in the Colonial Problem.

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PLAIN TALES FROM THE HILLS, by RUDYARD KIPLING (6s. *Thacker & Co.*), is a collection of tales, each rather shorter than the ordinary magazine article, which, taken together, present a very vivid picture of Anglo-Indian life. The author's style reminds us strongly of that of the late Mr. Grenville Murray. There is the same sparkle, the same union of finish with brevity, and the same feeling impressed on the reader's mind that he is being taken behind the scenes and introduced to a view of life much more true to nature than any reached by ordinary mortals. The "motives" of the tales range from the satiric and the humorous to the pathetic and the weird, but all have the same quality of "actuality." The author seems to describe what he has seen and

known, not what he has gathered from books or evolved from his own inner consciousness. Though the stories are all slight enough, and professedly written to amuse rather than instruct, it is long since we have come across a volume more suggestive to those who read between the lines, or which paints more brilliantly not only a few individuals but a whole society. Mr. Kipling is emphatically a writer with a future.

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WARREN HASTINGS, by SIR ALFRED LYALL (1 vol. 2s. 6d. *Macmillan*), is an excellent biography of one of the founders of our Indian Empire, whom, because his life was passed in scenes out of the main current of European history, Englishmen are too apt to neglect, or to rest content with the information contained in Macaulay's brilliant essay, or in Burke's impassioned invective. His present biographer writes with full knowledge and with as near an approach to impartiality as any biographer is likely to attain. Space forbids him to enter into a very full discussion of the vexed question of Nuncomar's trial and sentence, but he arrives at the conclusion that Hastings was quite innocent of having criminally concocted the accusation, though he may more or less indirectly have instigated the accuser to take action. When he found that Nuncomar was at his mercy, he was doubtless far from unwilling that his bitter enemy's ruin should be complete. Sir Alfred criticises very severely the attitude of pettifogging hostility assumed by Francis and his party on the Council. The book is well worth reading as a history of times when the conditions of life were widely different from those obtaining at present, and when the iron hand was far more efficacious than the velvet glove.

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A SOUTHERN PLANTER, by SUSAN DABNEY SMEDES, with a PREFACE by MR. GLADSTONE (1 vol. 7s. 6d. *Murray*). The echoes of the great American Civil War of a quarter of a century ago have all but died away; Motley's letters, published last spring, revived our recollections of the intense earnestness with which the Slavery Question was fought out in the press and in the field; but though probably no advocate of slavery now survives, it is good and wholesome to hear the other side of the question, in these days when the bitterness of partizanship would often seem to claim for its opinions the force of axioms, and as we read Mrs. Smedes' touching, simple narrative of her father Thomas Dabney's life, of his migration with his slaves and his cattle, and all that he had, from Virginia to Mississippi, we seem to be transported into the company of some old Syrian patriarch. Almost ruined by the war, Thomas Dabney was left penniless in his 69th year by the failure of a friend whose bills he had backed. Nothing daunted, the heroic old man set to work by sheer manual labour to wipe off his liabilities, which it took him fourteen years to accomplish. He died in 1885, in his 88th year, and the record of his life is one of deep and melancholy interest. We

learn from it how high-minded, how honourable, how beloved were the better type of slave-owners, and above all how the most punctilious chivalry may exist in our own days and in the midst of the most unlikely surroundings.

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MASTER OF HIS FATE, by J. M. COBBAN (*Blackwood*), is a story in which the scientific investigations now being carried on in France by Dr. Charcot and others respecting the nervous system in morbid subjects are made the basis for a quasi-scientific theory that a man who has exhausted his own stock of nervous energy can, under certain conditions, recruit his powers by contact with any young and robust fellow-creature, who in turn loses as much vital force as the operator gains. Julius Courtney, a man of very attractive appearance, brilliant intellect, and fascinating address, possesses himself of this power, and various victims are conveyed in a state of coma to a hospital from different localities. At length Courtney becomes impelled to renew his wasting vital force from a girl whom he loves, and then in an agony of remorse confesses and dies. The tale would be much more remarkable if Mr. Stevenson had never written "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," though we are far from suggesting a charge of plagiarism. It is written with much *verve*, and we fancy few readers who take it up will lay it down again unfinished.

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SIR CHARLES DANVERS (2 vols. *Bentley*) is, we believe, with the exception of a short tale, the first work of a new writer, and deserves a hearty welcome. The skill displayed in the elaboration of the characters is considerable, the conversations are natural and yet sufficiently sparkling, and while the number of the *dramatis personæ* is large enough to avoid monotony, each is given a distinct individuality, so that the canvas is filled without being crowded. Sir Charles Danvers has succeeded in early middle life, after a rather stormy youth, to a large fortune and a "position" in society. His marriage is therefore regarded as an important matter for negotiation by his relations, especially by his aunt, Lady Mary. Various young ladies are thrown in his way without winning his approval, till at last he meets with one who fascinates him almost in spite of himself. She, however, is loved by a young neighbour who comes from France, where he has been brought up, to take possession of an impoverished ancestral property; and, thinking that Sir Charles has no serious intentions, she accepts his rival. The struggle in the girl's heart when she finds she has thrown away the substance for the shadow, and the way in which Sir Charles is able to show his chivalry of character while retrieving his position, are very cleverly described, and go to make up an exceptionally good novel, whose author's name we hope soon to see on a new title-page.

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SYLVIE AND BRUNO, by LEWIS CARROL (1 VOL 7s. 6d. Macmillan). The author of "Alice in Wonderland" breaks new ground in the present volume, for, interspersed with passages of the old inimitably humorous nonsense, an ordinary love-story pursues its humdrum course while distressingly obtrusive "morals" seem to hover in the air. We cannot think that the change is an improvement. Tales with a purpose are "as plenty as blackberries," love-stories are far from uncommon, but books which keep the reader amused by pure whimsicality, wit without sting and fancy without emotion, are as rare as they are charming. Sylvie and Bruno are the two children of "the Warden," a ruler of Outland, plotted against by his wicked brother and brutally stupid sister-in-law; they are only seen in visions by the author, whose waking hours are occupied with the affairs of a certain Arthur Forester, M.D., and Lady Muriel Orme. The subjects treated of range from deep religious problems to the wildest nonsense. Flashes of humour in the old delightful vein are not uncommon, but the general effect of the story is rather confused and the jokes are often fetched from far. Perhaps no one but Mr. Carrol could have conceived a watch "which has the peculiar property that, instead of *its* going with the *time*, the *time* goes with *it*," or have written the mad gardener's song: of which the following is a stanza:

"He thought he saw a banker's clerk  
Descending from the 'bus;  
He looked again and found it was  
A Hippopotamus.  
'If this should stay to dine,' he said,  
'There won't be much for us!'"



# MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

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MARCH, 1890.

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## Matthew Arnold's Writings.



WHEN I had agreed to accept the honour which the managers of the Richmond Athenæum were good enough to propose to me, that, namely, I should deliver the Inaugural Address on this occasion, my first task was to determine about what I should speak to you. I reflected accordingly on the objects of your institution, and it seemed to me that these could be summed up in the improvement of the heart and of the head: in other words, in the promotion of sweetness and of light.

I asked myself then whether I could do better than choose as my subject the distinguished man, lately taken from us, whose name is so closely identified with that phrase—I mean Mr. Matthew Arnold; and thus it came about that his life and writings are the subject to which I invite your attention to-night.

He was the eldest son, as you all know, of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, who died in 1842, at a comparatively early age, after producing so remarkable an impression upon his own time. The elder Arnold was far inferior to his son in that fairest gift of destiny to mortals which we call genius, but was soon carried into the foremost files of his age and country by a fervid and exalted character, by his very considerable talents as a writer, by his general ability, and by his possession of that strange power more valuable than genius itself to those whose lot it is to bear rule in any sphere—that power to which Goethe gave the name of “the demonic,” and which, so far as I know, has never been better designated.

He died, as I have said, early, and before, I am afraid, he fully appreciated the merits of his eldest son.

The mind, however, of Matthew Arnold, more widely sympathetic and more quick to appreciate merit of a kind very different from his own, did full justice to his father, as any may see who will read the noble poem entitled "Rugby Chapel."

In Mr. Arnold's last year at Rugby he was a successful candidate for one of the Balliol Scholarships. With him was elected James Riddell, a man of exquisite nature, built on the lines of Keble, who died too soon for his fame and for his friends. These two, as they were at College, have been admirably described in one of the best poems of a contemporary at the University, long afterwards well known as Principal Shairp of St. Andrews:—

"Among that scholar band the youngest pair  
In hall and chapel side by side were seen,  
Each of high hopes and noble promise heir,  
But far in thought apart—a world between;  
The one wide welcomed for a father's fame,  
Entered with free, bold step that seemed to claim  
Fame for himself, nor on another lean.

"So full of power, yet blithe and debonnaire,  
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,  
Or half-a-dream chaunting with jaunty air  
Great words of Goethe, catch of Béranger.  
We see the banter sparkle in his prose,  
But knew not then the undertone that flows,  
So calmly sad, through all his stately lay.

"The other of an ancient name, erst dear  
To Border Hills, though thence too long exiled,  
In lore of Hellas scholar without peer,  
Reared in grey halls on banks of Severn piled:  
Reserved he was, of few words and slow speech,  
But dwelt strange power, that beyond words could reach  
In that sweet face by no rude thought defiled."

When Mr. Arnold came to take his degree he had the fate which often befell men whose wide intellectual tastes seduced them from the regular curriculum, and missed his "first." Any disappointment which he may have felt on that score was abundantly made up for when in 1845 he was elected a Fellow of Oriel, the Common Room of which had for a long time been the most distinguished in Oxford, and the fountain from which issued that wonderful movement of 1833, which even those who



most absolutely reject its historical and philosophical teaching must admit to have marvellously enriched and adorned the life of England.

Many and varied were the influences which acted upon him during his Oxford time. There was the charm of the place, so well reflected in the finest piece of prose which it has inspired,\* and in one of his noblest poems in which he speaks of that

"Sweet City with her dreaming spires,  
She needs not June for beauty's heightening."

There was the company of men like Clough, whom he has so admirably celebrated, and like Lord Coleridge, who has so admirably celebrated him. There was the study of the classics, more especially of the Greek classics, and of the Bible, to both of which he remained constant till the end came.

There was Wordsworth, a close neighbour at Fox How, where most of Arnold's vacations were spent. There was French literature, George Sand and a host of others; there were Franklin and Emerson and the Carlyle of middle life—not the worn old man whom some of us knew; there was Goethe, "Europe's sagest head;" and lastly there was one who, although Mr. Arnold never belonged to his school of opinion, exerted over him that glamour which he has exercised over so many who belong to camps utterly distinct from his own.

I know no description of Cardinal Newman more likely to be read as long as he is read, than that which Mr. Arnold gave in a lecture in America:—

"Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtile, sweet, mournful? I seem to hear him still saying, 'After the fever of life, after weariness and sickness, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state, at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the beatific vision.'"

I do not know precisely when Mr. Arnold came under the influence of M. de Sénancour's 'Obermann,' which left such deep traces in his mind, but I suppose it was between 1844 and 1846.

In 1847 he left Oxford and became Private Secretary to Lord

\* 'Essays in Criticism.'

Lansdowne. In 1851 he married, and passing into the permanent Civil Service was made an Inspector of Schools under the Committee of the Privy Council. From 1851 onwards, his life had few events of the kind which judicious biographers care to lay before the public, with the large exception of the publication of his successive works, his appointment to the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, and various tours, most of them undertaken in connection with his official duties.

When we remember, however, that very much the larger portion of his time was given to official work, the wonder is that we have already so much from his pen. Although I followed his literary labours very closely from the time, now remote, when he published 'The Strayed Reveller' up to his death, I confess I was not prepared to find that, before I could feel justified in addressing you to-night, I had to look through or re-read so many volumes.

Mr. Arnold's writings are, I need hardly say, partly in prose and partly in poetry. I shall speak of his prose works first. These deal mainly with four great subjects—Education, Politics, Religion, and Literature.

The Educational works need not detain us long. They are for the most part addressed primarily to specialists, and what their author had to say in them of general interest is repeated, for the most part, in compositions from his hand which belong to the other three classes.

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In the second class of Mr. Arnold's writings I place the works which treat of politics. Of these the one to which I recur with least interest is 'Friendship's Garland,' published in 1871; but made up to a large extent of letters which appeared at an earlier period. It contains many just remarks and a good deal of amusing satire; but it is so full of allusions which were of the moment momentary, that even one who lived in the midst of the political *mêlée* of those times has a difficulty in recalling persons and things so long dead and buried. Few reasonable critics are likely to find in it "the bias of anti-patriotism" which some have thought they discovered. It was the object of the writer to bring home to his countrymen some of their shortcomings, and he naturally enlarged on these in a way which would have been altogether out of place if his intention had been to give a strictly correct portraiture, dwelling as much on the lights as on the shades. Mr. Arnold could not, if he wished it, have painted as

faithful a picture of the respective merits and defects of ourselves and our nearest neighbours as Mr. Hamerton has lately done in his excellent book called 'French and English' (the publication of which amounts to a real political good action) for this simple reason, that for one commonplace individual whom he had come across in France, he had, thanks to the accidents of his life, come across two hundred in England. On the Continent Mr. Arnold knew very few persons save those who are naturally thrown in the way of a distinguished Englishman provided with good introductions. I think the pith of what he had to say in 'Friendship's Garland' was very well put in the following sentence which I take from a letter which he addressed to me in the end of 1884, while I was at Madras:—

"You will come back to an England where thoughts are current and things are discussed, which were not current or discussed when you went away; and perhaps in our present difficulties we are paying the inevitable penalty for our inhospitality to ideas while they are still ideas only."

I come next to 'Culture and Anarchy.' If that book were a new one and had to be reviewed now, a variety of observations would have to be made with regard to it, not altogether of an eulogistic character. Happily, however, that is not so. It is twenty years since it was given to the public, and there is nothing now worth doing in connection with it, but to point out how it can be useful. No man who had been engaged in active political life would have written it, if even he could have done so; but no politician has lived in our days who has not, or would not have, gained by reading it. How suggestive it is! How many valuable ideas it made current! There is the distinction between Hebraism and Hellenism, both excellent in their way, each requiring the aid of the other. There is the division of our society into Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace—a division needing, as all rough-and-ready divisions do, great modifications and limitations, yet in the main correct. There is the truth which wants to be continually insisted upon now, quite as much as in 1869, that protest and disagreement in the field of religious thought, however necessary they may be in particular times and circumstances, are as far as possible from being good in themselves. There is the phrase to which I alluded at the commencement of this address, "Sweetness and Light," borrowed from Swift, but re-issued to us by him of whom I am speaking. There are well-merited denunciations of the weakness, a weak-

ness more apparent now than in 1869, which allows Anarchy to reign in our streets whenever a sufficient number of professional demagogues and professional philanthropists believe it to be for their joint interest that there should be an outburst of mob-violence.

Lastly, for I must not linger too long on any one book, there is the explanation of what real culture, the only one worth talking about, means:—"We will not stickle," he says, "for a name, and the name of culture one might easily give up, if only those who decry the frivolous and pedantic sort of culture, but wish at bottom for the same things as we do, would be careful on their part, not, in disparaging and discrediting the false culture, to unwittingly disparage and discredit, among a people with little natural reverence for it, the true also. But what we are concerned for is the thing, not the name; and the thing, call it by what name we will, is simply the enabling ourselves by getting to know, whether through reading, observing or thinking, the best that can at present be known in the world, to come as near as we can to the firm, intelligible law of things, and thus to get a basis for a less confused action and a more complete perfection than we have at present."

Mr. Arnold had, like all men of sense, who can condone his Indian follies, a great admiration for Burke, and did a useful work in editing a volume of that gifted man's letters, speeches, and tracts on Irish affairs; but his own essays on Irish subjects, although they contain of course much that is true, give us but little help in our present difficulties. The best of them is not contained in the volume called 'Irish Essays,' but is that entitled 'Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism,' included amongst 'Mixed Essays.' I commend to your careful study the passage, too long to quote in its entirety (but of which a portion will be quoted later on), lying between the words "But when Ultramontanism" on page 118, down to the words "materialising them" on page 121.

In the third class of Mr. Arnold's writings I put those which deal mainly with religion, incidentally also with theology, but only incidentally. He left that science for the most part to persons whose profession obliges, or is supposed to oblige, them to make a profound study of it. Looking at these high matters, from the point of view of an educated layman, he endeavoured to bring into prominence the paramount importance of right action. I suppose most people who think at all

will agree with him, however highly they may rate the importance of orthodoxy, going perhaps even a step or two in that direction beyond the Oxford undergraduate, who, questioned as to the respective value of faith and works, replied that "faith was all-important; but that a few good works added to it would do no harm."

Although, however, the view which is at the root of all Mr. Arnold's religious writings is likely to find very general acceptance, there will be in every mixed assembly a hundred different views as to many of the collateral doctrines which he advances, and a hundred more as to his facts and illustrations. That being so, I need hardly say that I shall not either support or oppose any one of them, but only indicate very briefly the drift of his various religious works.

Of Mr. Arnold's writings on religious subjects, the one entitled 'St. Paul and Protestantism' is the first which I shall mention. Its chief object is to controvert the opinion expressed by M. Renan, that "after having been for three hundred years, thanks to Protestantism, the Christian Doctor *par excellence*, St. Paul is now coming to an end of his reign." Mr. Arnold's view is precisely the opposite: he considers that certain forms of Protestantism which have used and abused St. Paul are coming to an end: but he throughout tries to show that St. Paul's doctrine was very different from that which has been usually connected in the last three centuries with that famous name. He goes, indeed, so far as to maintain that:—

"The doctrine of Paul will arise out of the tomb where for centuries it has lain covered; it will edify the Church of the future, it will have the consent of happier generations, the applause of less superstitious ages."

Far be it from me to express an opinion as to which of the two is right, the great Frenchman, or the great Englishman. That is the secret of the future; but I may mention, in passing, a curious incident which came back to my mind, as I was reading the book of which I am speaking, a short time ago.

I was travelling some seventeen years since in the Troad with two friends, one of whom was the late Mr. Greg, the author of 'Enigmas of Life' and the 'Creed of Christendom.' I happened to have with me M. Renan's 'Life of St. Paul,' and one evening at Alexandria Troas—a place as you will remember which was the scene of a very important event in the life of the Apostle (see Acts xvi.)—I read the last chapter aloud

to my companions. In his concluding paragraph M. Renan points out the fact that, although the influence of St. Paul has been great in some parts of Christendom, it has faded entirely from those countries in which he chiefly laboured. The final words are :—"Humanity, you are sometimes right, and certain of your judgments are just." No sooner had I pronounced these words than the cry of the Muezzin came as a sort of "Amen" from a minaret hard by, testifying to the fact that not Paul but Mahomet was the prophet who ruled in those regions.

'Literature and Dogma,' which appeared in 1873, is a far superior work, and one which few indeed can study, whether they agree with its conclusions or not, without learning a good deal. Its keynote is struck by the following words :—

"To understand that the language of the Bible is fluid, passing, and literary, not rigid, fixed, and scientific, is the first step towards a right understanding of the Bible. But to take this very first step some experience of how men have thought and expressed themselves, and some flexibility of spirit are necessary."

Strewn all through this book are passages or single sentences which many will be inclined to rate the higher the more they think of them, such for instance as this :—

"And so when we are asked, 'What is the object of religion?' Let us reply, 'Conduct.' And when we are asked further, 'What is conduct?' Let us answer, 'Three fourths of life.'"

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I might go on citing passages of equal importance for the next hour. In the course of re-reading the book for the purposes of this address I marked about forty ; but I cannot afford to dwell longer upon it. Those who approach it with a desire to find fault can easily do so ; there are pages which might well be omitted, but even for such critics, if they are persons of good faith, it will be instinct with light.

In 1875 Mr. Arnold replied to some of the critics of 'Literature and Dogma' in a book called 'God and the Bible,' in the preface to which he says :—

"'Literature and Dogma' had altogether for its object, and so too has the present work, to show the truth and necessity of Christianity, and its power and charm for the heart, mind and imagination of man, even though the preternatural, which is now its popular sanction, should have to be given up. To show this, was the end for which both books were written."

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In England 'Literature and Dogma' was treated, by a good many of those who wrote about it, as rather daring and even revolutionary in its criticism. Far different was its reception upon the Continent of Europe, where it attracted attention—some-what as the owl is said to do in the sunlight—as something emerging from the realms of darkness and out-worn superstition.

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It was chiefly with a view to oppose this opinion that Mr. Arnold wrote his 'Last Essays on Church and Religion,' which appeared in 1877, but not less was he careful to mark the distinction between his own ideas and the ideas of those who attached, as he would have put it, more value to extra belief than to conduct, or who were unable to see that a great many doctrines which have been accepted by all Churches are going like snow before the sun of June.

The same idea underlies all the five papers of which the book is composed ; the most interesting part of which is perhaps that entitled "Physiological Parallels," intended to show how even the ablest men live in the moral and intellectual atmosphere of their generation, and may make grievous mistakes about matters of moment without forfeiting their character for ability and good sense.

For Oxford men the two papers on Bishop Butler, delivered as lectures at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, will have very special interest. The last two, though quite worth reading, are of less value.

Near the end of the book, however, on its last page, save one, is a single sentence which will probably be oftener quoted towards the end of the next century than it is likely to be now :—

"A Catholic Church, transformed, is, I believe, the Church of the future."

The same idea is expanded near the end of the Preface in a very memorable passage.\*

Mr. Arnold thought that it was not by insisting on the adhesion of the faithful to a series of wild guesses in the realm of the unknown, dignified by the name of dogmas, that the Catholic or any other Church would retain its hold over mankind. To use his own words :—

"But, when Ultramontaniam, Sacerdotalism, and Superstition are gone, Catholicism is not, as some may suppose, gone too. Neither is it left with nothing further but what it possesses

in common with all the forms of Christianity,—the curative power of the word, character and influence of Jesus. It is, indeed, left with this, which is the root of the matter, but it is left with a mighty power besides. It is left with the beauty, the richness, the poetry, the infinite charm for the imagination, of its own age—long growth, a growth such as we have described, unconscious, popular, profoundly rooted, all enveloping."

In pursuance of his idea of making the study of the Bible more useful and fruitful than it often is, Mr. Arnold published early in the "seventies" a little book called 'The Great Prophecy of Israel's Restoration.'

This was intended for schools, and consists of the last seven-and-twenty chapters of what is misleadingly printed in our Bible as if it were the work of one person, and called the Book of Isaiah.

Some ten or eleven years ago I spoke of this little book in an address delivered here in Richmond, at the "Star and Garter," with reference to which Mr. Arnold sent me a very interesting letter, in which he said that he had undertaken it with a good deal of hope, but that it had produced very little result. I do not know if that account of the matter would still hold good; but, if it be so, it is an ugly blot on the scutcheon of those whose business it is to promote the intelligent reading of the Bible in schools.

Some years later Mr. Arnold published another work closely allied to this, but treating of the earlier portion of Isaiah. It was not addressed, however, to the same persons as the other, but intended rather to be a companion to the Revised Version of the Old Testament.

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In the fourth class of his prose writings I put the works in which he deals with literature proper. In this field he was stronger than in politics or in the border-land between politics and philosophy. Compare his sureness of touch, for example, in his 'Mixed Essays,' first collected, I think, in 1879, when he is writing of George Sand as a novelist, or of Milton and Goethe, with his lecture on Equality, delivered at the Royal Institution. Even the paper on Falkland, the best political or quasi-political one in that volume, is blemished by rash judgments about matters which he had not fully studied. Still, what is really important in examining any man's work is not to count his mistakes, but to number up his merits, to point out what he



has left that is good and useful to mankind. And how many of Mr. Arnold's mistakes are outweighed twenty times over by the admirable concluding paragraph of that essay, very interesting in itself, doubly interesting, because, if I were asked to point out the finest page I remember his father ever to have written, I should point to one in his 'Lectures on Modern History,' a page, which though written well-nigh fifty years ago, has the most remarkable bearing upon the events of our own time ; that which closes with the words :—" And such a martyr was Falkland." It is too long to quote, and comes too near to burning political questions, even if it were shorter, to be properly quoted by me in this place ; but here are the words of the son to which the same objection in no way applies :—" But let us return to Falkland, to our martyr of sweetness and light, of lucidity of mind and largeness of temper. Let us bid him farewell, not with compassion for him and not with excuses, but in confidence and pride. Slowly, very slowly, his ideal of lucidity of mind and largeness of temper conquers, but it conquers. In the end it will prevail ; only we must have patience. The day will come when this nation will be renewed by it. But, O lime-trees of Tew and quiet Oxfordshire field-banks where the first violets are even now raising their heads, how often ere that day arrive for Englishmen shall your renewal be seen !"

Probably Mr. Arnold's best performance in criticism was the first series of his essays. Several of the papers contained in this volume will, I should think, long continue to be admired. Amongst the best is that on Marcus Aurelius, whilst the most notable of all was probably the one on Joubert. Most notable, I say, because in addition to being an excellent bit of literary work it was also a literary event, in that it made not a few people, by no means ignorant of Continental literature, familiar for the first time with the name and merits of one who has been to some of them, ever since, a beloved companion. To this volume belongs likewise the credit of first making generally known in England the beautiful diary of Eugénie de Guérin ; but her name was, so far as I know, first made familiar to some on this side of the Channel, long before Mr. Arnold's article appeared, by another Fellow of Oriel, Mr. Charles Pearson, who, after writing the history of the Early Ages of England, went to help to make, in the capacity of a singularly wise and well-informed Minister of Public Instruction, the early history of Australasia. He it was who having fallen in, I think at Alençon,

with the book then only printed privately, disposed his English friends eagerly to welcome it when it first came amongst us.

Another paper full of sane criticism admirably expressed is that on Heinrich Heine. Personally I should not have spoken of that eminent man as a continuator of the work of Goethe; they were too unlike for that, but I can hardly understand the fury with which Mr. Carlyle received the statement that he was such. I remember being present at the house of the sage of Chelsea when the conversation turned upon Mr. Arnold, who, by the bye, in the very paper I am dealing with, has spoken very justly and wisely of him. First, he tore Mr. Arnold to pieces for his unfortunate phrase about Heine being the continuator of the work of Goethe; then, having excited himself sufficiently, he turned upon Heine and wound up his tirade by declaring that gifted but wayward child of Israel to be a "filthy, fetid sausage of spoilt victuals." All this did not mean much more than that he heartily disliked, at least for the time, the object of his denunciation. Posterity will never do Mr. Carlyle justice if it does not lay to heart that neither as a writer nor as a talker is he to be taken altogether seriously. Frequently, of course, he was very serious; read, for instance, his paper on the death of Goethe, not surpassed, I think, by any pages he ever wrote; but constantly he was not wholly serious, and the injudicious friends who treat him as a prophet are the worst enemies of his richly deserved, but of late rather blotted, fame.

Excellent specimens of Mr. Arnold's critical powers are likewise the two essays on Byron and Wordsworth prefixed to his selections from these authors, whom he considered to stand out by themselves, believing that, "when the year 1900 is turned and our nation comes to recount her poetic glories in the century which has just then ended, the first names with her must be these."

He placed Wordsworth's poetry on the whole above that of Byron. Whether his long association with the scenes where that great man spent so much of his life had something to do with his estimate or not, is an inquiry on which I need not enter now.

Mr. Arnold's 'Discourses in America' were given partly to literature, partly to politics. The most important of them—that on Emerson—belongs to the latter. It puts that writer very high indeed, too high I should say, above Carlyle for example.

Mr. Arnold indeed considered, for a moment only I hope, Mr. Emerson's writings to be the most important prose work done in English in this century. That is a hard saying. I wonder if the most highly educated Americans would subscribe to it.

As a lecturer Emerson must have produced astonishing effects, no doubt ; but I do not remember that Mr. Arnold ever heard him lecture. President Garfield told my informant that he heard a lecture from Emerson which was the beginning of his intellectual life. It affected him so powerfully, that when he came out of the room in which it was delivered the whole mountain which rose over the town seemed to be on fire. Yet, when he was asked what he remembered of it, the only sentence that came to his mind was something to this effect : " Mankind is as indolent as it dares to be." Even as far back as my Oxford days, Emerson's works, when merely read, did not produce anything like this effect upon my mind. Stimulating and fresh I found them, but nothing more. As a critic Mr. Arnold has been compared to Sainte-Beuve, for whom he had a great admiration and who spoke of him to me with much respect, and no doubt he had some of the merits of that eminent man, with a total absence of his moral defects. Mr. Arnold's method, however, was very different, and to my thinking not so good. The method indeed of Sainte-Beuve seems to me quite perfect, and he gave to criticism the kind of continuous and all-engrossing toil which a Q.C. in immense practice gives to his profession. Towards the latter part of his life indeed, before he became a Senator, I have reason to think that he gave more, and that he found his labours terribly wearing. Mr. Arnold's critical papers were merely essays written in the intervals of business, and, excellent as they are, would probably have been better, as well as more numerous, if he had been able to devote a larger part of his energies to them. Of English critics the one I have known who most resembled Saint-Beuve in the immense labour with which he hunted up the details of his subject was certainly Mr. Abraham Hayward.

The second series of 'Essays in Criticism,' though valuable, have not, I think, the brightness of the first. One paper in the volume, that upon Shelley, has been considered in some quarters to be unduly severe. Without expressing any opinion upon that subject I may mention that Mr. Arnold proposed, as will be seen presently, to write another paper upon Shelley, in which

I doubt not all the brighter lights would have been put in which might, in the opinion of reasonable admirers of Shelley, be required to complete the picture.

Mr. Arnold's lectures on translating Homer, and the preface to "*Merope*," dealing with Greek Tragedy, are the productions of a man who was a supreme master of the subjects which he discussed. On the other hand, his book on Celtic literature, pleasant and instructive though it be, is avowedly, to use a happy phrase of his own, "upon a different plane." An excellent sample of his criticism is the essay prefixed to the four volumes of English poetry, edited by his connection Mr. Ward. So is the paper on Gray, to whom Mr. Arnold himself has been compared. No man, however, could say of him what he said so truly of Gray, "that he never spoke out."

Mr. Arnold's great and abiding importance for the world is based, however, not upon his prose but upon his poetry. It is often said that it appeals only to a limited circle of readers, and that to the great mass which can enjoy, for example, such poems as "*Marmion*" or a fine ballad, it says just nothing at all. It is a great privilege thoroughly to enjoy "*Marmion*" and a fine ballad, but it is a greater one to enjoy "*Marmion*" and a fine ballad and Mr. Arnold's poems into the bargain. If the enormous machinery of education which has been called into existence in the last thirty years is producing any real effect on the national appreciation of literature, I should be led to augur that the readers of Mr. Arnold's poetry will be far more numerous thirty years hence than they were in his lifetime. The phase of thought which gave birth to most of these poems is one which, confined at first to a limited number of minds, has been and is spreading rapidly. It may be that the very circumstance which secures them, as I think, a largely increased circle of readers for some time to come, may militate against their permanent hold on the nation. It has been pointed out with much truth that one reflective poet after another, who has held the field for a considerable period, has ceased to interest, and lives only in the memory of a few scholars. That is so, but Mr. Arnold has the advantage over many of these, alike in ancient and in modern times, that he affirms nothing, except the duty of right action. I should be glad to think that a time is coming when thoughtful men will have found some definite answer to the obstinate questionings which beset Mr. Arnold; but I cannot say that just at present the omens are very

propitious. Time will, however, make all speculations as to Mr. Arnold's enduring fame superfluous ; so for the moment we may best spend our time in considering what his poems are.

I shall refer throughout to the edition of 1885, and it may be most convenient to follow the poet's own classification. I take then, first, the poems which are classed by him as early, and occupy the first part of the first volume. Of these "Mycerinus," "Requiescat," and a "Memory-Picture," are each in its way quite exquisite, while the last part of the "Church of Brou" has hardly, I think, been surpassed by anything Mr. Arnold has written. It is so perfect that it loses nothing by a visit to the real Church of Brou, which is about as unlike in situation and character to that which Mr. Arnold imagined it, as it well could be.

In the next division, that of the narrative poems, I should put "Tristram and Iseult" first, but the "Forsaken Merman" comes very near it.

Among the sonnets at the end of the first volume, most of which are good, and good sonnets are not abundant, I should give the palm to "Monica's Last Prayer," the finest sonnet I think Mr. Arnold ever wrote ; but one or two of these printed amongst the early poems are also most remarkable. Most so perhaps is the second :—

"Who prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days my mind."

In the second volume Mr. Arnold put first his Lyric, secondly his Elegiac poems. It is very difficult to make a choice amongst the former, and I have great hesitation in doing so ; but I will venture, for the consideration of those who are reading Mr. Arnold for the first time, to recommend especially the fifth and seventh to "Marguerite," "Dover Beach," "The Buried Life," "The Future," and "Calais Sands."

As for the Elegiac poems, they are with one or two exceptions quite in the front rank of all Mr. Arnold's works ; I will go further, and say that the "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," the two long poems of which "Obermann" is the principal subject, "A Southern Night," "Stanzas from Carnac," and "Thyrsis" seem to me to be in the first rank of English poetry. "Thyrsis" would not have been written if Milton had not given us "Lycidas," and the great poet of the seventeenth century deserves some of the credit of his successor's work ; but to me, at least, the ring of "Lycidas" is less true than that of

"Thyrsis," and Lord Coleridge has reminded us that the subject of the former was not a close personal friend of the author, whilst Clough was united to Mr. Arnold by the intimacy of a life.

The spell which 'Obermann' exercised over him was, as I have already hinted, a most important element in Mr. Arnold's mental development; but there was a period during which that remarkable book, which appeared in 1804, had an extraordinary influence over not a few. M. Sainte-Beuve gives a curious list in his 'Portraits Contemporains' of the distinguished persons who came under its charm. Nevertheless, a little later in the century it had become quite a difficult book to get, and somewhere about 1861 I had the greatest trouble in possessing myself of a very battered second-hand copy. I think it has been reprinted since, and in this decade of pessimism ought to have more readers than I imagine it has. Altogether apart from the ground tone of its philosophy, which was not that of the concluding years either of its author or of Mr. Arnold, it is well worth the study of those who like such works as 'Amiel's Journal,' a book almost better, by the way, in English than in French, so admirably has it been translated by Mr. Arnold's niece, the far-famed authoress of 'Robert Elsmere.'

In the third volume are placed the dramatic or semi-dramatic pieces, very remarkable as intellectual efforts and with extremely fine things scattered through them, but labouring under the disadvantage that to enjoy them men must have drunk very deep at Grecian fountains. "Merope," the drama which has excited perhaps least general interest, is an extremely careful and conscientious bit of work—how conscientious even in small things may be gathered from one little fact. I wrote to the author, after reading it for the first time, that the botany was curiously correct for a man who had never been in Greece. He replied that he had not introduced one single plant for which he had not a definite authority. This was the more interesting to me, because "Merope" appeared years before his interest in flowers had passed from its dormant stage into very vivid life. It was not really till 1866 that this change took place thanks to the accident of his having been on a visit to a friend who was much interested in the flora of his neighbourhood. Long afterwards Mr. Arnold wrote to this friend:—

"You have been much in my mind lately, for you first turned me to try and know the names and history of the plants I met with, instead of being content with simply taking pleasure in the

look of them, and you have at least doubled my enjoyment of them by doing so."

One of the most accurate of our critical botanists, himself a poet of no mean rank and a most careful student of poetry, once wrote to me of Mr. Arnold:—"Of all our poets he does flowers best." Most poets, for that matter, drive those who are really fond of flowers to despair. Our moderns are bad enough, but who I wonder was the unhappy man who first made the fame of the Amaranth and the Asphodel. These herbs have indeed much to thank him for.

"Empedocles on Etna" is, I will not venture to say, superior to "Merope," but it interests me much more, and it has the immense advantage of containing some passages which can hardly fail to be read as long as men read English, *e.g.*, the one beginning:—"The track winds down to the clear stream;" and that other:—

"Far, far from here  
The Adriatic breaks in a warm bay  
Among the green Illyrian hills."

The last division, described as "Later Poems," consist of two elegies upon household pets—a Dachshund and a Canary, both perfectly beautiful in their kind, and a composition of a very different character, the noble lines on the greatest of the Deans of Westminster—perhaps the most illustrious Churchman, with the exception of the author of the 'Christian Year,' who was born, *and died*, in our times in the Anglican Communion. I know nothing Mr. Arnold has written which so well reflects his latest self as he was known to those who had the blessing of his friendship.

If I am asked what I think will be Mr. Arnold's permanent place among English poets, I am constrained to answer that I do not know. It depends upon many things which it is impossible to foresee. I was amused some weeks ago to read, in a very important periodical, a most elaborate article which confidently asserted that he will have a high place amongst our minor poets. I doubt very much indeed whether the anonymous writer of the article to which I allude can see much further into futurity than his neighbours, and feel far from sure that Mr. Arnold's place will be amongst our minor poets at all. I myself should be inclined to put him very high, higher than some names in our literature which are far better known. I have not, however, to learn that in judging of poetry what men of science call "the

personal equation " is to be most carefully regarded, and in all weighing of literary merit I am less and less inclined to insist on what pleases me being necessarily likely to give general pleasure.

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Any one who was describing the character of Mr. Arnold would have much to tell of the gaiety which stood out from a background of something very like Stoicism, of that charming boyishness which never left him, no, not in the last instant of his existence, of his affection for his friends, of his love for animals, of his pleasure no less in his garden than in wild nature. "Can all Prussia produce such a golden holly?" he wrote to me after returning from Berlin to Painshill.

I am not, however, attempting to describe his character; and the events of his life, as I have said, other than the publication of his numerous works, were so few that, having briefly touched upon most of these, I have little more to add. He resigned his position as School Inspector after thirty-five years' service, in 1886, and the short span which remained to him was free from official duties. Honours of various kinds had been coming to him for many years, though fewer than they would have been in a country where education was more closely connected with the State. We have no Academy in England, and he pointed out, long ago, some of the disadvantages, counter-balanced no doubt by advantages, which accrue to us from the want of one. We have, however, other institutions more or less like what the French Academy was before Richelieu connected it with the Government, and of these Mr. Arnold was a member during his later years.

How suddenly he was summoned hence in the year 1888, while he still had, to all appearances, some time before him in which he might enrich our literature, and when he still cherished many plans of travel and study, is fresh in the remembrance of all; but I may mention one or two particulars which are less generally known.

He had been in the habit for many years of keeping an extremely brief diary, far too brief to be in any way useful except to himself. This diary was kept in a small long book, with Sunday at the top of each page, and the other six days following it in order. This volume he also used as a memorandum book, noting his engagements for the coming week. Sunday was, however, a day of leisure with him, and, having no



engagements to enter, he devoted the blank space for that day to copying out in it some brief passage which had attracted him in his reading. In doing this he did not confine himself merely to the Sunday which was passing over him, but filled up a few Sundays ahead if he chanced to have lit upon any passages which he desired particularly to remember. If these passages are ever collected they will form one of the most cherished treasures in the library of every scholar. For Sunday, the 15th of April, in the year before last, he had entered the following words put together from several verses in Ecclesiasticus:—"Weep bitterly over the dead as he is worthy, and then comfort thyself, drive heaviness away, thou shalt not do him good, but hurt thyself." On the opposite page stood, of course, Sunday, April 22nd. Under it he had entered another passage from Ecclesiasticus:—"When the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest, and be comforted for him when his spirit is departed from him." It was on the first of these days that he died.

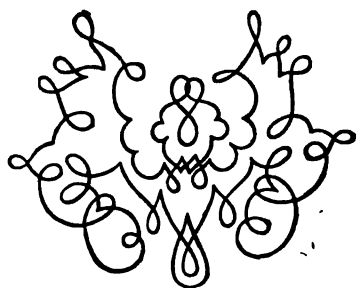
A short time after I heard this I mentioned it to Mr. Arnold's and my very old friend, the Dean of Salisbury, who said to me, "Do you remember what his father wrote in his diary the day before he died?" and then showed me the passage. The words were:—"How nearly can I say 'Vixi!'" He also died on a Sunday. It would be difficult to find a more curious coincidence in the story of a father and a son.

In the diary of which I have spoken Mr. Arnold had an excellent habit, more characteristic perhaps of the well-trained official than of the man of letters, of carefully noting down, at the commencement of the year, in his clear, exquisite hand, the names of all the books he meant to read during its course, and the subjects on which he meant to write. At the commencement of 1888 he entered six subjects. I forget what the first three were, but I suppose he did write upon them for they were carefully stroked through by him; but the last three on which he had not written when death surprised him were, Shelley's poetry, Vauvenargues, and the 'Récit d'une Sœur.' There was, as I have hinted already, a special reason why it was desirable he should write on the first of these subjects. As to the second, there was no French writer, during the course of last century, an article on whom from Mr. Arnold's pen I should have been so anxious to read; while as to the last, if I searched through the whole range of literature, I could not find any book more thoroughly worthy to be the last subject of contemplation

to one who had ever obeyed the injunction :—"Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." And such assuredly was he. The Lord Chief Justice of England has, in pages which it would be an impertinence to praise, but which all should read, paid a noble tribute to his life-long friend, supplementing his own words by those in which Tacitus spoke his farewell to Agricola, and by Gray's lovely Latin lines on the death of Mr. West. I will quote but one sentence of Lord Coleridge's own, ending therewith an address which has, I fear, extended to an unreasonable length :—

"Few souls ever passed away with more hopes of acceptance, few lives more unstained have been led from childhood to old age, few men have ever gone into that silent void where if there are no smiles there are no tears, and where, if hearts do not beat, they cannot be broken, leaving behind them such passionate regrets, such daily, hourly desire for communion which the grave forbids, for friendship which death has ended."

MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF.



# Marcia.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

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## CHAPTER IX.

ILL-NATURED MRS. DELAMERE.

"LOOK down upon us!" ejaculated Sir George Brett, laughing heartily at so preposterous a notion; "it would puzzle her to do that, I think. In order to look down upon people, one must be placed above them, and it is evident that she does not occupy that position with regard to us. Really, my dear Caroline, you are disposed to be rather too hard upon poor little Marcia."

"Why in the world you should always speak of her as if she were a child, George, I cannot imagine," Lady Brett returned. "She is thirty, or very near it, she certainly has not much of the innocence of youth, and never since I have known her has she been little. I did not say that she had any right to look down upon us; but, as a matter of fact she does, and she loses no occasion of showing it, and she will probably show it to-night. Not, of course, that that is of any consequence."

If Sir George had believed such a thing to be possible, he would have thought it of very great consequence; but he did not and could not believe anything of the sort. There had been passages of arms between his wife and Eustace's wife; more than once he himself had been drawn into the fray, and he had even been obliged to speak his mind pretty plainly to his brother. These family differences had, however, been less frequent of late, he had no desire that they should be renewed, and, although he considered it likely enough that Marcia's pretty head might have been turned by the attentions paid to her in high quarters, he did not suspect her of the enormity laid to her charge. He therefore contented himself with remarking:

"Marcia's manner is occasionally distant, I have noticed. In all probability, a symptom of shyness rather than of pride."

It was now Lady Brett's turn to laugh, and she did so. She was one of those agreeable people who seldom laugh unless they are angry, and whose laughter is high, dry and unmirthful. She was explaining to her husband that, whatever might be her sister-in-law's shortcomings, timidity was scarcely to be counted amongst their number, when the first of the guests whom they were about to receive at dinner was announced and interrupted her.

Sir George and Lady Brett's dinner-parties were done on a very large scale. There was a superabundance of food, a superabundance of people to devour it, and one might have said that there was a superabundance of servants, only that, perhaps, is not possible. With regard to the composition of these assemblages very little trouble was taken. So long as Lady Brett did not bring two deadly enemies together (and even this occurred from time to time through inadvertence), she conceived that she had fulfilled the whole duty of a hostess, and, when she saw four-and-twenty gloomy countenances congregated round her board, she did not feel that she was in any way responsible for their gloom. The countenance of Mr. Brett, who arrived early, was gloomier than usual, and this his sister-in-law at once noticed. She greeted him with her accustomed air of compassion, pressing his hand and saying :

"My dear Eustace, how ill you are looking ! What have you done with Marcia ? Was she such a long time arranging her dress before the glass that you came upstairs without her ?"

"I am quite well, thank you," answered Mr. Brett, with a touch of fretfulness (for there was nothing that he hated so much as to be told that he was looking ill) ; "but Marcia, I am sorry to say, is not. She has gone to bed with a very bad headache, and I must beg you to accept her sincere apologies."

There was not much chance that she would either accept them, or place faith in their sincerity. Of this he was fully aware, and he was ready to submit patiently to any censure that might be passed upon the defaulter ; but it seemed a little hard that he should be punished for what was assuredly no sin of his.

"Oh, a headache ?" said Lady Brett, with a repetition of her wrathful laugh. "Dear me ! Well, I am sorry you thought it necessary to come without her, Eustace ; a note would have

done quite well. And now, you see, we shall be an uneven number."

"Shall I go away again?" asked Mr. Brett.

"Oh, of course not; I didn't mean that. But it is rather tiresome; because I shall have to re-arrange everything now." And, seeing her husband at her elbow, she derived some consolation from saying to him, with a meaning smile, "Marcia is not going to honour us with her company to-night. She has—ahem!—a bad headache."

"Oh, indeed!" answered Sir George. "I am sorry to hear that."

Sir George had bushy grey eyebrows which, when he was displeased, met above his snub nose and gave the upper part of his face an appearance of truculence which was somewhat ludicrously contradicted by the insignificance of his mouth and chin. He had, however, a long upper lip; so that a physiognomist might have guessed the man to be vindictive and obstinate, notwithstanding—or possibly on account of—the weakness of his character. His brother, who understood him, knew that he never forgave an affront, and was not surprised to hear him say:

"Dinner engagements sometimes bring on a headache, I believe. We must endeavour to do what in us lies to prevent the recurrence of such attacks in Marcia's case."

Obviously the matter could not be allowed to rest there; so Mr. Brett drew his brother aside for a moment and began:

"I very much regret that Marcia has been compelled to disappoint you——"

"Oh, not at all!—no disappointment at all, I assure you," interrupted Sir George. "Marcia has only to please herself and she will please us; pray tell her so from me. Humble as we are, we have no desire to entertain reluctant guests."

Poor Mr. Brett sighed irritably. "I cannot tell you whether Marcia is or is not reluctant to be your guest, George," said he; "her tastes and mine differ, and we do not often communicate them to each other. But, to the best of my belief, her headache is quite genuine, and I can honestly say that I do not think she is in a fit state to dine out. She has been very much upset by parting with our boy, whom we left at school to-day."

Sir George looked slightly mollified; but perhaps he deemed it beneath his dignity to come out of the sulks without more ado; for he only observed: "It is a wise rule to keep appoint-

ments, even at the cost of some personal inconvenience. If I had not adhered to that rule through life, I suppose I should have been in the Bankruptcy Court before now."

The younger brother fell back, feeling that there was no more to be said. His anticipations had been fully verified; George had taken offence, and what made this additionally vexatious was that, by his way of thinking, George had some right to take offence. It was quite true that appointments ought to be kept, and it was probably also true that Marcia might have kept hers by making a small effort. But Marcia did not choose to make efforts in the required direction, and his own were obviously useless. He wished with all his heart that he had stayed at home, instead of coming in vain to this dismal banquet.

Presently the door was flung open, there was a little stir among the company, and he was introduced to a Mrs. Delamere, a thin, faded woman, whose dress was cut very low, whose cheeks were painted, and whose yellow hair, or wig, was besprinkled with diamonds. He bowed and offered her his arm mechanically. It was a matter of perfect indifference to him whether the person beside whom he was doomed to sit through two weary hours was young or old, fat or thin, coloured or plain. He thought of a few commonplaces to utter for her benefit, and scarcely listened to her replies. After they had taken their seats at the dinner-table she began to talk about the pictures in the Academy, which seemed to show a lamentable lack of original ideas on the part of so smart-looking a lady; but possibly she had her reasons for bringing forward that threadbare topic, and Mr. Brett pricked up his ears when he heard her mention the name of Archdale.

"I like Mr. Archdale's pictures," Mrs. Delamere was saying. "but—perhaps I had better not go on, though. He is a great friend of yours, isn't he?"

"No; only a slight acquaintance," answered Mr. Brett, turning his tired eyes interrogatively towards his neighbour.

"Oh, not a great friend of yours? I thought perhaps he might be, as he is such a very great friend of your wife's. Though, to be sure, that isn't always a reason, is it?"

"You may safely abuse him, if that is what you wish to do," replied Mr. Brett; for, notwithstanding his coldness and insensibility, he thought, as most men do, that women have no business to be impertinent unless they are pretty.

Mrs. Delamere was not disconcerted. "I wasn't going to

abuse him," said she, "but I confess that I don't particularly like him. He is rather too much of a professional lady-killer for my taste."

"Oh, he is a professional lady-killer, is he?" asked Mr. Brett, absently.

"Your acquaintance with him must indeed be slight if you haven't discovered that yet. Why, it is the man's sole *raison d'être*—socially speaking, I mean. I don't quarrel with him for flirting, because of course he is good-looking, and perhaps he can't very well help himself, but he shouldn't parade his conquests as he does. It is hardly fair play, you know."

Eustace Brett might look dull, and it was not surprising that he should look dull, seeing that he generally felt so, but he had wit enough to understand the insinuation and dignity enough to resent it. He said: "I was not aware that Mr. Archdale paraded his conquests; but, if he does, you are, no doubt, quite right in disapproving of his bad taste. Personally, I do not feel sufficient interest in him to care very much whether his taste is good or bad."

"Although he is such a great friend of your wife's?" asked the irrepressible Mrs. Delamere.

"With regard to questions of taste, my wife is at least as good a judge as I. If, therefore, Mr. Archdale is a great friend of hers—but I am not convinced that he is—that would, to my mind, be presumptive evidence in his favour. I should imagine that you have been misinformed about him, but really it does not signify."

Not without a certain effort did Mr. Brett thus snub a willing witness. Clearly Marcia had been guilty of some indiscretion which this woman knew all about and was eager to communicate to him, but he could not receive such testimony. He looked her straight in the face, and she returned his gaze steadily, dropping the corners of her mouth with an air of mocking commiseration. But she was cowed. He had at least the poor satisfaction of knowing that, whatever calumnies might be upon the tip of her tongue, she had not the courage to let them pass her lips in his presence. She did not trouble him with much more of her conversation after this, and, as the lady who was placed upon his left hand took no notice of him, he sat mute, thinking his own thoughts and wishing for the end of the outrageously long *menu*.

To those who have allowed their minds to dwell upon the

idea of eternity it must always be a consolatory reflection that in this world, at any rate, all things are finite, and even Sir George Brett's dinners, like the east winds of spring and the sermons of certain ecclesiastics, moved towards an appointed end, though of course it was not easy to realize this so long as they were in full swing. At a quarter to eleven the ladies left the dining-room, and then Sir George, who had apparently recovered his good humour, was kind enough to address some amiable remarks to his brother.

"So you've got rid of that young scrapegrace of yours, eh? A very good thing, too! He'll have some chance to show what stuff he is made of now. I'm sure I hope he will turn out well, for it looks as though he would be the only one of his generation to bear our name."

There was a significance about this observation which may not have been wholly unintentional, but it scarcely affected Mr. Brett, whose mind was otherwise engaged. He was himself so honest, so upright, so strictly true to his narrow code of morality, that he could not suspect his wife of disloyalty without a sense of personal humiliation. He did not, in truth, suspect her of anything worse than folly; but it was not very pleasant to him to suspect Marcia even of that, and it was very far from pleasant to him, when he went up to the drawing-room, to see Caroline rise, with an air of joyous alacrity, from the sofa upon which she had been sitting beside Mrs. Delamere and make straight for him. For he at once perceived that he was about to be informed of something that he would rather not hear.

Lady Brett, as her habit was, wasted no time in circumlocution, but drew him aside and said bluntly:

"Eustace, I want to speak to you about Marcia. You know me well enough to know that I am not malicious, and that her having treated me so unceremoniously as she has done to-night and on former occasions would never make me wish to do her an injury. But, for her own sake, to say nothing of yours, I feel I ought to tell you that she is being talked about in a way which should not be allowed to go on. You don't go out, so you cannot see or hear what takes place in society; but it seems to be notorious that that man Archdale is always at her elbow, and that he makes a boast of—well, I am afraid I must call it her infatuation for him. You know—or perhaps you don't know—that there was a fancy fair at the Albert Hall this afternoon, which was patronised by all the great ladies. For some



reason or other, Mr. Archdale is also patronised by the great ladies just now, and I am told that at one of their stalls he was selling some water-colours and sketches of his, amongst which was a portrait of your wife, inscribed 'Marcia.' Everybody who knew her recognized it at a glance, and naturally everybody wondered what business he had to make use of her Christian name."

"If he did that," answered Mr. Brett slowly, "he was very impertinent. I have, however, no grounds for supposing that his impertinence was sanctioned by my wife. Mrs. Delamere is your informant, I presume."

"It was from Mrs. Delamere that I heard about the sketch ; others have told me that Marcia and Mr. Archdale are inseparable. Personally, I have no ambition to force my way into aristocratic houses ; I do not belong to the aristocracy by birth, and I am contented with the position which it has pleased Providence to assign to me. Therefore I am obliged to judge of Marcia's conduct by hearsay."

"Quite so," agreed Mr. Brett, with some slight asperity ; "and, if you are obliged to judge of it at all, Mrs. Delamere's authority may, for anything that I know to the contrary, be an excellent one for you to base your judgment upon. For my own part, I should hesitate to rely implicitly upon it, because Mrs. Delamere struck me as ill-natured, and I dare say she may once have been pretty."

Lady Brett frowned and tossed up her chin. "Oh, my dear Eustace," said she, "that accusation of jealousy is such a very stale one to bring against women, and yet every man who makes it appears to think that it is a brand-new discovery of his own ! In reality, Mrs. Delamere spoke quite kindly of Marcia. She blamed Mr. Archdale, and I think she was right, and so, I am sure, do you. You cannot think it desirable that gossip should connect your wife's name with his, and I hope and believe that you will take steps to put an end to such gossip. Mind, I am not interfering or advising—I never do interfere with anybody, as you know—I am merely giving you a caution. Conscientiously, I could do no less."

"I am very much indebted to you," answered Mr. Brett gravely.

Without any irony or figure of speech, he did feel indebted to her, though he considered that he was in duty bound to repress her. She was not the most amiable woman in the world, but he

believed her to be honest, pious, and animated by the best intentions. On his way home he had to ask himself what his own intentions were, and the question was a hard one to answer. He was too proud to relish the part of a suspicious husband, too nervous and irritable to despise scandalous whisperings and too scrupulously honest to blink at the fact that, if his wife was criticised after a fashion which was hateful to him, the fault was in a great measure his own. He had no right to scold her, nor any wish to accuse her; at the bottom of his heart, what he desired was to say nothing to her about Archdale or about that unauthorized exhibition of her portrait. And eventually—as was perhaps rendered inevitable by the conditions of the case—this was the course which he decided to adopt. He would not retail gossip, he would not provoke a scene, he would not forbid Marcia to speak to Archdale; but in future he would go out with her more frequently than he had hitherto done, and the evidence of his own senses would tell him what step, if any, he ought to take.

It would have been simpler and wiser to tell her frankly what he had heard, and to remind her that public opinion, whether just or unjust, cannot safely be disregarded; but poor Eustace Brett was neither simple nor wise. Had he been the one or the other, he probably would not, on reaching his study, have sunk into an armchair and, dropping his head upon his hands, have muttered despairingly, "I am sick and weary of it all! I wish to Heaven I had died when I seemed to be so near death!"

## CHAPTER X.

### MR. BRETT IS VERY UNWISE.

If we all agreed to make no secret of our mental and physical sufferings, the world might perhaps be a more interesting place to live in than it is, but it would probably be a good deal less comfortable. In every civilized community, and even in some uncivilized ones, it is held, not without reason, that pain ought to be submitted to silently, and that to moan and groan in public is both cowardly and ill-bred. Marcia Brett could scarcely be called well-bred in the strict sense of the term, for she had not the most remote idea of who her great-grandfather had been; but she had learnt to conform to the usages of the society which

she frequented, and after Willie had been taken from her she went about the world, like most other people, with a smile upon her lips, and ready phrases at the tip of her tongue, and a dull ache about the region of the heart which never wholly ceased, though it was more acute at some moments than at others. It was no comfort to her (though doubtless it should have been) to receive the boy's cheerful letters and to hear that he was well and happy. His health had always been good, and he was such a friendly and plucky little fellow that there was small danger of his failing to hit it off with other mortals either at school or elsewhere. The sad thing was that his childhood was at an end, and that never again through time and eternity could his mother be to him what she had once been.

During these melancholy weeks, Marcia found her chief consolation in the company of Mr. Archdale, whom she frequently met, and whose attentions caused her a pleasurable excitement, the causes of which she did not care to analyse. She heard (though not from her husband) the story of his having hawked about a likeness of her at the Albert Hall, and her first feeling was certainly one of annoyance that he should have taken so great a liberty; but his reply, when charged with this offence, was of a nature to disarm hostility.

"Do you mind?" he asked wonderingly. "I had no idea that you would, or, of course, I wouldn't have done it. Perhaps I am wrong, but it always seems to me that a beautiful face is in a certain sense public property—in the same sense, I mean, as places like Chatsworth and Eaton and Alnwick. The owners of those places have a perfect right to close them against everybody except their friends, but it would be rather churlish of them if they did, don't you think so?"

"The public is very welcome to gaze upon my features, or upon a reproduction of them," answered Marcia, laughing and colouring a little; "I didn't so much object to that as to your using my Christian name as a label. At least, that was what my husband objected to."

"Oh, it was your husband who objected! But he is rather given to objecting, isn't he? Still, I dare say I ought not to have done it. My only excuse is that I honestly thought you would prefer a sort of anonymity to being boldly advertised as 'Mrs. Brett.'"

"Perhaps I might have preferred to avoid advertisement of any kind," observed Marcia, with a smile. "Don't you think

you might have just ascertained my wishes before you took upon yourself to advertise me?"

Archdale sighed. "The world has corrupted me," he answered; "it isn't easy for me to realize that a beautiful woman may really dislike notoriety. Well, now I suppose I have only made my case worse. What can I say? I am very, very sorry, Mrs. Brett, and please will you forgive me?"

He assumed an attitude of humility, pressed the tips of his fingers together, and gazed pleadingly into her eyes. Perhaps it was because he looked so handsome and so penitent, perhaps it was because he had twice called her beautiful within the space of a few minutes, that Marcia readily pardoned him.

"Only don't do it again," she said, "because I don't very much like it; and, although Eustace hasn't spoken directly to me upon the subject, I know by his manner that he dislikes it very particularly."

Now there was no denying that Mr. Brett was entitled to dislike it. That much Marcia inwardly acknowledged, nor was she ungrateful to him for the reticence which he had displayed; but what first surprised and then angered her was his novel and persistent determination to force upon her an escort with which she had learned to dispense.

"You have often told me that I ought to go out more with you," he answered dryly, when she remonstrated with him for over-tiring himself by attending three balls in one night. "I begin to see that you are right, and I shall try to do my duty, so long as my strength will serve me."

"I am sorry that you should feel bound to make a martyr of yourself," returned Marcia, vexed by the tacit reproach.

She really could not give up all social intercourse to please him. Once upon a time she might perhaps have been persuaded to make that sacrifice, but it was far too late now. Long ago it had been agreed between them that they should go their respective ways, each without let or hindrance from the other, and she, for her part, did not desire to cancel the agreement. If, for some reason best known to himself, he intended to make a change in his habits, that was his affair.

And naturally it did not take her very long to discover what his reason was. Often, while she was chatting with Archdale, and while her spirits (which fell every morning when, through mere force of habit, she peeped into Willie's empty room) were beginning to rise again, she had a disagreeable sensation of

being watched by somebody, and, sure enough, she would presently descry at a distance of some few yards a pair of faded, tired eyes fixed upon her—eyes which expressed neither blame nor remonstrance nor wrath, but merely a sort of dull patience. It was anything but a patient look that flashed from her own as she met them. What did he mean? What did he suspect? What did he want? Jealousy she could have forgiven, but this was not jealousy, it was sheer *espionage*.

In truth, poor Mr. Brett could hardly have adopted a more foolish line of conduct than that which had recommended itself to him. He was no spy: yet he managed to look exactly like one, and if his motive for hovering near his wife was to stop the mouths of the scandal-mongers, not to interfere with her liberty of action, so much chivalry was scarcely to be inferred from his demeanour. In reality he was not dissatisfied with what he saw. He had no fancy for Archdale and wondered at her taste in making a friend of the man; but she did not, so far as he was able to judge, favour Archdale more than she had favoured a dozen others. At the bottom of his heart there lurked a conviction, which he had always evaded putting into the form of a distinct thought, that Marcia loved herself too much to be capable of loving any other human being too much.

But Marcia, pardonably enough, failed to discern all this. What was quite evident was that Eustace had resolved to dog her steps, and the futility of the proceeding was scarcely less exasperating to her than its impertinence. For how in the world is a Metropolitan Police-magistrate to discharge his daily duties and undertake those of an amateur detective into the bargain? His absurd conduct invited and almost defied her to outwit him. But for that imaginary defiance, she would not, perhaps, have made so many appointments to meet Archdale in the Park, at Hurlingham, at luncheon-parties and tea-parties. So they met continually, and of course their intimacy was remarked upon, and at length Lady Wetherby availed herself of the privilege of an old friend to say:

"Aren't you a little imprudent, Marcia? Mr. Archdale is a clever artist, and I dare say he may be very pleasant company; but he isn't worth getting into trouble about, and you know as well as I do that a woman always gets into trouble when her neighbours begin to accuse her of finding some man's company more pleasant than she ought."

"Oh, I am sick of being prudent!" answered Marcia im-

patiently. "What difference does it make? Spiteful people will always find an excuse for being spiteful, and, so long as one does nothing wrong, why should one bother one's head about them?"

Lady Wetherby made a faint dissentient murmur. She would have liked to ask what her friend's definition of "doing nothing wrong" was, but was too sensible to put so useless a question. However, there seemed to be no harm in remarking that some women were so situated as to be more open than others to the attacks of spite, and in deploring Mr. Brett's stay-at-home habits.

"But he doesn't stay at home any longer now," returned Marcia, with a short laugh; "he has taken to pursuing me like my shadow of late, and no entertainment is complete without him. You may imagine how he enjoys it!"

This was not very satisfactory hearing to one who wished Marcia well, and Lady Wetherby was glad to think that the London season was within a few weeks of its close. Her kindness of heart prompted her to say, upon the spur of the moment: "I wish you would come down to Wetherby with us when we go, Marcia. It will be dull, of course, because we are to have no visitors at first, I believe; but the rest will be good for you after such a long course of gaiety, and, if you don't get tired of us, we shall keep you until Mr. Brett takes his holiday."

"I never get tired of you, Laura," answered Marcia; "you and Willie are the only two people in the world who don't weary me." She paused for a moment and sighed slightly before she added, "Yes; I think I should like to go to Wetherby with you. When is the move to be made?"

"In about ten days, I hope. We have had quite enough of London for this summer, and so, I should think, have you."

Marcia nodded and sighed once more. For the moment she did feel that it would be a relief to escape from the turmoil of London to the green lawns and leafy glades of Wetherby. She felt, too, that Laura was right in accusing her of imprudence; and although she had fully intended to be imprudent, she did not quite like to hear how successfully her intentions had been carried out. It was all very well to protest indifference to the opinion of spiteful persons, but her nature would not really allow her to be indifferent to anybody's opinion, and, if Mr. Archdale was not worth getting into trouble about, assuredly Eustace was not. It would be the height of folly to place in jeopardy

the position which she had laboriously held during so many years for the sake of punishing one man who was incapable of loving her and giving some temporary gratification to another, who would probably forget her existence before she had been a week out of his sight.

But when all was arranged, and when Mr. Brett had signified his cordial approval of the proposed plan, she began to wish that she had not been in such a hurry. Had she so many friends that she must needs deprive herself of the one who was most congenial to her? And was there any reasonable likelihood of Mr. Archdale's possessing a heart of the kind which absence causes to grow fonder? It was not without some nervousness and hesitation that she informed him of her impending departure; for she was sure that he would be greatly distressed, and she dreaded the questions which he might be expected to ask upon the subject. He surprised her by receiving the news quite composedly.

"So you are going to Wetherby?" he said. "That's capital! I'm going there too."

"But not just yet, are you?" asked Marcia. "Laura said nothing about it. In fact I understood that there was to be nobody but themselves in the house."

"Well, I'm nobody; I'm only the artist who comes to paint the walls. When Lord Wetherby gave me the order he said I might choose my own time for executing it, and now I shall avail myself of that gracious permission."

Marcia gave him several good reasons for waiting until he was asked. It was absurd to speak of himself as though he were a mere house-decorator; when he visited Wetherby he must of course do so as a guest; both Laura and Lord Wetherby were anxious, she believed, to lead a life of absolute retirement for a few weeks; he would find the place much more enjoyable later in the year, when the shooting-parties would have begun. "Besides," she added at length, perceiving that none of these arguments moved him, "they will certainly think that you wish to go there now because I am going."

"Naturally they will," he replied calmly; "that's just what I shall tell them."

Marcia could not help laughing. "Perhaps it will be just as well if you do," she said; "for then they will undoubtedly request you to postpone your visit."

"Do you mean that you would prefer my room to my

company?" he asked quickly. "In that case, I need hardly say that I won't attempt to force myself upon you."

She shrugged her shoulders slightly. "I think you know what I mean," she answered. "It will be rather dull at Wetherby, but sometimes dulness has to be endured."

"Only when it is unavoidable, though. I am quite sure that I shall not be able to endure the dulness of London after you have left, so, with your permission, I shall throw myself upon the good nature and hospitality of the Wetherbys. I don't a bit mind their knowing that your presence in the house will be a powerful attraction to me: why shouldn't it be?"

Marcia neither gave her permission nor refused it. She could not very well be more explicit than she had been, and she said to herself that, if he was bent upon courting a rebuff, he must be allowed to do so. Since there was not the smallest chance of his obtaining the invitation of which he made so sure, she felt at liberty to regret that inability and to rejoice a little on his admission that he would find London unbearably dull without her.

But it was with no apprehension of being rebuffed that Archdale went to call upon Lady Wetherby on the following day. Experience, by the light of which we are all wont to steer (and a poor sort of light it is, though perhaps the best obtainable), had long ago taught him that he could get almost anything that he wanted by asking for it prettily, and, although he was not very warmly received, it was with all his usual self-confidence and cheerfulness that he began:

"So you're off to the country, I hear, Lady Wetherby. I'm very glad of it, because I want to get away from London too, and I don't think there could be a better time for me to make a start with the famous panels. Could you put me up if I ran down in about a week or ten days?"

"Oh, there is no hurry about the panels," answered Lady Wetherby in a tone which was not meant to be encouraging.

"Ah, I'm afraid there's never any hurry where my work is concerned. I'm diligent, but I'm incurably slow, and I really ought not to put off the beginning of this job any longer. Moreover, Mrs. Brett tells me that she is to be your only guest for some weeks to come, so that if I go down now I shall not be in the people's way and there will be nobody to interrupt me."

"You think there would be no interruptions?"

Archdale laughed. "None of a deleterious kind," he answered.



Mrs. Brett won't be an interruption, you know, she'll be an inspiration."

"I don't think there is any occasion for us to take you away from London before the end of the season," said Lady Wetherby coldly.

"But when I tell you that I am dying to leave London! Now, I know quite well what you are thinking, and you are both right and wrong. You are right about my wishing to be in the same house with Mrs. Brett, whom I still adore in my innocent way, but you are quite wrong in setting me down as dangerous. Really and truly I am not dangerous."

Lady Wetherby tried for a moment to maintain a dignified demeanour, but could not manage it. "If you care to know what I think," said she, "I think you a good deal more conceited than dangerous; but that may not be generally understood, and I suppose you must be aware that there has been a certain amount of gossip about Marcia and you lately. Therefore, if it is the same thing to you, I would rather ask you to come to us in August or September than now."

"But it isn't at all the same thing to me," returned the irrepressible Archdale. "How very unkind you are! Mayn't I come if I promise and swear to behave with the utmost propriety?"

This sort of pleading, which he had found effective in other quarters, was not quite the best that he could have adopted in his present difficulty, and he would no doubt have promised and sworn in vain if Lord Wetherby had not chanced to enter the room before he left it. To that good-natured and easy-going personage he at once appealed.

"I say, Lord Wetherby, I want to go down to your place in a week, and set to work, and Lady Wetherby won't have me, because she is afraid I shall flirt with Mrs. Brett. Did you ever hear of anything more unfounded and ridiculous! Why, I shall be daubing away at the walls pretty nearly all day long!"

"My good fellow," answered Lord Wetherby, "if you aren't afraid of Mrs. Brett, I don't think we need be alarmed on her account. Mrs. Brett can take pretty good care of herself. By all means, come whenever it suits you; only don't blame me if you get a broken heart for your pains."

Archdale seized his advantage with commendable promptitude. "Thanks awfully," said he, "that's all right, then. I'll make my preparations, and drop you a line as soon as I'm

ready to begin. Good-bye." And he was out of the house before another word could be uttered.

Lady Wetherby had an admirable temper, but this was more than she could stand. "Everybody knows," she told her husband, "that you have no discrimination, but I really do think that, for my sake if for no one else's, you might have snubbed that man. How he can have the impudence to accept an invitation which I had just refused point-blank to give him, passes my comprehension!"

"He *is* a little bit cheeky, perhaps," agreed Lord Wetherby, with a meditative smile.

"Cheek is no word for it! Well, since you have asked him, I suppose he must come; but I warn you, that I shall turn him out of the house without ceremony if he doesn't behave himself. I only hope and trust that people won't hear what an idiotic thing we have done."

## CHAPTER XI.

### AT WETHERBY.

Wetherby is one of those vast, solid, north-country mansions which excite admiration rather than a spirit of covetousness in the breast of the beholder. Standing upon high ground, this huge, weather-worn pile of grey stone commands from its many windows a wide view over the counties of Yorkshire and Durham, upon the borders of which it is situated, and presents a sufficiently imposing appearance by reason of its size, though its architectural merits are scarcely of the first order. When the wind blows from the north-east (a happy condition of things which commonly prevails throughout the autumn, winter, and spring), it is cold beyond all power of words to describe, or of any furnace to overcome; it is lonely because the extent of its owner's territory converts near neighbours into distant ones, and it is dreary apart from climatic disadvantages, because no house-party large enough to fill it can possibly be assembled within its walls. Nevertheless, this bleak domain is not always bleak. In hot summers (for even Durham and Yorkshire have a summer, and even England, as we know, can boast of a hot one every now and again) the whispering woods and grassy glades of Wetherby afford a retreat which to many a weary

Londoner would seem like Paradise, nor was their beauty thrown away upon Marcia Brett, who sometimes fancied that she enjoyed solitude and communion with Nature. If this was quite a mistake—as in all probability it was—sufficient time to discover her error was not granted to her; for she had not tasted the delights of sylvan existence for three days, when her hostess remarked casually:

"Mr. Archdale is to arrive this evening. I forget whether I told you that he is to paint the panels of the ball-room for us. It will be a long job, and it will keep him busy all day long; so I dare say he will not be much in our way."

Marcia both felt and looked astonished; but Lady Wetherby did not choose to notice that. "He asked himself," she explained. "Artists, I suppose, must be allowed such privileges, though they are sometimes a little inconvenient. One comfort is, that I don't feel called upon to provide entertainment for him."

An irrepressible smile appeared for a moment upon Marcia's lips: she may have thought that the task of entertaining Mr. Archdale might safely be committed to her. But this, it need scarcely be said, was by no means Lady Wetherby's view of the case; nor was the young artist, who duly appeared at the dinner-table that night, suffered to forget that he had joined the party in a purely professional capacity. He could not, of course, be prevented from spending a part of the evening with the ladies; but he could be, and was, prevented from spending a single minute with one of them alone. And, on the following morning, he was informed, in the most considerate way, that nobody would think of interrupting him at his labours. If he preferred to have his luncheon brought to him in the ball-room, he was to ring the bell and say so; he was to make himself quite at home, and to order anything that he wanted, including a horse, when he felt the need of exercise and fresh air.

"In short," said Lady Wetherby graciously, "we shall go on just as if you were not here, and you must not trouble your head about any of us."

Archdale did not allow diffidence to deter him from suggesting that Mrs. Brett might like to explore the neighbourhood on horseback and adding that he should be most happy to escort her; but, unfortunately for him, Marcia did not ride, and all his ingenuity was employed in vain to defeat the

vigilance of her too devoted friend. It was useless to bounce into the library or the boudoir at unexpected times ; nothing was gained by patiently promenading the garden before breakfast, nor did it avail him to request Mrs. Brett's honest opinion of his work, so far as it had gone. Mrs. Brett was quite willing to pass judgment upon his outlines, but so also was Lady Wetherby ; they appeared to be absolutely inseparable, and the most provoking part of the whole business was that Marcia evidently enjoyed this very poor and unduly protracted joke.

Such jokes are always enjoyed by women, and Marcia was not yet weary of this one at the end of the week, by which time Archdale's exasperation could no longer be concealed. Knowing, as she did, that neither Lady Wetherby nor anybody else could prevent her from granting the interview that he desired, so soon as it should please her to be merciful, she naturally chose to prolong a state of things which it was at her option to terminate. It was, however, terminated at length by circumstances with which she had nothing to do. A political meeting having been appointed to take place in one of the large neighbouring towns, and sundry statesmen having intimated their intention of speaking at it, Lord Wetherby could do no less than offer hospitality to the orators and their families ; and, so it came to pass, that an assembly of some twenty persons claimed his wife's attention one evening. Poor Lady Wetherby knew very well what was sure to happen ; but how could she help it ? She kept Marcia beside her after dinner, and engaged her in conversation with the political ladies ; but, of course, the groups broke up when the men came in from the dining-room, and, equally of course, Archdale succeeded in drawing Mrs. Brett away to an open window, whence a charming prospect of moon-lit lawn and garden could be descried.

"Don't you think it would be rather nice to go outside for a few minutes ?" he asked humbly. "This room is stifflingly hot, and, though I suppose these people are too old and solemn to perpetrate a round game, one of them is sure to be asked to sing presently, which will be almost as bad."

Marcia, who was not looking at him and seemed to be pre-occupied with thoughts of her own, nodded and stepped out on to the grass without more ado. Twenty-four hours earlier she would perhaps have shown herself less accommodating, but it so chanced that she had received that morning a letter from her

husband which had not only annoyed her a good deal, but had produced upon her exactly the opposite effect to that which it had been intended to produce ; this, unluckily, was the usual fate of Mr. Brett's letters to his wife.

"I have been sorry," he wrote, "to hear that Mr. Archdale is staying in the house with you, and I confess that, if I had known he would be there, I should have hesitated to let you accept Lady Wetherby's invitation. You will understand that I mean nothing more than I say ; only I think it right to tell you—in case you do not already know it—that the coincidence of your leaving London simultaneously and meeting in Yorkshire will be commented upon. Under the circumstances, I think it well that you should join me as soon as possible, and I have arranged to move down to Lynton, where I have secured a house for the summer months, somewhat earlier than I had intended. I have sent some of the servants to make preparations. Willie's holidays, as you know, will begin in about a fortnight's time, so that you will have a more powerful motive for coming south than any mere wish of mine could supply. I should, however, much prefer your quitting your present quarters early next week."

Marcia thought this missive ungenerous, unmanly and ungentlemanlike, and she mentally applied all these epithets, besides some stronger ones, to it. It was, at any rate, unwise and unprofitable ; for after she had perused it she resolved that nothing should induce her to leave Wetherby a day sooner than she had originally proposed ; furthermore, she determined that she would no longer deny herself the pleasure of talking to Mr. Archdale when she felt so inclined. What had she done to be treated with such distrust ? Certainly, if she had been minded to forget her duty, it would not have been Lady Wetherby's precautions or Eustace's suspicions that would have roused her to a keener sense of it. So she had not a word to say against Archdale's proposal that they should stroll across the garden towards the shrubberies which adjoined Lord Wetherby's famous coverts, nor did she resent the reproachful accents in which he inquired why he had been sent to Coventry for a week.

"I haven't sent you to Coventry," she answered ; "but I don't wish Laura to think that I asked you to come here, and she evidently does think that you are only here because I am. I warned you in London, you know, that she would."

"Yes ; and I told you that I hadn't the slightest objection to her being aware of the truth. Have you any objection ?"

Marcia shrugged her shoulders. "I have a strong objection to being worried," she replied, "and of late everybody seems to have entered into a conspiracy to worry me. The worst of them all is my husband, because he doesn't really care in the least what I do or who my friends may be."

"Does Mr. Brett consider me an undesirable friend for you ?" Archdale inquired.

"Oh, I suppose so, or else he considers it undesirable in the abstract that I should have any friends at all, except women. But, as I told you, he doesn't really care one way or the other. This morning I had orders from him to proceed as soon as possible to Devonshire, where we are to spend the summer—and what an enjoyable summer it will be ! He has taken a house at Lynton—have you ever been there ?"

Archdale had not visited that picturesque neighbourhood, but had long desired to make himself acquainted with it, and hoped ere long to carry his wish into effect.

"Only not this year, please," said Marcia, laughing. "I should be delighted to see you, but I'm afraid Eustace would not ; and, as I don't know a single soul in those parts, it is very essential to my comfort that Eustace should be kept in a moderately good humour."

Her companion made no immediate rejoinder ; he was walking beside her with his hands in his pockets and his eyes bent upon the ground. "I don't know," he began at length, "whether I am going to say anything shockingly immoral, but it does seem to me a great pity that marriages can't be dissolved by mutual consent. Why should one be made to suffer all one's life long because one has fallen into a little mistake in one's youth ?"

There are obvious reasons for the existence of such a state of things, and Marcia recognized them. She did not, however, think it necessary to state these for Mr. Archdale's benefit, but merely observed, "Little mistakes lead to great disasters ; it's the way of the world and there's no help for it. Still, I sometimes think it is rather hard that experience should be such a useless thing. If one could begin all over again, one would know better and act differently ; but one can't begin again."

"No," agreed Archdale, sighing ; "one can't undo what is done : but one is surely entitled to get such happiness out of

life as remains possible. Every man and every woman has a moral right, for instance, to the choice of friends."

"Very likely ; but claiming a right isn't always the way to ensure happiness, I'm afraid."

They continue to beat about the bush after this fashion for some little time longer. Neither of them perhaps quite entered into the sentiments of the other, yet there was a mutual understanding between them which was probably sufficient for immediate purposes. Marcia did not care to disguise the fact that she had no love for her husband, while Archdale was extremely anxious to make it clear that, if he himself were in that fortunate man's place, no wish of hers would remain ungratified. His manner was more subdued and more respectful than usual ; he said very little which might not have been said in the presence of Lady Wetherby, and Marcia, who was conscious of having allowed her tongue far too much liberty, could not but feel grateful to him for his moderation. Also it must be confessed that his companionship and his sympathy, which was insinuated rather than spoken, were delightful to her.

Delightful, too, were the stillness and fragrance of the summer night and the moonlit vistas of the woods, which they had now entered. It was not surprising that amid such surroundings and in the interchange of half-confidences, they should have lost count of time ; still less surprising, perhaps, was it that they should have lost an even more important thing, namely, all accurate knowledge of their whereabouts. When at last Marcia consulted her watch she gave a cry of dismay.

"Good gracious !" she exclaimed. "Do you know that we have been out more than an hour ? We must go back at once."

And very shortly after this it was that the difficulty of finding their way back became manifest to both of them. To the unaccustomed eye one shooting-drive is exactly like another ; they had already sauntered along three or four of these, and if they now turned to the right instead of to the left they only obeyed the instinct which sways most people who have omitted to provide themselves with a compass.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Archdale, at length, "but it's useless to disguise the truth, and the truth is that I haven't the faintest idea where I am—have you ?"

"I know that I am in a dense forest which appears to have no limits," answered Marcia, with a vexed laugh. "The only thing to be done is to follow our noses. Wetherby may be in front of

us or behind us ; but if we walk straight on I suppose we shall reach the open country before we die."

Archdale could suggest no better course, and, indeed, the result of adopting it was moderately successful, since, after twenty minutes or so, they did emerge upon a hillside whence the chimneys of Wetherby could be descried ; but it took them the best part of another half-hour to reach the house, where they met with the reception which their behaviour seemed to have merited. The men had adjourned to the smoking-room and some of the ladies had gone to bed ; but a few still remained with Lady Wetherby, and these evidently approved of the annoyed tone in which she addressed the wanderers.

"We thought you must be lost," she said. "I was just going to send out men with lanterns to search for you. Where *have* you been?"

"We were lost, but we are found again," answered Archdale, who was not easily disconcerted. "You ought to have sign-posts put up in those woods of yours, Lady Wetherby; the Hampton Court maze is nothing to them."

Marcia did not attempt to excuse herself. She knew very well that a jury of her own sex would never acquit her and that it would be a mere waste of breath to back up her companion's statement ; therefore, she only said that she had had a long tramp and was tired out ; immediately after which she took up a bedroom candlestick, wished everybody good-night, and retired.

Archdale was preparing to imitate her when Lady Wetherby laid a detaining hand upon his coat-sleeve. He could not disobey that intimation, so he remained resignedly where he was until he and his hostess were left in sole possession of the drawing-room, when he remarked, "Now I am going to catch it, I suppose. All the same, we *did* lose our way."

"Very likely you did," returned Lady Wetherby curtly. "I have nothing to say about that except that you had no business to lose your way ; but one thing I am quite determined about, and that is that I will not allow you the chance of making such a blunder again. I am sorry to appear inhospitable, Mr. Archdale, but I must ask you to go away to-morrow and not to come back until Marcia has left us. You know as well as I do what these people must have thought."

"I give you my word," answered Archdale, "that I am as innocent as a new-born babe. We should have been back



ever so long ago if we hadn't unfortunately taken the wrong turning."

"Oh, of course; and in your innocence you will take the wrong turning again on the earliest opportunity. Now, Mr. Archdale, I am going to be perfectly candid with you. I don't know whether you are a gentleman in the sense that I understand that term or not; but, from the little that I have seen of you, I should think that you had principles of a kind and a vast stock of selfishness. Well, if you go on as you are doing, the chances are that you will cause a permanent rupture between Marcia and her husband. You wouldn't like that, I presume."

"Really," answered Archdale, who, naturally enough, did not relish being told in such plain language that he was no gentleman, "if I possessed the power that you give me credit for, which I don't at all admit, I should not feel that I was guilty of any great crime by exercising it. Her husband is evidently a brute."

"No, he is only an ordinary, honest man who is clever in some ways and stupid in others; but that is neither here nor there. What I am sure you wouldn't like would be the responsibility of having upon your hands a woman who was separated from her husband through you. I don't pretend to be quick at reading character; but I think I can read yours well enough to understand that much. You had better leave her alone, Mr. Archdale. Anyhow, you can't refuse to be telegraphed for to-morrow morning."

"Of course I can't," agreed Archdale, smiling. "I will be telegraphed for, then, and I will leave by the first train. Nevertheless, you will perhaps excuse my saying that your remarks are almost as unflattering to Mrs. Brett as they are to myself."

Unflattering they might be; but he felt that, at least in so far as they bore reference to himself, they were true. He had no liking for tragedy nor even for that kind of serio-comedy in which the serious element predominates. He adored Mrs. Brett; but he knew that he could live without her, whereas, under existing circumstances, he certainly could not live with her. Therefore it would, without doubt, be right and wise to absent himself from her until such time as his emotions, and possibly also hers, should have become more amenable to restraint. In all honesty and sincerity he desired to do nothing wrong and to

harm nobody—least of all himself. He perceived that sooner or later he would have to execute a strategic movement of retreat, and painful though it was to him to be driven away from one to whom (for the time being) his whole heart belonged, there was consolation in the thought that he was being driven away, that he was not retiring of his own free will. He slept quite soundly that night, and on the following morning before breakfast he was summoned up to London. However, he thought himself bound in common civility to leave a note for Mrs. Brett, in which he expressed deep regret at being compelled to go away without wishing her good-bye, and added that he looked forward to meeting her once more in the autumn, if, as she had given him to understand, he must not venture to invade her summer quarters.

## CHAPTER XII.

### WILLIE'S FIRST HOLIDAYS.

Mr. Brett had been not a little vexed to hear that Archdale had followed his wife to Wetherby. His sister-in-law, Caroline, who had obtained this information from some source or other, had hastened to impart it to him, and had not failed, while doing so, to point out that such an encounter could hardly be the result of mere chance. He himself had difficulty in believing it to be wholly unpremeditated ; so that, although he preferred blaming Archdale to blaming Lady Wetherby or Marcia, he felt that it was his duty to remove the latter as soon as might be from an equivocal position. He managed to arrange an earlier date than had been fixed upon for the commencement of his holiday ; he composed the letter of which a portion has been quoted to his wife, and he journeyed down to Lynton in the confident expectation that she would join him there at once. He did not often issue instructions or even express wishes, but when he did so they were usually complied with ; therefore her reply, which reached him two days after his arrival in the far-west locality where he had decided to spend the summer, gave him both surprise and annoyance.

"I am sorry," Marcia wrote, "that you don't like Mr. Archdale ; but I can't say that I wonder at it, because you never do like the people whom I like. Luckily, however, he left this morning, and I shall not now have to make myself ridiculous by

cutting short my visit here. I should be curious to know who has 'commented upon' the coincidence that you speak of if I couldn't form a tolerable good guess. Pray assure Caroline, with my love, that she is not likely to have the satisfaction of hearing that I have eloped with anybody. You may expect me when Willie's holidays begin; I shall probably pick him up at Farnborough, and bring him with me."

Mr. Brett was at least as averse to making himself ridiculous as Marcia could be, and he was not at all sure that he had escaped committing that act of gratuitous folly. In any case, he did not see his way to despatch a second summons, and he wished with all his heart that he had not been in such a hurry to move down to Devonshire. It was desperately dull in that beautiful, but remote spot; deprived of his work and his club, he did not know how to get through the long hours, nor could he keep himself from brooding over the disappointments of life, by admiring the changing colours of cliff and moorland or gazing across the Bristol Channel at the faint blue outline of the Welsh coast. To be sure, things would not have been much better if he had had Marcia with him; but that was scarcely a consolatory reflection.

Marcia, meanwhile, found it a very consolatory reflection that her husband had hastened away from London to no purpose. She stood in some need of consolation, because Archdale's precipitate exit had provoked her very much, and she was not so simple as to believe in the telegram which he had put forward as an excuse.

"I suppose this means that you have turned him out of the house, Laura," she took the first opportunity of saying to her friend.

"I didn't exactly turn him out," Lady Wetherby replied composedly, "but I don't deny that I requested him to go. It was entirely your own fault, Marcia, and I am not a bit ashamed of myself; so you needn't scowl at me. What possessed you to lose yourself with him in the woods?"

"As if one did that kind of thing on purpose! I ruined my frock, and a new pair of shoes, and now—thanks to you—everybody believes that I made that sacrifice for the sake of the man whom you have chased off the premises!"

"Do you suppose that they would have believed anything else if he had remained here? Nothing that you or I could have done would have made them believe that you really lost

your way ; but I thought to myself, that at least I could take measures to prevent the repetition of such a disaster, and I took them accordingly. Episodes of that kind *are* disasters, you know, Marcia."

Marcia declared that she did not see that at all, and added that only those amiable persons who were always hoping that some disaster might happen to their neighbours would take such a view of an every-day occurrence. She was much incensed against her friend, who ought, she thought, to have stood by her more loyally, nor was she best pleased with Archdale for submitting with meekness to a sentence of banishment. However, she forgave him when she took into account the absolute impossibility of staying in a house of which the mistress has requested you to quit it ; she was, besides, all the more ready to forgive him because she felt sure that he must have gone away very reluctantly. In the course of a day or two she felt able to forgive Laura also, seeing that there was, after all, some justification for the scruples of a lady who was nothing if not conventional : she did not, however, forgive Eustace, for whose insulting innuendoes she could find no justification at all.

Poor Mr. Brett did not deal in innuendoes, and certainly had not meant to be insulting. He only wrote once from Lynton to his wife, and that was merely to say that he would expect her upon the date which she had named. So luckless was he, that Marcia, instead of giving him credit for unselfishness, took this to be but one more proof of his utter indifference. "All he cares for is to avoid scandal," she thought. "Now that he knows Mr. Archdale is out of the way, he wouldn't mind if I remained out of the way too until Doomsday."

Nevertheless, the day upon which she set out from Wetherby to join him was a joyful day for her ; for, although there might be no love lost between her and her husband, there was love enough for twenty between her and her son, whom she was going to meet. At least, she hoped that there was. In her case, at all events, separation had brought about no lessening of affection ; but of course she could not feel quite so sure of Willie as she did of herself. A boy when he goes to school, like a girl when she is introduced to society, turns over a fresh leaf in the book of life ; he learns a great deal of which he has hitherto been ignorant or has but dimly suspected ; he sees the world and humanity with other and clearer, perhaps also with sadder eyes : all of a sudden he becomes a rudimentary man, and in putting

away childish things he sometimes puts away childish love and faith with the rest. And to Marcia, who could not know this by experience, but divined it by the aid of that maternal instinct which never errs, was nervous and flustered when the train drew up at Farnborough Station.

But there was Willie waiting for her, with his portmanteau and hat-box, and as soon as he caught sight of her his round face became illumined with smiles, and a minute later she was kissing him and crying over him—though there was nothing to cry about—and she knew before he opened his lips that he was her own dear boy still, and that this first contact with a world which is full of ugly and disheartening experiences had not changed or spoilt him.

Of course she had taken very good care to bribe the guard and keep the carriage to herself. Presently she made Willie stand away from her, and surveyed him critically from head to foot.

"You have grown quite an inch," she said, "and you are improved—oh, yes! you are improved. You look stronger, and your shoulders are broader; I think you will be a tall man. Ah! well, I suppose I shall always wish you were back in petticoats again; still it's something to have a son big enough to take care of his poor old mother. Now tell me all about yourself and what you have been doing; for I have heard nothing yet. You don't write at all nice letters, do you know?"

The boy laughed, flung himself down beside his mother, and, putting his arm round her waist, laid his head upon her shoulder just as he had been wont to do in former times.

"One can't say things in letters," he answered; "what do you want to know?"

She wanted to know everything. Who were his friends? had the boys bullied him at first? had he fought any of them? was he getting on well at cricket? And then, as an afterthought, she inquired whether he was taking home a good report from the head-master. "Because your father is sure to ask about that at once and make a fuss if it isn't perfectly satisfactory."

Fortunately, Willie was able to reply that his father would have no cause to complain of the report that he had in his pocket; and this was the sole allusion made to Mr. Brett in the course of a long and happy afternoon. In answer to the other questions put to him, Willie had a great deal to say; and all

that he said was delightful to listen to, not only because he incidentally revealed his capacity to take care of himself and hold his own amongst his companions, but because it was so evident that his mother still held the first place in his heart. It gave her a passing spasm of pain at her own to remember that she had sometimes forgotten him when she had been enjoying herself; indeed, that she had tried to enjoy herself in order to forget him; whereas he had always been thinking of her, and had treasured up the incidents of his best days to relate to her. But now she was reassured; she would never try to put her boy out of her mind again; his love was sufficient for her, and so long as he cared for her it was little enough that she would trouble her head about Mr. Archdale or anybody else whose friendship might have seemed worth having as a *pis-aller*.

And, being thus light-hearted and content, she was less cold than she had intended to be when, after the long drive from Barnstaple to Lynton, they reached their temporary home and discerned the tall spare figure of Mr. Brett, who had walked out to the gate to meet them.

"Here we are, Eustace," she said, jumping out of the carriage, "and we are dying of hunger; so I do hope you have ordered an enormous dinner for us. What a pretty place!"

"I am glad you think so," Mr. Brett replied, with his grave smile.

It was unquestionably a very pretty place, and if Marcia admired it in the twilight she admired it still more the next morning, when a fresh breeze was blowing in from the Atlantic, and when she looked from her bedroom window upon the sunlit expanse of sea and the towering headlands of the coast line. The house which Mr. Brett had taken stood upon the very verge of the cliff outside Lynton and was surrounded by a small garden, where only a few flowering shrubs had managed to survive the fury of the prevailing gales. Far beneath lay Lynmouth, a confused mass of dwellings, collected round the mouth of the little river whence the town takes its name, and by stretching out of the window, and turning her gaze inland, Marcia could catch a glimpse of the woods through which the Lyn hurries down towards the sea. Her first thought was that she and Willie would have some happy days and walks together, boating and fishing; and her second—which made her smile—

was that Eustace would very soon have had enough of Lynton. Eustace did not care for sailing, was not an angler, and had no taste for country walks. It seemed reasonable to expect that he would ere long find himself irresistibly attracted towards the city which he could not ask his wife to inhabit during the summer and autumn.

She had forgotten that Mr. Brett knew how to ride. Her forgetfulness was excusable, because this was an accomplishment which he rarely displayed, and in which he could scarcely be said to excel. He had, however, bethought him that Willie would like to have his pony, and he had had one of the carriage horses sent down for his own use ; and so it came to pass that on the very first day the father and son went out together for a gallop over the moor, and Marcia was left out in the cold. This was a disappointment ; but she bore it uncomplainingly. She wanted the boy to enjoy his holidays, and she wanted him to acquire some knowledge of horsemanship. After all, if he had not gone out with his father, he would have gone out with the groom, and she would have been equally deprived of his company in either case. What she had not reckoned upon (for how was she to know that hunting ever took place in summer ?) was that the Devon and Somerset hounds would advertise two meets in the neighbourhood in the course of the ensuing week, and that Willie would be wild with excitement at the thought of a run with them. On the first occasion he and Mr. Brett were absent from early morning until dinner-time, when they returned weary but triumphant, having seen plenty of sport and passed through some thrilling experiences which the boy recounted breathlessly. Marcia listened, and tried to be interested, and was in some degree interested. She had had a dull time of it ; but she would not, perhaps, have resented that if the jealousy which was a part of her nature had not been aroused by certain evidences of a good-fellowship between the father and the son which had never appeared before.

She astonished Willie that night by entering his bedroom, just after he had laid his tired head upon the pillow, and saying abruptly, "This is what I have always dreaded ; you care more for hunting than you do for me, and very soon you will care more for your father (who cares for nobody) than you do for me. Oh, what a miserable thing it is to be a woman !"

The boy opened his sleepy eyes wide and the corners of his mouth dropped.

"What is it, Mummy?" he asked in dismay; "what have I done?"

"Oh, nothing," answered Marcia, half laughing, half crying, and a little ashamed of herself; "it is natural, I suppose, and you can't help yourself. Only, you see, I have had a miserable day all alone here, and I had been hoping that you would take me out for a sail, and—and—oh, well it doesn't matter; but Willie, if you ever love him better than me, you will break my heart!"

There was no danger of her heart being broken from that cause. She received assurances the sincerity of which she could not doubt, and on the following day it was to Mr. Brett that the part of odd man out was assigned; for Willie and his mother, having obtained the requisite permission, went off up the river with a fishing-rod and a luncheon-basket, and only reappeared at nightfall. Doubtless there was some lack of generosity in the satisfaction which Marcia felt on noticing that her husband was in one of his most querulous moods; but it is only human to desire that others should experience what they have inflicted on ourselves, and have an opportunity of judging how they like it: besides, she meant to be very generous on the morrow, which was the day appointed for the second meet of the stag-hounds. She had made up her mind that she would not grumble at being left, that she would fill up the day by clearing up arrears of correspondence, that she would perhaps go out for a walk in the afternoon and would rejoice unselfishly in the thought that Willie was having a fine time of it.

But when, quite at variance with her custom, she came down stairs early to give the sportsmen their breakfast, lo and behold Willie had not donned the cords and boots of which he was so proud! and presently he announced quietly, in answer to some remark of Mr. Brett's, that he was not going to hunt that day; he was going to take his mother for a sail instead.

Mr. Brett frowned and assumed the aspect which was familiar to unfortunate persons who knew that it meant "forty shillings or a month."

"You must not get into the way of being capricious, Willie," said he; "that is a privilege which is supposed to be reserved for ladies. The horses have been ordered and we shall have to start in ten minutes."

The boy looked down without replying, and after a pause



Marcia—though she knew she ought to hold her tongue—could not help pleading, "But if he doesn't want to go, Eustace!"

Mr. Brett smiled somewhat disagreeably and said, "Is it not rather you who do not want him to go? However, I will leave the choice to him this time. You can hunt or sail to-day as you please, Willie; only you must clearly understand that if you decide upon sailing I shall not take you out with the hounds again. Boys must learn to know their own minds."

He was neither a cruel nor a stupid man; but there was some defect in his perceptions which sometimes caused him to do cruel and stupid things. He really believed that he was right to place the boy in that dilemma; he did not understand that no human being with a particle of spirit could yield to such a threat.

Willie raised his eyes, which expressed some regret, a little compunction and a touch of perplexity, but answered without hesitating, "I'd rather go out sailing, please."

"Very well," returned his father briefly, and at once left the room.

Marcia caught the boy's hand and pressed it to her lips. "Oh, how good you are to me!" she exclaimed. Her face was beaming with joy and triumph; probably that moment was one of the happiest that she had ever known.

Willie laughed and looked pleased; yet it was evident that his mind was not quite easy nor his pleasure wholly unalloyed. "I say," he asked, after Marcia had been expatiating for some minutes upon the fun that was in store for them, "do you think he was awfully sold?"

"Who?—Your father? I hope he was, for I am sure he deserved to be. I never heard of anything so shabby as his saying that he wouldn't take you out hunting again. But he will when the time comes; we needn't bother about that now. And don't you flatter yourself that he will miss you; it is only I who am wretched when you are out of sight."

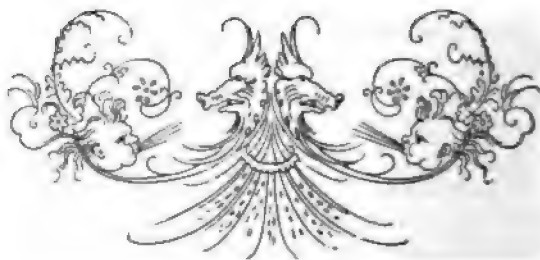
"Well, I don't know," said Willie musingly; "he was quite—quite jolly, you know, the other day while the hounds were running."

Marcia burst out laughing. "Eustace *jolly*! Well, let us hope that he will be jolly again to-day when he joins them; for I suppose he intends to go."

Mr. Brett, however, had no such intention, and Willie guessed that, though his mother did not. Nor, in all probability, did she

guess that the poor little fellow had made what for him was a very great sacrifice in order to please her. It was her nature to accept sacrifices, sometimes even to demand them, and in this little scene, which had brought the character of the three persons concerned so singularly into prominence, she had comprehended only one point—but that, to be sure, was a most important one—that Willie loved her best.

*(To be continued.)*



## The Lover's Song.

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### I.

WHEN Winter hoar no longer holds  
The young year in his gripe,  
And bleating voices fill the folds,  
And blackbirds pair and pipe ;  
Then coax the maiden where the sap  
Awakes the woodlands drear,  
And pour sweet wildflowers in her lap,  
And sweet words in her ear.  
For Springtime is the season, sure,  
Since Love's game first was played,  
When tender thoughts begin to lure  
The heart of April maid,  
Of maid,  
The heart of April maid.

### II.

When June is wreathed with wilding rose,  
And all the buds are blown,  
And O, 'tis joy to dream and doze  
In meadows newly mown ;  
Then take her where the grayling leaps,  
And where the dabchick dives,  
Or where the bees in clover reap  
The harvest for their hives.  
For Summer is the season when,  
If you but know the way,  
A maid that's kissed will kiss again,  
Then pelt you with the hay,  
The hay,  
Then pelt you with the hay.

## III.

When sickles ply among the wheat,  
Then trundle home the sheaves,  
And there's a rustling of the feet  
Through early-fallen leaves ;  
Entice her where the orchard glows  
With apples plump and tart,  
And tell her plain the thing she knows,  
And ask her for her heart.  
For Autumn is the season, boy,  
To gather what we sow :  
If you be bold, she won't be coy,  
Nor ever say you no,  
Say no,  
Nor ever say you no.

## IV.

When woodmen clear the coppice lands,  
And arch the hornbeam drive,  
And stamp their feet, and chafe their hands,  
To keep their blood alive ;  
Then lead her where, when vows are heard,  
The church-bells peal and swing,  
And, as the parson speaks the word,  
Then on her clap the ring.  
For Winter is a cheerless time  
To live and work alone ;  
But what to him is snow or rime,  
Who calls his love his own,  
His own,  
Who calls his love his own ?

ALFRED AUSTIN.



## Weather Forecasting.



THE correctness, or otherwise, of the weather forecasts is a fruitful subject of conversation and of discussion in the newspapers, and a particularly amusing criticism on the general outcome of the work appeared in the *Times* early in January. The author stated that he had cut out of the newspapers the daily forecasts for a month in the summer time, shuffled them all in a bag, and then drawn one, at haphazard, for each day of a month for which they had not been intended. The results he obtained by this method did not differ much from those at which he arrived by comparing the official forecasts with the facts.

The critic just mentioned is, however, not the first to apply such a test to weather prophecies. At the time that warnings of Atlantic storms, from the office of the *New York Herald*, were published more frequently than is the case at present, the attempt was made to apply the prophecies intended for one year to the corresponding days in the next, and the outcome was stated to be quite as satisfactory as when the notices were applied to the days for which they were originally intended.

Some of the critics ignore, or are unaware of, the practical difficulties which beset the prophet, and recommend that the issue of all weather announcements of a predictive character should be abandoned entirely. Others suggest that the amount of information as to existing weather, published in the papers, should be largely increased, in forgetfulness of the circumstance that editors cannot spare much of their space for meteorological details if there is anything more important awaiting insertion.

The simple fact is that the public wish for forecasts, and therefore they must have them. All the responsible meteorologists in Europe resisted the demand as long as they could, but all have been forced to give way, and in compliance with popular requirements to publish every day something as to the prospects

of weather for the morrow. There is not a single office which would not gladly suspend the forecasts if it could do so.

Most of these offices lay claim to the general correctness of more than four out of five of their utterances. These results are obtained by comparing the forecasts with all the reports from the district to which it applies. It is rare when no single report agrees with the forecast, and accordingly this method yields a higher figure than the same forecasts could secure if tested by reports from a single station.

It is really extremely difficult to test such predictions in a strictly scientific manner, and over an extensive area, such as any of the eleven districts, into which the United Kingdom is divided for forecasting purposes, the weather on most days varies considerably according to the lie of the hills and the direction of the river valleys which traverse the country.

To give an idea of the extent of country covered by these forecasts, it may be stated that London comes in England South, which extends from Dover to Portland Bill, and it is self-evident that the weather inland is rarely the same as that on the coast. In fact the weather at two places 20 or 30 miles apart may be quite different, and the forecast which has to cover both may be quite right for the one, while it is quite wrong for the other. If the meteorological office were to attempt to subdivide the country more minutely than is at present done, the task of preparing the special forecasts would be beyond the powers of any meteorologist to carry out.

It is the prescriptive right of every Englishman to grumble and write to the *Times*, but we can assure our readers that the same right is freely exercised by the public in other countries. There are men at Cologne who find fault with the forecasts issued by the *Seewarte* at Hamburg, and who say openly "We could do the work much better ourselves."

It is perfectly certain that many an old shepherd or fisherman can form, for his own locality, a better judgment on the chances of the morrow's weather than can be formed for him by any professional meteorologist. This craft of weather-prediction requires long experience in order to attain a mastery in it; and, inasmuch as the general public is otherwise occupied, it demands that forecasts shall be supplied to it, and then amuses itself by laughing at failures when they occur.

The fact really is that the ideal weather-observer must be gifted with very various qualifications. He must be an accurate

and regular recorder of instrumental readings, and he must also be a born cloud-observer, and sufficiently at leisure to be able to spend a great deal of time watching the sky and its changes.

The telegraphic reporters, of whose services the office is able to avail itself, are naturally only able to fulfil a few of these conditions. If they are actual telegraph clerks, they are tied to their desks and instruments for hours together ; and if they have other occupations, such as keeping a school, or acting as a station-master, their time is mainly taken up by duties other than meteorological.

With the most perfect information to be had at his disposal, any one discussing the weather in these islands is heavily handicapped by the presence of the ocean along their western and northern coasts, and by the very limited area of the islands themselves, and the way they are cut up by the sea. Winds coming off the water have always a tendency to produce clouds and cause rain, as soon as they meet with high land, and again to become dry winds as they pass over the hills into the level country beyond.

Thus the valley of the Spey in Scotland has a far drier climate than the western part of Inverness-shire, because the rain falls chiefly on the western slopes of the mountains.

This same action takes place with all winds ; even the east wind, usually a dry current, not very unfrequently brings heavy rain to the East coasts of Great Britain and of Ireland ; the distance to which the rain extends from the coast being comparatively slight.

The whole system of forecasting is a development of the principle of storm warnings. This principle was defined more than thirty years ago, by Le Verrier, in a letter to Sir George Airy, as "to announce a storm as soon as it appears in any corner of Europe, to follow it on its course by means of the telegraph, and to give timely notice of it to the coasts which it may reach."

Forecasting weather is the attempt to indicate how the influence of one of these storms will affect the weather in different parts of the country as the system passes on, and in this investigation we have to consider how the trend of the coast, the lie of the river valleys, and the contour and extent of the hills, will affect the motion of the wind and the formation of cloud with its *sequelæ*, the precipitation of rain or snow.

Le Verrier used the words "signaler un ouragan dès qu'il apparaîtra en un coin de l'Europe," and if by any means a storm

could be detected before it burst on our coasts, the task of forecasting would be considerably lightened.

In the hope of being able to effect this, the office for some years was in daily receipt of telegrams from the United States, containing, in addition to indications of conditions prevailing over the North American continent, reports of weather extracted from the logs of steamers arriving at American ports. It has, however, been found that such telegrams possess no value commensurate with their cost, inasmuch as they have never enabled European meteorologists to predict a storm. Storms leaving the American coast change their character materially during their passage over the ocean.

The Meteorological Office has recently published a series of daily charts of Atlantic weather, for the period of thirteen months, from August 1882 to August 1883 inclusive. During that interval thirty-seven severe storms were felt on our coasts. Of these only twelve, or one third, could be traced from the United States or from Nova Scotia to Europe. Of these twelve storms

4 crossed in two days, 1 crossed in five days.

3     "     "     three     2     "     "     six     "

1     "     "     four     1     "     "     ten     "

These figures show that there is considerable uncertainty as to the date at which a change of weather telegraphed from the United States will fall due in Europe, and so discredit is thrown on American telegrams.

The suggestion has been frequently made that we should overcome this difficulty of receiving information from the westward by establishing signal ships in mid-Atlantic. The advocates of such a scheme can hardly be alive to its probable cost. The expense of laying a cable 500 miles long would be over £50,000, and to this we have to add the cost of the ship and her moorings, and finally the pay and keep of the men.

The experience of the last weeks of January as to the extreme difficulty of relieving and supplying stores to the light-ships close to our coasts, will show what would be the chance of maintaining regular communications by steamers with a ship moored 500 miles from land. The reader must therefore see that at present any hope of our obtaining information from the westward is visionary, and that we must only do the best we can with the information obtainable from our own western outposts.

The actual process of the preparation of the forecasts is easily



explained. As the set of reports from each station comes in, the observations are all put down on a map, and as they are entered, the changes in the reports from those last received are entered with coloured pencils. The map when completed is carefully examined in order to ascertain what changes have occurred or are in progress. The main features to which attention is paid are the readings of the barometers, as on their distribution depends the wind, both in direction and force, and the wind may be said to govern the weather.

Supposing that we have one of these maps filled up, let us next see what we can make of it. If we find, as is frequently the case, the barometer lowest off the west coast of Ireland, we know that there is a probability that a storm of more or less intensity is coming on us from the Atlantic, and will bring with it, at first, southerly winds and rain. Now comes the question: In what direction is that storm travelling? and that is decided by examination of the barometrical readings over Great Britain and the adjacent parts of the Continent. If the barometer is high over any region, the storm cannot advance over that district, but must glance off past it. Constantly we find a succession of these Atlantic storms skirting the extreme west coasts of Ireland and Scotland, and passing off towards Norway. Under these circumstances we have generally south-westerly winds and showery, if not downright wet, weather.

This statement must, however, be modified for any place which has a range of high hills lying to the south-westward, for such hills will catch much of the moisture which is in the air, and the wind on their lee side will be comparatively dry.

If the conditions of barometrical pressure allow the storm system to advance eastwards over England, the wind to the northward of its track will be easterly, while to the southward of the track it is westerly. In the former case the weather will be generally dry, while in the latter there will be probably heavy showers, as these characterize westerly winds shifting to north-west.

It is obvious that, according to the varying paths of these storms, the weather is subject to an almost infinite amount of variation, and the great problem in predicting the weather is to determine what is the probable direction and what the probable rate of advance of the storm, as most of the mistakes in forecasts are due to errors in these estimates.

The direction of advance is generally from some westerly

point ; occasionally it takes place from north to south, or, *vice versa*, from south to north, and it is only very rarely that the movement is from east to west. Sometimes a depression actually forms itself within the limits of these islands. In the two last-named cases the forecaster is usually at fault.

The velocity of advance may vary from being very slight, say 5 or 10 miles an hour, to 50 miles an hour or even more ; such a high speed as of nearly 70 miles an hour having been recorded Nov. 10, 1875, and March 12, 1876. When such a rapid motion as this occurs it is obvious that the difficulty of giving timely notice, and thus carrying out Le Verrier's idea, is enormously increased.

It is, however, possible for any person who will take the trouble of watching the clouds carefully to do a great deal of useful forecasting for himself. The clouds to be chiefly observed are the very highest stratum, called "cirrus" or "mare's tail." These move according to definite laws, and the surest sign of the approach of a storm, beginning with southerly winds and rain, is the marked advance of a bank of cirrus clouds from the north-western horizon.

To deal further with this branch of the subject would take us beyond the limits which are available, and I must now quote some of the opinions which have been put forward by independent observers, as a rebutting case to the criticisms mentioned at the beginning of the article.

In the first instance the office has for the last ten years, during the hay season, issued daily forecasts *gratis* to prominent agriculturists, on condition of their making the forecasts known in their own localities, and also sending up to the office reports as to their accuracy and utility. In the summer of 1888 these telegrams were sent to twenty-nine persons situated in different parts of the United Kingdom, and the following is the result derived from their reports, with the name of the stations.

In addition to the stations above mentioned, nine large landowners residing in different parts of the country requested to be supplied with these telegrams at their own expense, and we hear of farmers sending regularly to learn what the telegrams say. One Norfolk farmer expressed his opinion of the system thus. He said he thought the dissemination of a forecast in harvest-time "a good thing, as, although it was not always correct, still it gave him buoyancy !" Here, then,

we have proof that the labour spent on forecasting is not wasted, but on the contrary is turned to good account.

| Districts.       | Name of Stations.                                                                                | Percentages.      |                  |                  |                |
|------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------|------------------|------------------|----------------|
|                  |                                                                                                  | Complete Success. | Partial Success. | Partial Failure. | Total Failure. |
| SCOTLAND, N.     | Golspie and Munlochy . . . . .                                                                   | 48                | 34               | 17               | 1              |
| " E.             | North Berwick, Glamis, Aberfeldy, and<br>Rothiemay . . . . .                                     | 43                | 41               | 11               | 5              |
| ENGLAND, N.E.    | Chatton and Ulceby . . . . .                                                                     | 50                | 27               | 17               | 6              |
| " E.             | Thorpe and Rothamsted . . . . .                                                                  | 48                | 39               | 10               | 3              |
| MIDLAND COUNTIES | Cirencester and East Retford . . . . .                                                           | 53                | 32               | 9                | 6              |
| ENGLAND, S.      | Horsham, Maidstone, and Downton . . . . .                                                        | 52                | 40               | 6                | 2              |
| SCOTLAND, W.     | Dumbarton, Islay, and Stranraer . . . . .                                                        | 45                | 41               | 8                | 6              |
| ENGLAND, N.W.    | Leyburn and Prescott . . . . .                                                                   | 57                | 24               | 11               | 8              |
| " S.W.           | Bridgend (Glamorgan), Clifton, Glas-<br>tonbury and Spring Park (Gloucester-<br>shire) . . . . . | 46                | 36               | 13               | 5              |
| IRELAND, N.      | Moynalty and Hollymount . . . . .                                                                | 43                | 38               | 14               | 5              |
| " S.             | Moneygall, Kilkenny, Ardferf Abbey . . . . .                                                     | 53                | 31               | 10               | 6              |

To take reports from individual stations : a clergyman living in Staffordshire gave the following figures for the year 1886 :—  
 " 309 forecasts were tested with the following result :—absolute successes, 247 ; absolute failures, 26 ; partial or doubtful successes, 36. That is to say we get, omitting small fractions, 80 per cent. of successes, 8½ per cent. of failures, and 11½ per cent. of doubtful cases."

To take another case. Mr. Cuthbert E. Peek, at his observatory at Rousdon, near Lyme Regis, tests the forecasts in the following way. They reach him in the afternoon, and are compared with notes of the weather, as entered before their arrival. The following are his figures for the last five years :—

|       | Wind and weather both reliable. | Wind reliable. | Wind doubtful. | Wind unreliable. | Weather reliable. | Weather doubtful. | Weather unreliable. |
|-------|---------------------------------|----------------|----------------|------------------|-------------------|-------------------|---------------------|
| 1884. | 59                              | 69             | 20             | 11               | 73                | 17                | 10                  |
| 1885. | 70                              | 80             | 12             | 8                | 80                | 12                | 8                   |
| 1886. | 73                              | 80             | 11             | 9                | 85                | 8                 | 7                   |
| 1887. | 75                              | 83             | 9              | 8                | 82                | 11                | 7                   |
| 1888. | 81                              | 89             | 5              | 6                | 89                | 7                 | 4                   |

It is obvious that these results are as successful as could be possibly anticipated.

There is one important element which has not yet been accurately predicted in any country, and that is the amount of rain to be expected on any day. Rain is foretold, but no attempt is ever made to state how much is likely to fall, whether a tenth of an inch, which would not do much more than lay the dust, or a couple of inches, which might probably cause sewers to burst. To take an instance: on the 11th of April, 1878, as much as 4·6 inches of rain fell at Haverstock Hill, and excessive amounts, though not reaching quite so high a figure, were collected in other districts of London. The result was that in several parts of the metropolis the sewers burst, and great inconvenience was thereby produced.

This flood was not connected with any thunderstorm or serious barometrical disturbance, and occurred when the weather was very quiet and winds light. It therefore gave no barometrical warning of its approach.

It is therefore evident that the causes which produced this excessive amount of rain must have been in operation in the upper strata of the atmosphere, about which regions, as already explained, our knowledge is defective.

Attempts are made to secure information from levels above the ordinary earth's surface by establishing observatories on mountains, like that on Ben Nevis, or by placing instruments on such lofty erections as the Eiffel Tower in Paris. It has not yet been proved to what extent reports from these stations can really be used in forecasting. They are not, at present, so used on the Continent of Europe, where several mountain stations are in full activity. In the United States the station which existed on Pike's Peak in Colorado, at an elevation of over 14,000 feet, has been discontinued, presumably because the value of the information derived from it was not commensurate with the cost of maintaining a station at such a height.

It is unfortunate that it is impossible to obtain regular observations from balloons. Captive balloons cannot be kept up in a high wind, as they would break loose from their cables, so that at the very time that the information would be of the highest value it would be unattainable.

Meteorologists are accordingly left to the information they can derive from stations on the habitable portion of the earth's surface, and, as far as these islands are concerned, it appears probable that forecasts for one day in advance are all that can be attempted in general with any hope of success.

Fortunately for us, faith in the general omnipotence of the "Clerk of the Weather" is still as current among children as ever. We constantly receive at the Meteorological Office letters either complaining of the weather, or desiring to bespeak a fine day for a birthday or a flower show. Several of these were published in a little work which appeared a few years ago, 'Weather Charts and Storm Warnings.' I can, however, add one which reached us last year. It is rather vague in its character, but is evidently *bond fide* what it purports to be, a child's letter. It bore the Southend postmark, and was addressed as follows:—

" To the Clerk of the Weather,  
Meteorological Society,  
Sun Court,

London,

February 16th, 1889.

"MY DEAR CLERK,

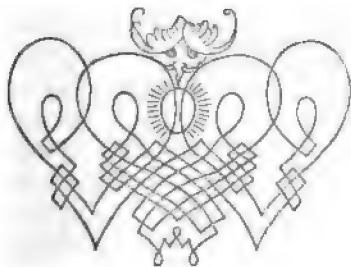
I must tell you I am very tired of this weather. We had some rain and snow. I suppose (*sic*) you know all about it. Mamma told me to write. Please will you send us some fine weather.

(Signed) "CONNIE."

If letters like these bear the name and address of the writer, as they sometimes do, an answer is always sent.

What has been said in the preceding pages is sufficient to show that the prediction of weather is a most intricate problem, and that it is remarkable that such an amount of success is attainable as the figures above quoted indicate.

ROBERT H. SCOTT.



## Theatre Fires in 1889.

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THE record of fires and other casualties in theatres during the year 1889 is as usual very interesting and instructive, and on the whole, when compared with that of similar events in previous years, is not altogether unsatisfactory.

It is true there have been several total losses of the structure or fabric of theatres, but this is a wholly unimportant matter, being strictly of the commercial order, and met in most cases by pecuniary compensation previously provided for at a recognized expense. At all events, this kind of loss is always a private matter, and has no public interest or importance whatever.

But, altogether beyond and outside this, there is an interest in everything connected with buildings in which large numbers of persons are massed together, and those whose duty or pleasure it is to ascertain and study facts are invariably anxious to know what has actually happened in connection with the burning of theatres, and also what might have occurred under different but probable circumstances.

The only satisfactory mode of obtaining complete information of this kind in an authentic manner is to study every detail of each accident however small, and especially to observe the apparent reasons why some cases are slight and others serious, why in some cases there is a panic and in others there is not, and, even where there has been no loss of life, to notice the place at which the fire commenced, the direction which it took, the cause or causes of its taking that direction, and the spots at which the accumulation of smoke sealed up corridors, passages, staircases, and doorways, so as to prevent persons passing through, and from all these factors to calculate how many of the visitors and artists would have probably been lost, and how many would probably have escaped, if the house had been full at the time of the occurrence.

On all these points there is fortunately a large amount of information to be derived from the records of the past year, and it will be our own fault if we do not carefully study and profit by it.

The first theatre fire of the year was at St. Paul, Minnesota, on Monday the 21st of January, when the Grand Opera House, which had been built at a cost of £40,000, was totally destroyed. The spread of this fire was very rapid ; but happily the building was empty at the time, and consequently there was no loss of life. This theatre, though modern, was not of very good construction, and if the house had been full, the probability is that about two-thirds of the visitors and about half the artists and persons employed about the stage and stores would have perished.

The next fire was in Buda-Pesth, on Saturday, January 26th, when a fire broke out in the Opera House just as the overture to Wagner's 'Rheingold' was about to commence. The house was crowded, and every one was watching attentively for the first note of music, when flames were seen issuing from the prompter's box, and the audience at once rose and very naturally made a frantic rush for the doors, which audiences invariably do when the flames are in sight, as they were on this occasion. The firemen in attendance were instantly on the spot and soon extinguished the fire ; indeed their action was so rapid that, in putting their jets of water on the prompter's box, they drenched several of the flying audience. By this time the theatre was empty ; and it is worthy of special note that although there was a distinct and serious panic, there was no loss of life, no injury, no casualty of any kind, and after a delay of three quarters of an hour, the audience again entered, and the performance proceeded as if nothing had occurred. This theatre is well designed, well constructed, well managed, and well guarded ; its corridors, passages, and staircases are so arranged as not to confuse an audience, or become filled with smoke at an early stage, and its exits are properly placed and of ample capacity for allowing the escape of a full house without dangerous crushing. The lesson to be learned from this event is that with proper arrangements a theatre can be made safe in the event of either fire or panic or both combined. It is most satisfactory to be able to write in this strain, and a hope may be expressed that there may be no relaxation of the present excellent arrangements in the Buda-Pesth Opera House.

The next catastrophe was at Aldershot on Friday, February 8th, when a fire broke out in the Theatre Royal about a quarter of an hour before the time advertised for the curtain to rise. A boy, who was engaged in lighting the battens or stage lights, overbalanced himself, and the taper which he was using came in contact with the curtains at the side. The whole building was almost immediately a mass of flames; the audience rose from their seats in wild alarm, and made a rush for the doors; the exits were fairly good, and, as the bulk of the people had not yet arrived, proved sufficient for the occasion; and in a very short time all the visitors escaped into the streets, only a few persons having sustained trifling injuries in the crush. The artists and others engaged on the stage also got out safely; but some of them had very narrow escapes, and none had time to change their dresses. The theatre was totally destroyed; but fortunately no lives were lost. If the fire had occurred half an hour later, when the house would have been full, there would probably have been a serious loss of life. This theatre was built in 1860, and was then called the "Victory," but for some time past it had been known as the Theatre Royal. Under all the circumstances the licensing authorities must consider themselves very fortunate in not having to justify their action before a coroner's jury.

The next fire occurred in Manchester on Tuesday, the 26th of February, and, as the local papers said, was one of the most alarming fires which ever occurred in that great commercial city. The theatre was known as the Royal Circus; it was built in 1878, and was described by those on the spot as being mostly, if not wholly, constructed of wood. It had been occupied for some time by "Mexican Joe and his New Wild West Show, in which a number of Indians and Cowboys took part," and on the night in question the performance was just over, and most of the visitors had left, when some straw took fire in the stables, and in a few minutes the whole place was one mass of flame, and the sky was lighted up for miles around. The building was situated in the very heart of the city, in the midst of the quarter occupied by the theatres and other places of amusement; and, when the fire declared itself, the whole district was in a state of wild excitement. The Indians made all possible efforts to drag away their horses; but, before many minutes elapsed, they had to fly for their lives, and leave their animals to perish in the flames. The Fire Brigade attended in the



shortest possible time, and did all that was in their power ; but where there is a building so constructed, after it has been on fire some ten minutes, no Fire Brigade can be of any great service beyond preventing the extending of the fire to other premises, and this was done successfully. It does not seem much ; but there were warehouses in the immediate neighbourhood, and if the fire had reached these the loss in money would have been very serious. In the result the circus was totally destroyed, and, so far as the event itself was concerned, there the matter ended ; but those who take a permanent and watchful interest in catastrophes of this kind, and believe them to be avoidable, may own to being lost in amazement at the criminal negligence or recklessness which could have permitted the erection of such a building in such a place for such a purpose.

The next casualty was in Leicester on Thursday, the 28th of February, when a fire was discovered in Paul's Theatre of Varieties, at a few minutes before seven o'clock in the morning. On the previous night, after the close of the usual entertainment, the chairman of the company saw all the lights turned out, and then left ; and about six o'clock in the morning several workmen and one policeman passed and saw nothing to attract attention. A little later, however, smoke and flames were seen issuing from the building, and the Fire Brigade was called ; but, before it was possible for the firemen to arrive, the flames were bursting forth from all the windows and doors, and making rapid headway through the roof, from which multitudes of sparks issued illuminating the whole neighbourhood. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Fire Brigade, who were in attendance very quickly, the flames continued to gain in intensity ; the heat became almost unbearable, owing to the great quantity of woodwork in the interior of the building ; the doors and shutters of the houses in the neighbourhood became scorched, and had to be kept wet to prevent them from bursting into flame ; and, in less than half an hour from the time of the discovery of the fire, the roof fell in with a crash. This building was at one time a public-house ; it was afterwards enlarged and turned into a Music Hall ; and in 1874 it was again enlarged under the sanction of the Leicester Corporation, and licensed as a Theatre of Varieties. The local newspapers state that there was an immense quantity of inflammable material in the shape of hay, straw, etc., in some extensive stores adjoining, and that in the rear of the stage there were two dangerous premises, a timber-yard and a brewery.

They also mention that the fire quickly spread to the hotel portion of the premises, and that it soon became obvious that neither the building nor the hotel could be saved. Many strange instances of aberration of intellect or absence of a feeling of responsibility on the part of public authorities may be found in the records of the world ; but there is probably nothing more astounding than the fact that within recent years this twice reconstructed public-house, in the midst of inflammable surroundings, should have been deliberately licensed as a theatre ; while, to make matters worse, a part of the building could still be described by those on the spot as "the hotel portion of the premises." If this fire had occurred when the house was full, about one-fourth of the audience would probably have escaped, and the remainder would inevitably have perished ; but it would be interesting to ascertain what the calculations of the licensing authorities were on this point, and how they justified to themselves the issue of a theatre licence under circumstances of such imminent and obvious danger.

The next casualty was at Maryport in Cumberland, on Saturday, the 23rd of March, when the gallery of the Theatre of Varieties gave way, and the audience had to make a frantic rush for the doors. Cries of fire were raised ; women fainted and were trampled on ; and several persons were badly bruised and otherwise injured ; but there was no loss of life. This was a wooden building, and it was not licensed as a theatre ; but a performance was held in it, and about 350 persons were present when the accident occurred. It seems almost incredible, that in a city containing about 8000 inhabitants, an unlicensed wooden building could have been used in this way under the eyes of the authorities ; but authentic records appear to leave no doubt as to the amazing fact.

On the same night, Saturday, the 23rd of March, there was a false alarm of fire at the Albert Hall, Sheffield, when the building was crowded for a weekly popular concert. Towards the close, smoke was seen to issue from the second tier underneath the gallery, and, a cry of fire being raised, there was instantly a rush for the doors. A serious panic appeared inevitable, when one of the managers called out that there was no danger, and asked the people to keep their seats. On this the organist continued playing, and order was restored ; but several women fainted, and many of the audience left the building. It was afterwards discovered that the alarm was

caused by a man putting a lighted pipe into his pocket and setting fire to his clothes.

The next event worthy of record was at the Carl Theatre, Vienna, on Monday, the 25th of March, when there was an alarm of fire and a panic. The alarm was caused by a candle from one of the safety-lamps falling from its socket, and continuing to burn in the melted grease. It was the smell rather than the flame that caused the alarm, and when the cry of fire was raised the whole house made a disorderly rush for the doors; but, owing to the excellent arrangements of the building, and especially the alterations made after the Ring Theatre disaster of 1881, there was no excessive crush, and nobody was much injured.

The next casualty was at Melbourne, Victoria, on Monday, the 22nd of April, when the Bijou Theatre was discovered at about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon to be on fire. The fire broke out in the property room under the stage, and those on the spot said that it must have been burning for a long time before it was discovered. This idea seems to be confirmed by the fact that, when the alarm was given, the flames had complete possession of the building, and the firemen on their arrival abandoned all hope of saving the theatre, and turned their attention to the Palace Hotel and the adjoining buildings. Here we may well pause to inquire how it happened that a theatre was licensed in the same risk with an hotel and a large printing-office; but the local papers appear to leave no doubt of the fact that this was so. Indeed it is mentioned that the theatre was on the second floor of a large block, and that underneath it there was an arcade, which had recently been transformed at great expense into a series of refreshment bars connected with the Palace Hotel, which occupied the remainder of the building. The firemen succeeded in confining the flames to that portion of the block containing the theatre, and it was only by the greatest exertions that the Palace Hotel was saved. The Arcade and some large printing-offices adjoining were almost completely destroyed. Dense masses of sparks were discharged from the burning building; but fortunately there was very little wind, and consequently the fire did not spread. The work of the flames, however, was very rapid; the lodgers in the Hotel had to hurry out with as much of their baggage as they could carry, and immediately after this the walls began to give way, and then fell with a crash, and buried several firemen, killing two

and seriously injuring seven others. This occurred within half an hour from the time at which the fire was first discovered. It certainly appears almost incredible that in a magnificent new city like Melbourne the authorities should license a theatre of such an inflammable kind in the immediate risk of two other dangerous premises, and it is to be hoped that they have learned a lesson from this fatal catastrophe, and will realize the true nature and grave responsibilities of their position, when they are asked to license theatres on future occasions.

The next casualty was at Burnley, in Lancashire, on Thursday, the 6th of June, when, at about half-past three o'clock in the morning, the Theatre Royal was discovered to be on fire. The Fire Brigade was at once called, and immediately attended; but before the arrival of the firemen the building was one mass of flame, and shortly after this the roof fell in, and the whole place was a complete wreck. This theatre was said to be fitted up with sprinklers and hydrants, with hose which was supposed to be ready for any emergency; but the responsible persons seemed to have overlooked the obvious fact that these appliances would not work themselves, and without a man were worthless. Altogether it was most fortunate that the building was empty at the time, as, judging by the rapidity with which the fire spread, it may be assumed that, if the audience had been inside, only a very small proportion could have escaped. This is a point worthy of the serious attention of the Burnley authorities, and no doubt it will receive consideration; but in the meanwhile they may congratulate themselves on the fortunate but accidental circumstance that the highly inflammable building which they had approved was empty at the time of the occurrence.

The next event worthy of record was a very small fire which occurred at the Empire Theatre in London on Tuesday, the 11th of June. During an exhibition of rifle shooting a curtain at the back of the stage was set alight; a ring of flame was seen to spread rapidly, and some of the audience at the back of the pit took alarm, and amid cries of fire made for the exits. Before the bulk of the audience, however, could realize what had happened, the curtain was dropped, a jet of water from a pipe charged under pressure was instantly turned on, and the burning materials were extinguished. The panic was only momentary, and after a brief interval the performance was resumed. This is a case particularly worthy of the attention of all who have to deal with large masses of people in crowded or perilous places.

Here were all the elements of a dangerous panic ; and yet by knowledge on the part of those in charge, by *previous* thoughtful preparation, and by prompt action at the moment, the whole affair was over in a few seconds, and the performance went on as if nothing had occurred to interfere with it. Many cases of the same kind have happened to my knowledge during the last thirty years ; but, even if this were the only one on record, it could never be said again that panics cannot be prevented or controlled. I have always held very strongly that with good arrangements, such as those of the theatre in question, panics are very unlikely to occur, and, even after they have occurred, can be successfully controlled.

The next event was on the same date, the 11th of June, but it was of a somewhat different kind, and had a different result. It occurred in Prague at the Deutschen Sommer Theatre, when the house was filled to overflowing, and some of the visitors fainted in consequence of the heat. A call was made for water, which was misunderstood by the audience, and an alarm of fire was immediately raised. A stampede took place ; the people made a rush for the doors, and many were knocked down and hurt in the crush. The manager came forward, and begged the excited crowd to keep their seats, assuring them that it was a false alarm and that there was not the slightest danger ; but it was some time before he succeeded in making himself heard above the uproar. Ultimately order was restored ; but the performance proceeded before a very poor house, the majority of the audience preferring to sacrifice their seats rather than risk another alarm. If the exits in this theatre had been known by the audience to be satisfactory, the rush would not have taken place ; but, wherever there is distrust or doubt in this way, there is always some confusion, which the smallest accident may turn into a panic.

The next event was more satisfactory. It occurred on Sunday, the 23rd of June, in the Great Opera House at Berlin, when a large and distinguished audience was present. During a ballet a small fire broke out at the back of the stage in full sight of the audience, and a smell of burning was perceptible throughout the house. Everything was ready for such an accident, and the fire was instantly extinguished, one person only being injured. Probably some of the audience believed that the fire was a part of the performance ; but, however this may have been, there was no panic whatever, and the performance proceeded after

a momentary interruption. In this case it is certain that the visitors had confidence in the building and the management.

The next event was at the Alhambra Theatre in London, on Thursday, the 27th of June, when the dress of a ballet dancer took fire, and she rushed off the stage in flames, the others flying in the opposite direction. Most of the audience rose to their feet and a wild rush to the doors seemed imminent, when the band struck up a lively air, the incipient panic was allayed, and the ballet proceeded as if nothing had happened. Here was another case of good management, with its usual result of producing confidence on the part of an audience.

The next event occurred at Bradford in Yorkshire on Saturday, the 29th of June, when a fire broke out in the Brunswick Place Theatre, which was constructed entirely of wood supported on iron columns, and was capable of holding 3000 persons. It had been originally built in 1869, but rebuilt or rather patched up at subsequent periods, not, however, to the satisfaction of the Chief Constable, who for some time previously had steadily opposed the granting of a licence, and been supported by the bench of magistrates; consequently the theatre was empty at the time of the occurrence, and this was most fortunate, as the place burned with such rapidity that only half an hour elapsed between the discovery of the fire and the total destruction of the building and its contents. If an audience had been present, very few would have escaped, and the licensing authorities are much to be commended for the firmness and forethought which they displayed in preventing a frightful loss of life. It has since been discovered that the fire was the work of an incendiary; but this does not at all detract from the merit of the magistrates, as the place, if once on fire from any cause, would have burned as rapidly as it actually did on the occasion in question.

The next fire was at Witebsk in Russia, at the end of July, when the Town Theatre became ignited, it is supposed by lightning, and in three hours was totally destroyed. Details of this event are not forthcoming, as the Russian newspapers have only recorded the bald fact that the theatre was destroyed by fire.

The next case was in the Court Theatre at Liverpool, on Thursday, the 29th of August, when the Act drop caught fire and there was a general rush from all parts of the house, which might have ended in a panic; but so excellent was the management, that the iron curtain was lowered, several hydrants were instantly got to work, and, within a time said not to have

exceeded one minute, all danger was averted, order was restored, the iron curtain was again raised, and the performance was resumed. Some blame must, of course, be attributed to the managers for allowing the curtain to take fire ; but in all other points, especially preparation beforehand and promptitude at the time, their arrangements were most satisfactory and praiseworthy, and might well be copied by all persons who have charge of theatres.

Two theatres were on fire in Italy during the early days of September, the San Carlino and the Monte Tabor, but the Italian newspapers give no details. They only mention that both buildings were totally destroyed by fire.

The next event occurred at Hastings, on Tuesday, the 10th of September, when a fire broke out under the stage of the Gaiety Theatre, which soon made its way through the flooring of the stage, and became visible to a man on watch. This theatre is provided with hose and other apparatus, and the managers at once set to work, and within a few minutes extinguished the fire, which would otherwise have become serious. The house was empty at the time ; but it is not unreasonable to suppose that persons who acted with such promptitude for saving property would probably be equally successful if a similar accident were to happen in the presence of an audience.

The next event was at the Palais de l'Industrie in Paris, on Thursday, the 12th of September, when a lustre, not lighted but ready to be acted on by electricity, suddenly burst into a blaze within a few yards from the immense cloth awning which covered the whole nave. There were upwards of 20,000 people in the place, and some women in terror rushed wildly towards the exits while a few men jumped over the barriers. The lustre was surrounded with wood, and, if the fire had continued a few minutes, the result might have been serious ; but the manager had the burning lustre lowered and extinguished, and the attendants and police prevented the audience from rushing to the doors and causing a panic. The alarm gradually subsided, the orchestra struck up, and the performance was resumed. The igniting of the lustre, however it occurred, was undoubtedly a fault on the part of the management ; but the arrangements for obviating the effect of such an accident were complete, and consequently, notwithstanding the vastness of the crowd and the suddenness of the occurrence, there was no casualty of any kind to life or limb.

The next event was in Lombardy, on Tuesday, the 24th of September, when the Mantua Theatre was totally destroyed by fire, and two lives were lost ; but the newspapers have furnished no details. The house was empty at the time of the occurrence.

The next event was at Johannesburg, in South Africa, on Tuesday, the 1st of October, when the Globe Theatre caught fire shortly after seven o'clock in the evening, just before the doors were about to be opened for the performance. A paraffin lamp was hung by a chain above the stage, and the chain became heated, which caused the links to expand. The lamp, being heavy, came down and was smashed, and the blazing oil set light to the curtain and flies. The fire could have been easily extinguished at the commencement ; but the attendants, who were evidently inexperienced persons unfit to deal with an emergency, were seized with a panic, and, instead of taking measures to extinguish the flames, rushed out shouting fire. The result inevitable under such circumstances naturally occurred ; within half an hour from the first discovery of the fire, the roof came down with a crash, and soon after this the theatre was totally destroyed. This building had only been erected one year, and it is not creditable to the authorities that it should have been licensed as a theatre. If the fire had occurred an hour later, there would have been a fearful loss of life.

The next event was at Stalybridge in Cheshire, on Thursday, the 31st of October, when the Royal Victoria Theatre was discovered to be on fire. This building was erected in 1861 as an Educational Institute and Assembly Room, but had been used as a theatre off and on since the year 1865. The front and principal part was occupied as a day school, and the general entrance to the theatre was between the class-rooms and under the school-room. On the previous night there had been performed in it a drama with a fire scene, and, grotesquely enough, there was to have been a performance on the following night for the benefit of the local Fire Brigade. The last person left the house at half-past eleven o'clock at night ; the fire was discovered two hours afterwards, at half-past one o'clock in the morning, and when the Fire Brigade arrived a few minutes later, the whole building was ablaze. Within an hour from the time of the discovery of the fire the theatre was totally destroyed, and the licensing authorities may congratulate themselves on their good fortune in the occurrence of the catastrophe at such



a time, as there seems no reason to doubt that, if it had happened when the audience was present, they would have been held responsible for a heavy loss of life. There appears to be no justification for the issue of a theatre licence to such a building.

The next event was at Barcelona, in Spain, on Monday, the 18th of November, when the Español Theatre was burned to the ground. The house was empty at the time, and consequently no one was injured.

The next event was in London, on Friday, the 22nd of November, when a very slight fire occurred at the Royalty Theatre. Some small pieces of the borders began to fall from the flies in a burning condition, and the curtain was immediately lowered. Several of the audience sprang to their feet; but the manager came in front of the curtain, and assured them that there was no danger. This prompt action was quite successful; the audience at once resumed their seats, and the performance was continued after a few minutes' interval.<sup>1</sup>

The next event was in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 10th of December, when a panic occurred in the Opera House. The theatre, which was small, was crowded, and a false alarm was raised in consequence of a fire which was going on at some distance away. The entire audience, numbering six hundred, at once rose, and made a rush for the doors. The exits were narrow, and at best would have been insufficient; but, to make matters worse, a number of persons outside endeavoured to gain admission, probably for the purpose of rendering aid; and the outgoing and ingoing crowds came into collision, so that the passages and doorways were completely blocked, and many persons were crushed before they could make their escape. In the result ten persons were killed on the spot, five died afterwards from their injuries, and about eighty received severe bruises and shocks. A remarkable circumstance in connection with this disaster is that none of the killed or injured had a single bone broken, the cause of death in every case having been the crush at the narrow doorway leading to the street. Those in front fell down, and were trampled on by those behind, while the crowd outside pressed so closely in their efforts to enter that the firemen were compelled to turn the hose on them. It seems that the theatre had long been regarded as a death-trap, and had been condemned twelve years before, but had been recently reopened, and, it must be assumed, duly licensed by the constituted authorities.

The next event was at Buda-Pesth, on Friday, the 20th of December, when the German Theatre was found to be on fire at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon. The Fire Brigade was immediately in attendance ; but the flames spread with extraordinary rapidity, and the whole place was in a blaze before their arrival. At four o'clock the loft above the stage and the ceiling of the auditorium fell in, and an hour later the whole building collapsed. It was most fortunate that the theatre was empty at the time, as the building was very badly constructed, and, if it had been crowded, the consequences must have been most disastrous. From the time of the discovery of this fire until the theatre was totally destroyed only one hour and a half elapsed. No loss of life occurred ; but two firemen were injured.

The last event for the year occurred at Stratford-on-Avon, on Tuesday, the 24th of December, when the Theatre Royal, a large wooden structure capable of seating 1000 persons, was blown down by the wind. The theatre was quite new, indeed not altogether completed. It was to have been opened two nights later, and a deputation of the Town Council with the borough surveyor had arranged to visit it for the purpose of licensing it, if found satisfactory ; but the building collapsed just before the time fixed for the official inspection. There is no special reason to assume either that the deputation would or would not have sanctioned the use of such a building as a theatre ; but it is evident that the architect and builder must have expected that a licence would be granted, and on the whole it is not to be regretted that a breeze of wind sprang up at an appropriate time, and that the bubble burst in a harmless manner.

This concludes the record of theatre casualties for the past year, amounting in all to thirty.

In fifteen cases theatres were totally destroyed by fire ; in one case a building was blown down by the wind ; and in the thirteen remaining there were either small fires, accidents or panics.

The number of persons killed was nineteen, and of persons injured ninety-one, making altogether one hundred and ten ; but the record of those merely injured is not complete.

The following table (p. 365) gives in a summarized form the casualties of the three years previous to 1889.

The increase of three in the destruction of buildings, and of ten in damages to buildings, over the average of the previous three years, is altogether a private matter affecting only the

owners, while the decrease in the annual average of persons killed, 138, and of the total number of persons endangered, 85, is a distinct subject for congratulation.

**THEATRE FIRES, 1886-1889.**

|              | THEATRES.  |          |        | PERSONS. |          |        |
|--------------|------------|----------|--------|----------|----------|--------|
|              | Destroyed. | Damaged. | Total. | Killed.  | Injured. | Total. |
| 1886 . . . . | 8          | 2        | 10     | 108      | Unknown. | 108    |
| 1887 . . . . | 14         | 3        | 17     | 238      | 9        | 247    |
| 1888 . . . . | 17         | 5        | 22     | 125      | 106      | 231    |
| Total. .     | 39         | 10       | 49     | 471      | 115      | 586    |
| Average. .   | 13         | 3        | 16     | 157      | 38       | 195    |
| 1889 . . . . | 16         | 13       | 29     | 19       | 91       | 110    |

It should, however, always be remembered, as already mentioned, that the list of persons only injured and not killed is never complete, and in addition to this that many thousands who have witnessed one casualty of the kind here in question, even though they receive no bodily injury, have their nerves so seriously shaken that they never enter the doors of a theatre again.

It would seem, therefore, to be the interest of owners to take every possible measure to reduce dangers, and, moreover, to do this in such a way as to give confidence to audiences.

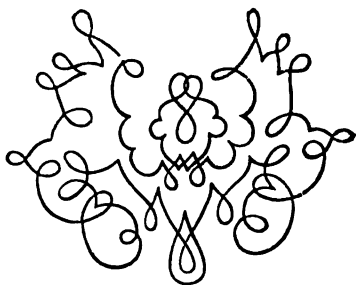
The record of theatre casualties for the year 1889 may on the whole be considered not unsatisfactory when compared with that of previous years; but the figures continue to be unreasonably high, and show that there is still great room for improvement in the construction and management of theatres; and it is earnestly to be hoped that all concerned, licensing authorities, owners and managers, will turn their attention to the numerous improvements suggested and in many cases adopted during recent years, such as establishing all possible and convenient divisions of buildings by masonry, fitting curtains which will prevent fire passing for a period of fifteen minutes, making scenery to some extent unflammable, substituting electric light for gas, providing spacious and uncomplicated separate exits from the various parts of the house, and, above all, insisting on

the absolute necessity of having always on the spot men of nerve and understanding, capable of acting promptly in moments of emergency.

It is not always certain that those in actual personal charge of theatres have the necessary knowledge and nerve, and there may be cases again, as there have been before, when the well-intentioned but mistaken desire to do the best will lead a manager to come forward and request the audience to remain seated, although no time should be lost in getting away, and every second is of importance; but when a person in charge really understands a danger, and does not ignore it, as some do, he may often prevent a panic, and always minimize the consequences of one.

It is in this latter point that the year now passed presents a very marked and satisfactory contrast to some of its predecessors, and this ought to give encouragement to managers and confidence to audiences; but all who are interested in the safety of life may also learn important lessons of other kinds from a study of the casualties in theatres during the year 1889.

EYRE M. SHAW.



## After-Dinner Speeches.

“ My Lords and Gentlemen, pray, charge your glasses.”

“ My Lords and Gentlemen, pray, silence for a toast.”

“ The toast is the health of your noble Chairman,” &c., &c.

THE formula is a dead and meaningless relic of bygone times, for “ my Lords and Gentlemen ” have long since ceased to charge their glasses or to drain the “ bumpers ” which are not unfrequently called for, but the words are among the most familiar associations of every Englishman who owns a dress-coat and a white tie.

Among all the varied devices for inducing the British Public to come forward and support our Charitable Institutions which the ingenuity of man has conceived, the Public Dinner is probably the oldest ; but it still survives and flourishes, and will, we believe, continue to flourish when its younger competitors, the Fancy Fair, the Drawing-room Concert, and the “ Snowball ” have passed into oblivion.

Yet it would puzzle the wisest to say wherein lies the peculiar charm of the Charity Dinner. Is it in the excellence of the dinner, or the choiceness of the wines, or the selectness of the company, or the brilliance of the eloquence ? Surely in none of these : after an experience of a considerable number of years we cannot remember to have heard any one admit, in the frankness of confidence, that he went to such an entertainment purely for his own pleasure or relaxation—that he would not gladly have purchased exemption by payment of the price of his dinner ticket and subscription, or that the quality of the oratory formed any adequate compensation for the quality of the dinner.

We do not propose in the present instance to inquire into the origin and growth of an institution which has flourished for upwards of a century and has become a part of our national

life ; our purpose in the following pages is to ask the question, Why is it that, in a country where public dinners hold so prominent a place among social customs, the art of after-dinner speaking should not have reached a higher level of excellence than it now maintains ? and to offer some few suggestions, not from the subjective point of view of the orator, for to this we can lay no claim, but from the objective position of one who has had special opportunities of witnessing the efforts, the successes and the failures which attend the organization of public dinners. Nor is it our intention to deal with the question of oratory generally, to quote the memorable achievements and the special accomplishments of Demosthenes or Cicero ; of Mirabeau or Bossuet ; of Burke or Chatham ; of Patrick Henry or Daniel Webster, or of Abraham Lincoln, whose funeral oration at Gettysburg is regarded by his countrymen—and not by his countrymen alone—as one of the finest recorded specimens of simple and majestic eloquence. These higher branches of the art have been dealt with by other and worthier pens—ours is a humbler and very different theme, about which, so far as we know, little or nothing has been written.

It has been remarked of public speaking, “Action, action, action !” says the Greek ; “Metaphor, metaphor, metaphor !” cries the American. To continue the definition, we might add, “Tact, tact, tact !” demands the diner-out.

We must at the outset make some distinction between speakers and speakers. The Chairman, or the “Guest of the Evening,” is presumably some distinguished man who has—oratorically—won his spurs in other fields : as the element of debate and opposition, moreover, is eliminated from these quasi-festive meetings, we may further assume that he is surrounded by a sympathetic if not admiring audience, who have come mainly to hear and see him, and he must indeed be wide of the mark if he fail. We have never heard of failure in such circumstances. It is not to the Chairman or the distinguished guest that we venture to address these remarks—nor is it, on the other hand, to those who buy their speeches ready made, by yard measure, at some “universal provider’s store”—but to those who are called upon to speak to secondary or complimentary toasts. By complimentary toasts we mean such as are included in the programme of every dinner, and which, though not immediately connected with the main purpose of the gathering, afford a pleasant opportunity of paying a com-

pliment to some individual or body, and of hearing a few words from some distinguished man. For instance, let us suppose the dinner is held on behalf of some clerical charity, or some hospital, the toast of the Army and Navy will be duly proposed ; but it would display a grave want of tact on the part of the responder to choose such an occasion to hold forth at length on some theory of tactics, or of armaments, or of short service, or some similar technical question, however brilliant an exponent thereof he may be. This might be supposed to be a self-evident maxim, but it is very frequently disregarded. We have ourselves heard two very distinguished Generals, on two different occasions, thus miss the point. In each case a purely complimentary toast was made the peg whereon to hang a long, dull, professional harangue: the audience in each case, having at first greeted the speaker with enthusiastic applause, became first inattentive, then impatient, until finally the whole harmony of the evening was marred by sheer want of tact.

No man can have taken part in the management of a Charity Dinner, over a series of years, without arriving at the conviction that after-dinner eloquence is a rare quality amongst the rank and file ; that the men who can be depended on to make a short, incisive, telling speech, suitable alike to the occasion and the audience, are few and far between.

The General Public who attend these entertainments little know the difficulties which beset those who are responsible for the management of them ; the endless points of precedent and of precedence which may arise ; the tact and temper which are necessary in humouring the idiosyncracies of the speakers and in bringing them into sympathy with their toasts.

No man ever admits that he is fond of making a speech ; it may be obvious from his every word and look that he is longing to be invited to do so—he will nevertheless assuredly say that “there is nothing he hates more, but that if you really wish it, or cannot find a better man,” &c., &c., he will consent. This type is especially common on those who are hanging round the outskirts of celebrity and are always on the look-out for a chance of self-advertisement.

Though, according to Emerson, “every man is probably eloquent once in his life,” we may assume that it is the privilege of the very few to become brilliant orators, whether as preachers, statesmen, or in the humbler sphere of public dinners. Any man, however, who does not suffer from any physical infirmity

ought to be able to put together and utter a few sentences in such a manner as to bring no discredit on himself, and without running the risk of breaking down.

We say manner advisedly, for among the secondary speakers more men fail from the

“Faltering speech and visage incomposed”

than from any lack of point in the matter of their discourse: while, conversely, the man who can disguise the commonplace with a bright confident manner and clear voice seldom fails to win his full share of applause.

The first accomplishment which the after-dinner speaker should endeavour to acquire is the art of sitting down.

Now in theory this appears the easiest thing on earth, so easy that many a man has overlooked its very existence, and has thereby marred his own success. To many the whole difficulty appears to lie in the art of standing up and struggling through the first few sentences without that involuntary and irresistible “gulp” which almost all beginners have experienced. Mr. Lowell on one occasion assured his audience that “whenever he finds himself upon his legs he is tempted to yield to a natural impulse and take to his heels.”

Of this fact, however, we may be assured, an English dinner audience is kindly, if critical; it can and will overlook nervousness, but it will severely judge a bore, and the man who cannot sit down when he has made his point—or unmistakably demonstrated that he has no point to make—will soon develop into a bore.

The reply given by a distinguished American to a young friend who asked his advice about the length of a speech, if somewhat familiar, is good enough to bear repetition here: “Well, if you haven’t struck oil in five minutes, I guess you had best stop boring.”

To a beginner, then, we would offer this first and paramount piece of advice; have ready at your fingers’ or tongue’s end as good a point as you can produce, and bring it forward as soon as you can. Never mind the rest of your prepared materials; if you can only contrive to sit down promptly and decisively in the midst of a spontaneous cheer, or a hearty laugh, depend upon it, you have made your mark.

Another fact to be sedulously borne in mind is that your after-dinner audience does not want to be instructed, and it does not



want to be argued with; you may, perhaps, be teeming with information, and your mind may be of the most admirably logical cast. There are many occasions on which these excellent qualities will render you good service, but not after dinner. Your purpose, as compared with that of the debater or the lecturer, may be not inaptly likened to the functions of the cook in regard to those of the sportsman; Soyer should be your model, not

“Catus—per apertum fugientes agitato  
Grege cervos jaculari et celer alto latitantem  
Fruticeto excipere aprum.”

Lord Wensleydale on one occasion was discussing with a country clergyman the comparative aims and difficulties of pulpit and forensic eloquence, and wound up with this remark: “At least orators of your profession always have two great advantages: they have the Court with them, and the other side is not heard.”

Humour, though an invaluable element in an after-dinner speaker, is not within the reach of every one, nor is it a weapon which is essential or even desirable on every occasion. Sarcasm and “chaff,” if administered with a light and good-humoured touch, are very effective, but they must be free from all taint of malice prepense. A well-known scholar was, not long ago, entertained at a dinner, where his health was proposed by a worthy citizen, whose classical attainments were of the slenderest kind, but who ventured to wind up a lengthy eulogy by assuring his audience “that no one of his acquaintance combined so admirably as did the subject of the toast, the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*.” The reply was short, and was concluded thus: “Whatever I may have to say to the *quality* of my friend’s remarks, I must demur to the *quantity* of them.” The delicacy of the point in this case lay in the fact that it was imperceptible to the person at whom it was aimed. There is one quality which in brief sums up the secret of success in this as in all other branches of oratory, whatever its object, its subject, or its scene, and that is sympathy. Study to put yourself in sympathy with your audience, and your battle is half won. Do not be too proud to take or to ask advice on this point; if you are in any doubt as to the character of your audience, ask the Secretary of the Institution on whose behalf the dinner is given, or any one who has been in the habit of attending

its festival, and you will probably obtain some really practical and useful hints both as to the quality and quantity of your discourse. The man who has been present at the same festival on several occasions will acquire an insight into what will "take" better than any one who attends for the first time can hope to form or forecast for himself.

Having carefully studied the art of sitting down, and of feeling the pulse of your audience, the point of next importance is the preparation of your speech. Most of us are familiar with Thackeray's experiences.

"Windham was the chairman of the evening—elected to that post because he is very fond of making speeches to which he does not in the least expect you to listen. All men of sense are glad to hand over this office to him: and I hope, for my part, a day will soon arrive (but I own, mind you, that I do not carve well) when we shall have the speeches done by a skilled waiter at the side-table, as we now have the carving. Don't you find that you splash the gravy, that you mangle the meat, that you can't nick the joint in helping the company to a dinner-speech?"

"I, for my part, own that I am in a state of tremor and absence of mind before the operation, in a condition of imbecility during the business, and that I am sure of a headache and indigestion the next morning. What then? Have I not seen one of the bravest men in the world at a City dinner last year in a state of equal panic? I feel that I am wandering from Philip's adventures to his biographer's, and confess I am thinking of the dismal fiasco I myself made on this occasion at the Richmond dinner.

"You see the order of the day at these meetings is to joke at everything—to joke at the Chairman, at all the speakers, at the Army and Navy, at the venerable, the Legislature, at the Bar, at the Bench, and so forth.

"If we toast a barrister we show how admirably he would have figured in the dock, if a sailor how lamentably sea-sick he was, if a soldier how nimbly he ran away. For example, we drank the Venerable Archdeacon Brackley and the Army. We deplored the perverseness which had led him to adopt a black coat instead of a red. War had evidently been his vocation, as he had shown by the frequent battles in which he had been engaged at school.

"For what was the *other* great warrior of the age famous? For that Roman feature in his face, which distinguished, which gave

a name to our Brackley, a name by which we fondly clung (cries of 'Nosey, Nosey!'). Might that feature ornament ere long the face of—of one of the chiefs of that army of which he was a distinguished field-officer. Might—— Here I confess I broke down, lost the thread of my joke—at which Brackley seemed to look rather severe, and finished the speech with a gobble about regard, esteem, everybody respects you, and good health, old boy—which answered quite as well as a finished oration, however the author might be discontented with it."

It would be impossible to lay down rules applicable to everyone for the preparation of an after-dinner speech—in this, as in most other matters of experience, each man must work out his own requirements, but it may be possible to suggest a few of the ways in which not to do it, and to offer a few hints for general guidance.

Do not, then, attempt to learn your speech by heart or you will probably break down, and will almost to a certainty be detected. We have seen even a distinguished chairman who trusted to this method, break down—and can only add that if he felt half as uncomfortable on that occasion as did some of his hearers, he has probably abandoned it now. On another occasion we have seen a well-known and successful author, when called upon for his toast, take from his pocket a small volume—like a betting-book—and deliberately read his speech from beginning to end, as if he were lecturing in a class-room. To do this is to lose sight of what is perhaps the chief charm in a dinner speech, spontaneity, or at least the appearance of spontaneity, and any detail however slight—such, for instance, as a sing-song monotonous voice suggesting a repetition lesson—which dispels this impression cannot fail to mar the general effect.

Not a few instances could be given of men, justly renowned for their eloquence in the delivery of a stately and well-prepared oration, who were almost incapable of making a terse, neat speech at short notice. Such an one was Lord Macaulay, of whom it is related that on one occasion he was called upon, without due preparation, to speak at the Royal Academy Dinner: he failed, and made no secret of his extreme annoyance at having been thus taken unawares. The late Bishop Wilberforce, on the other hand, and Charles Dickens were both renowned for their extraordinary readiness on such occasions. To make neat after-dinner speeches appeared to come naturally to them.

An after-dinner speech of the more stately kind which has

now become historical, was that in which Mr. Disraeli proposed the health of the King of the Belgians at the Royal Literary Fund Dinner in 1872, when, dispensing with the usual exordium, he addressed the chairman with the single word "Sire."

Do not trouble yourself about action ; however essential it may have been to the Greek and the Roman "the applause of listening Senates to command," it is unnecessary and positively dangerous at the dinner-table, owing to the close proximity of glasses and other fragile objects, as well as of the heads of your neighbours : a crude attempt at action will lead to no more elegant or effective movement than his who

"Up and down his awkward arm doth sway,  
And coolly spout, spout, spout away."

Dr. Johnson went so far as to affirm that, while action was necessary in enforcing a lesson on a dog, in proportion as men are removed from the brutes it will have less influence until it becomes useless.

It is curious, and worthy of note, by the way, that when a man is speaking he not unfrequently becomes sublimely unconscious of the most ostentatious marks of impatience on the part of his audience. Again and again have we witnessed examples of this peculiarity. Men who in the ordinary affairs of life are by no means deficient in tact and perception, seem on such occasions to become deaf to tapping of glasses, moving of chairs, ironical cheers, and other symptoms which are painfully evident to the most inexperienced waiter behind his chair.

Do not come with the whole body of your speech fixed on hard-and-fast lines, so as to admit of no alteration and relaxation at the last moment. Have the various heads well established in your memory, but be prepared to omit some of them if the occasion should require it, and, above all, bring in, if you can, some allusion to the speeches which have gone before. How often do we hear a man respond to a toast in an elaborate oration which contains no reference whatever to the remarks of the proposer.

We know of one man who is counted an excellent after-dinner speaker, and whose method of preparation is as follows: he keeps a book wherein he records all the good stories and smart sayings that he hears, and, before going to a dinner where he may be called upon to speak, he looks up two or three of these extracts, and thus armed, something after the manner of David

he slings his pebble or pebbles, and, his friends say, seldom fails to hit the mark.

If the proceedings have been unduly prolonged, and your turn comes near the end of the list, do not hesitate to cut down your speech to a minimum, even if you have to throw overboard some of your best points. Rather console yourself with the hope that they will be of service on another occasion and with the assurance that the company will be thankful to you, and that your eloquence would have to be almost superhuman to save you from being considered a bore if you persist in prolonging your remarks. A well-known public man remarked not long ago, that after attending public dinners continuously for forty years he had never once heard a complaint made of a speech being too short.

The power of thinking upon your legs comes only from practice. There is a moment which many a man has, we believe, experienced, when the toast-master's summons has caused his heart to leap into his mouth and his memory and ideas to dissipate themselves into air. This is, of course, nothing but nervousness pure and simple, which will in time wear off; but by making the skeleton of your speech as simple and brief as possible, you will learn the sooner to overcome this failing.

Do not allow your tongue to outrun your ideas, or you will probably be forced to resort to that most common and ludicrous expedient of filling up the interstices with the oft-repeated "Er—er—er!" which is one of the worst and most ridiculous habits a speaker can acquire. If speeches were transmitted to the public by means of the relentless phonograph, instead of passing through the painstaking and sometimes over-sedulous hands of the reporter, our morning news would, in many instances, afford us grotesque amusement with which the comic papers would find it hard to compete.

Speak deliberately—speak as if you meant every word you utter (whether you do so or not), and when your experience shall have enabled you to do so, follow the advice given by Rousseau for the composition of a love-letter, "to begin without knowing what you are going to say, and end without knowing what you have said."

## Thermopylæ.

THIS is the place ;—the mountain bay  
 Is wild and stern and grand,  
 As when the Lion held the way  
 That barred his mother-land.  
 Long years and change and earthquake shock  
 Have wrought upon the scene,  
 Where once the sea waves lapped the rock  
 Are meadow lands grown green ;  
 But Oeta still looms vast and grey  
 To hide the setting sun,  
 And still the mountains bar the way,  
 And every way but one :  
 The sulphur springs still fume and flow  
 Along the rough hill-side,  
 And far-off Othrys veiled in snow  
 Sees where the Spartan died.

There is a spirit haunts the place  
 Where mighty deeds were dared,  
 Though time and change have left no trace,  
 And not a grave be spared :  
 And climbing up the grassy hill  
 Where Sparta's lion stood ;  
 The heart still answers to the thrill,  
 That marks the hero mood.  
 And as I read the page again,  
 That quickens from the dust  
 The tale of those three hundred men  
 Who died to keep their trust,  
 I knew the fire was not yet lost  
 That nerved my younger age ;—  
 The shadow of an eagle crossed,  
 And fell along my page !

RENNELL RODD.

## Cabs and Cabmen.

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IN every country there are some methods of gaining a livelihood which are peculiarly arduous. The amateur in cows (I use the word in its comprehensive Texas sense) loses much of his enthusiasm for the life of a cowboy when he has "ridden the line" in a stiff norther; there is also the calling of a sailor, with its constant danger and exposure; there is the life of a raftsmen or "driver" in the Canadian rivers. All these are not what the American connoisseur in easy jobs would describe as "soft," and it may well be doubted whether he would include driving a cab in London, and in such weather as London alone can show, among those which he would delight in, and whose pleasure would physic his pain.

In addition to the disadvantages of occupying the exalted position of a kind of perambulating meteorological observatory, the cabman's life is peculiarly precarious as regards regularity in obtaining the wherewithal to satisfy the demands of the proprietor of his vehicle. It is true that many men drive their own cabs, but these are very moons of riches among the lesser lights who are compelled to hire hackney carriages at various prices. Then even the owner and driver of a cab has to encounter all the risks and hazards of a bad day, in which perhaps a dreadful succession of ladies have driven him long distances, and dismissed him with an exact statutory fare. For it is to be noted that cabmen have a dislike to the fair sex, and invariably charge them with what is in the hackney driver's opinion the unpardonable sin of giving no generous overplus. They are inclined to stick to the very letter of the law, and demand two whole miles for a shilling. But even if the driver's bad luck does not condemn him to feminine fares, fate may be perverse with him, and remind him that his method of livelihood after all is only a kind of gambling, in which he stakes his time against destiny.

The fast times in which we live hardly remember that "cabs," especially hansom-cabs, are almost a modern invention, and that but a little while ago the London which is now served by about 12,000 hackney carriages was destitute of any at all. It is true that the history of public carriages goes back a very long way into the remote distance. For instance, carriages of a kind were to be hired in Rome under the Emperors. The word "carriage" is probably to be traced to the Latin *carruca*. During the Middle Ages, however, they ceased to be used, for in consequence of feudal customs and feudal authority they were prohibited as being likely to enervate men and render them unfit for military service. Such a fear suggests a kind of parallel between the old and new ways of training athletes.

The renaissance of public carriages may be dated from the reign of Louis XIV., and was due at that time to a certain Nicolas Sauvage who, living at the sign of St. Fiacre in the Rue St. Martin, gave the name of his dwelling to the modern French *fiacre*. Oddly enough as it may seem, hackney-coaches were first established in London in 1625 by a retired sea-captain named Bailey, who was a man of ingenious mind and enterprising. His vehicles used to stand at the "May Pole" in the Strand, and numbered no more than four. But they were found so convenient, and were so patronized, that they grew rapidly. In 1637 there were 50; in 1652, 200; in 1654, 300. From time to time regulations were made limiting their numbers; but as the French kings could not stay the growth of Paris, and as Mrs. Partington failed with the Atlantic, the tide of hackney carriages was not to be hindered, and, all laws notwithstanding, continued to flow.

Yet in spite of the rapid increase in the numbers of these coaches there was for a long time little improvement in their form. It was not until 1820 that the French "cabriolet de place," whence comes our abbreviated and familiar "cab," was introduced into England from the other side of the Channel. In shape it was a kind of hooded gig, and allowed no more than one passenger, as the driver sat inside. But a change was coming. In 1834 the gondola of London, the hansom-cab, was patented by Hansom, and by its great superiority it came rapidly to the front.

In 1888 there were 7396 hansom and 4013 "growlers," or four-wheelers, technically described by the police as clarences, and year by year they continue to increase. In that very year



about 1100 new hackney carriages were examined and licensed by the Public Carriage Department.

It is not generally known that among the numerous public examinations there exists one which, judging by the number of rejections, is a terror to intending cabmen. Every man desiring a license is examined as to his knowledge of the principal streets, squares, railways and public buildings. The questions are not as cunningly framed as those in Dean's Yard, in fact it is merely a "pass" in which the examining police inspector does not glory in upsetting candidates by inquiring for some place to which no one goes and from which no one comes, such as an ancient city graveyard. He is content with a general knowledge only, and does not reckon his success by the men's failures after the manner of such examiners as set papers in the English language which would have floored the grammatical Archbishop of Dublin, or who ask questions in History which would make a Mommsen regret that he himself had not been burnt with his lost library. Yet, in spite of the mercy with which justice is tempered at Scotland Yard, there is a very great percentage of failures, and among 2316 men who applied one year for licenses, 855 failed to pass the test. The percentage, however, is not so large as it seems, since many men failed many times, and were sent back to study London before they finally succeeded in passing.

When they have obtained a license, and the metal badge which they must wear prominently when on duty, the next thing is to obtain a cab, and then a living. The very best cabs, which cost from £96 to £140, are hired out at about 15s. a day; while the ordinary vehicles, costing £75, rate at 13s. There is I believe one cab in London which was formerly a private hansom, and boasts real silver fittings, which is let out at 17s., but that is an exception. And what do cabmen make over and above the sum taken by the proprietor? It is not wholly easy to say. The accounts given by different men vary; but after weighing the evidence of one with the evidence of another, and taking the opinion of some outsiders who should know, I doubt if the average cabman makes much over 30s. a week. Of course some days he may make a great deal more than 5s., but there are days in which he is very glad to know his proprietor is a liberal-minded man who will take what he technically calls "short," that is, who will be satisfied with, say, 10s. instead of 15s. in order that the man who has done the work may not go home without any

earnings at all. Of course if a cabman chances upon a "private job," and is taken over altogether for a time by some one who needs a cab for weeks, he may make much more than 30s., but that is a stroke of luck many do not chance upon.

Seeing that the police entirely control the traffic of London, it is to be expected that cabmen frequently come under their notice in an unfavourable way. More than a thousand a year are convicted of drunkenness; while for furious driving, cruelty, abuse, overcharge and assault, there are many convictions. For offences pertaining more particularly to traffic, and peculiar to the occupation, such as loitering, crawling, &c., there are over two thousand convictions, though many are to be set to the account of omnibuses and not cabs. It is rather strange that there should be so many convictions for the well-known offence of "crawling," seeing that without doing it hansom-cab drivers could not make a living at all. There is by no means room on the "ranks" for all the cabs, and though four-wheelers find it to their advantage to "rank it," hansoms often do not. A hansom might stay half a day at the rank by Onslow Gardens, Queen's Gate, without getting a call, although a "growler" would probably have a whistle almost immediately. Consequently cabmen are compelled to crawl along the road, although they might refrain from following one for a mile, in the hope that irritation would drive a man into hiring them. Although they will do this at night time, they are not so bad as the celebrated drivers of Naples, who will chase an Englishman into desperation, and down some narrow alley too small for the cab to follow him in, before they cease their molestation.

The favourite places for hansom-cabmen are Regent Street, Piccadilly and the West-end generally, and as might be expected May, June and July, the months of the season, are the best of the year for them. It is usually the reverse with four-wheelers, whose gayest time commences when people begin to go to the country and want cabs to carry luggage outside and many children in. They naturally do most of the heavier railway station work, and have a fairly prosperous period right through the winter. Four-wheelers are usually hired out for 10s. a day, and their drivers make about as much as those of hansoms, even if in the estimation of the cabmen's shelter they may be deemed of a somewhat lower social standing than those who drive two-wheeled vehicles; just as cavalry men when in their cups are wont to describe linesmen as "infantry swine."

The grievances of cabmen are such as all men have who work hard for a hard living, and do not find the world grow much smoother with them as they go on. One man said to me, "Yes, sir, we have cabs now with india-rubber tires, but it seems to me that the world goes on the same old wheels." He was a philosopher in his way, though not a deep one, or he would have perceived that the world's old wheels were wearing out. They do not complain much about the rates of hiring, and although they dislike many of the police regulations for traffic, of which I shall speak later on, admit that they are necessary, in order to prevent blocks and utter disorder at certain times in certain places. What seems to annoy cabmen most cannot be avoided, unless an alteration be made in the law concerning debt. It is possible to hire a cabman and drive him about all day, and then coolly tell him you have no money and cannot pay. He may not give you in charge, for it is only a debt; if a policeman be appealed to, he can do no more than tell the cabman to take your name and address and summons you. There is no guarantee and can be none that the defaulting hirer gives his true name and abode, or he may move next day to avoid the charge. Of course there are many difficulties in the way of altering the law, and probably there is not, on the whole, very much swindling of this sort done, yet it is none the less hard on a cabman when his whole day goes for nothing and his proprietor remains to be paid. Some men who drive in cabs without money will not face the cabman, but direct him to drive to places which have two entrances, such as the St. James's Restaurant, or Gatti's Adelaide Gallery, and going in one door, emerge at the other. This is constantly done.

Even if a cabman never lost money in this way, and always got his exact fare, he would be badly off. Most men (not women) give something above the legal fare. Probably the cabman in this way gets about three shillings extra in the pound, though very often he will hardly be given a single sixpence in the course of the fifteen hours' work which constitutes his average day.

As a general rule he will work no more than that. Such a time is quite sufficient to tire his two horses, and those men who declare they work eighteen or twenty hours probably spend a very sufficient portion of their day in the bars of their favourite hostelrys. It is among these, the riff-raff of the calling, that most of the convictions are to be placed, not only for drunkenness, but for furious driving and cruelty.

I am not aware to what extent the officers of the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals' Society work by night, and among those cabs whose disreputable appearance forbids them plying for hire by day, but if my information be correct, there seems to be an opportunity for their labours to help the police inspectors with these same night-cabs. Very many horses suffering to a disagreeable extent from mange, known among cabmen as "Dook," are harnessed in the dark to cabs whose torn linings, cracked windows, and general smell of ancient decay, recall the old coach-yard of the Bagman's story in 'Pickwick,' and are sent forth to prowl for belated wayfarers. If they were seen by day the police would take their numbers, and the proprietor would be warned to put them in a fit state of repair before again offering them to the public; but by night they too often escape notice. One naturally feels more for the wretched horses than for those unlucky individuals who are compelled to take such vehicles, and more might be done to see that animals with badly "bent" knees, or such as are too straight in the fetlock from over-work, should no longer be used. But as to cabmen themselves, some of them much prefer night-work. And one man gave a curious reason for liking the uncertain light of the lamps to that of day. He was, he said, very much too ugly to be hired if any one could help it. He spoke, I believe, truthfully, for he certainly was not handsome.

With regard to those persons whose characters are, to use the journalistic euphemism, doubtful, cabmen think it the sheerest gambling to have them as fares. "It's the merest haphazard," said one driver to me; "maybe we get our fare, and very likely we don't. There's one or two that we all know well, that no one ever did get a fare from. But we have to take the rough with the smooth."

Since taking a more than ordinary interest in these vehicles, I have tried in vain to discover the origin of whistling for cabs. It is well known that a single long whistle is the call for a four-wheeler, and a short double one for a hansom, but how or when the whistle first came into use I cannot learn. There are many old cabmen now driving in London who remember the time when there was no recognized signal for their vehicles; and those who wanted them were obliged to come or send to the rank. I should think, however, that it first originated at railway stations in the single whistle, and that the double call came in with the more general employment of two-wheelers.

Nowadays it is one of the most familiar noises to be heard in the West-end, and often results in an impromptu and desperate race down a dim deserted street.

Many interesting statistics relating to cabs and cabmen have been collected by the Public Carriage Department. For instance, among 15,514 cabmen licensed, 167 were over sixty years, 100 over seventy, and three actually over eighty. If I could have got an interview with one of these last, he might have enlightened me on the subject of the whistle, or afforded me some information as to the views of the old hackmen on the dangerous new-fangled invention of the hansom, which must have seemed to them as undesirable as the umbrella did when Josiah Hanway first unfurled his in the street instead of taking a coach.

Part of this same Public Carriage Department deals with articles left in cabs. This is the well-known Lost Property Office at Scotland Yard. In 1888 cabmen deposited there 23,187 articles, the value of which probably amounted to £25,000. Of these, 11,540 were restored to the owners, 10,338 returned to the cabmen, and the remainder sold. The amount of reward paid to those honest cabmen who bring their treasure trove to the office has been regulated by Act of Parliament. Of any article which is gold, notes, or jewellery, but less in value than £10, three shillings in the pound goes to the finder. If it be less precious in material it is only taxed half-a-crown in the pound; while for articles 'worth more than £10, the depositor gets what the Commissioner of Police thinks reasonable. In this way one award was given of £25 in 1888. Naturally many odd articles are brought to the office, such as one might imagine would hardly be forgotten. Some enthusiastic Egyptologist once left the leg of a mummy in a cab. I have no information as to what it was valued at, or whether it was claimed, or returned to the cabman.

If the honesty of cabmen is exhibited in the records kept by the Lost Property Office, their recklessness is by no means blinked in the list of street accidents. It is a popular superstition with newspapermen that the van is so far ahead of all competitors in destroying life and limb in London that it deserves the distinguishing title of Demon. A reference to the authorities certainly shows that the vans killed nearly three times the number of people that cabs did; but their list of injured is by no means so striking to the imaginative mind. The vans in 1888 slew forty-one, the cabs only fourteen; but

the lighter vehicles surpassed the heavier in "Injured" by 1441 to 1104. These figures testify to a long list of brilliant and successful attempts to hurt daring or unwary passengers, and afford very reasonable grounds for the terror with which elderly ladies, or gentlemen long past their days of sprint-racing and football, regard the wild hansom as it sweeps suddenly round a curve. As a matter of mere justice to all, it should be stated that the "light cart" surpasses even the cab in its total of injured. Altogether in London during 1888, 124 were killed and 5555 injured, a grand total which, in any modern British battle, would justify many musical lyrics, a shower of orders and the striking of many service medals. As Pepys might have remarked, it is very pretty to observe that, in the honourable list of the hansoms, the killed amount to exactly one per cent. of the wounded.

There is one point connected more particularly with police management of traffic which seems to me of considerable interest. Every one must have noticed that sometimes a cabman gives a ride to another man, who hangs on the seat with his foot on the step, apparently engaged in conversation concerning a matter which admits of no delay. As a matter of fact this individual is known both to the police and to the cabmen as a "Buck," and aids the latter to evade such regulations as forbid empty cabs passing certain points with a view to preventing blocks. Let us suppose that a hansom has waited outside the Alhambra until he is engaged. If the drive is only a short one, the cabman would be very glad to come back in time to get another fare, but owing to very reasonable regulations he is unable to do this if empty. So the "buck" jumps in and, personating a fare, probably enables his cab to "pass the copper," who would turn an empty cab back. Occasionally this is done several times in succession, although the driver is liable to be fined if convicted. The "buck" is also liable to be prosecuted for aiding and abetting the cabman to contravene rules which he knows well to be necessary for the due and proper regulation of traffic.

After a certain time at night no cabs are allowed to pass through Piccadilly unless they carry a fare, and of course this entails a certain amount of hardship in some cases on cabmen with a tired horse, who may have to go round by Pall Mall and St. James's in order to get once more on the direct route for their able. I have sometimes been asked to get in a cab in order

to pass through Leicester Square and the Circus, and once before I knew the reason I did so. Many friends of mine have had the same experience. But we were playing the rôle of amateur "bucks," and might very properly have been prosecuted.

Cabmen acknowledge the reasonableness of these regulations even when they attempt to evade them. Without some such power invested in the police, the Circus and Leicester Square late at night would be one wild mass of cabs, whose every driver was anxious to pick up some fare among the throngs who leave the music halls in that neighbourhood, and a tremendous block would inevitably result.

Cabmen certainly lead hard lives and earn at the best a precarious livelihood. There are many among them, as among any large body of men, who make things unpleasant for those that hire them if they possibly can, and who are unfit for the position they hold. Yet take it all round they are by no means the brutal, overbearing, exorbitant fellows so often represented, and this in spite of many troubles which naturally tend to spoil their tempers. Probably there are as many cases in which cabmen refrain from prosecuting their fares as the reverse, though whether this is due to the fact that they hate two of our present London magistrates with exceeding fervour I cannot say. Magistrates have, they consider, far too strong a tendency to believe everything a policeman says, though possibly many men who get into trouble which they might have avoided, entertain the same opinion.

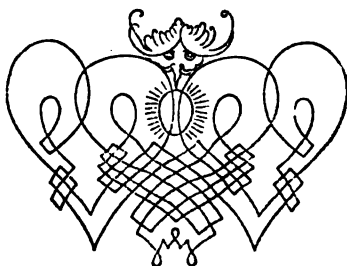
It is odd to note how extensively some men get known among London cab-drivers. There is one individual living not far from the Duke of York's column detested by the whole body of licensees. He is constantly using their vehicles, and has a trick of keeping them waiting unreasonable periods without paying for their time. It is useless to summons him, for in a matter of cross-swearing his word is as good as the driver's, at least. One of the cabmen I talked with complained of being cheated by this man, and chuckled over his revenge. He was hailed by this cabman's enemy in a lonely place when the rain was falling very heavily, and accordingly stopped; but just as he raised the window he recognized him, and dropped it again. "I'll see you drowned first, you beggar," said he, and drove on, leaving his enemy swearing in a pool of water. I may note that the well-known Mrs. Prodgers, who was always being

summoned by cabmen, appears to have reformed, and now pays her fare without making an appearance in the police court necessary.

The ways of cabmen with foreigners, greenhorns and countrymen show them at their worst as regards honesty, although there is a certain humour in demanding a day's wages for driving two miles even if the victim does not perceive it. There is a very old story told, however, of a cabman who was engaged by a very foreign-looking individual at Charing Cross to drive him to Regent Street. His fare, who was in no hurry, was amused to see that for a foreigner the nearest way lay down Victoria Street, Grosvenor Place, Park Lane and Oxford Street, so when the cabman finally pulled up he got out, and handed up a shilling with a smile which told the driver better than any words that he had made a serious error in judgment.

Probably they do cheat us now and again if they fancy we do not know so much as we should, but their peccadilloes in this way may easily be balanced by those men who, like Jonas Chuzzlewit, "show folks a lark" by taking a cab to the extreme limit of two miles for a shilling. Then they think the balance of obligation is on their side if the cabman receives it angrily, or if, being more of a cynic than a bully, he throws a tinge of sarcasm into his voice as he says, "Thank you, Sir."

MORLEY ROBERTS.





## Selborne, Past and Present.

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THE Selborne of Gilbert White is the Selborne of the eighteenth century. He was born there in 1720, and died there in 1793. And of those seventy and odd years he spent the greater number in his native village. Of his boyhood little is now known, except that he received his early education at Basingstoke. He afterwards went up to Oxford, and became Fellow of Oriel, and one of the senior Proctors of the University. But the charms of rural life had for him a stronger attraction than the more intellectual atmosphere of Oxford. He soon returned to Selborne, where he spent, roughly speaking, the last forty years of his life. He there occupied his time, partly in clerical duties, as curate, first of a neighbouring village, and afterwards of his own, but chiefly in noticing and chronicling those local events of natural history, which he afterwards published in his charming 'History of Selborne.' That History is still a favourite book with many people; the numerous editions which have been published of late years are a sufficient proof of its popularity; while every summer visitors are attracted to the spot sacred to the memory of its genial author.

It may not be uninteresting to such persons—and they are very far from being few—to compare the Selborne of Gilbert White with the Selborne of to-day; to consider what alterations have taken place; to notice in what degree the botany and ornithology of the district have changed; to see how the hand of time has treated the conditions of village life in the course of the last hundred years.

For it is almost one hundred years since Gilbert White was laid to rest in Selborne Churchyard. Now a hundred years is a long or short period, according as we regard it. In Nature, a hundred years is but as yesterday; regarded in the light of the doctrine of Evolution, it is no more than a momentary flash in the concourse of the ages. But in the history of progress and

civilization, a hundred years may be a very important period of time. The effects of that progress may have an immense bearing on the conditions of animal and vegetable life. And when we remember what a hundred years the last century has been, we shall not be surprised at any changes we may discover.

But in spite of the inventions of steam, in spite of the enormous growth of railroads, in spite of the thousand so-called modern improvements, the village of Selborne is still a very quiet spot, and as picturesque as it is quiet. There is no railway station nearer than five miles, and the post-town is the same distance away. The routine of agricultural work goes quietly on, in the hop-gardens, in the meadows, in the corn-fields; and except the school-treat, or the club-dinner, or the excitement of an occasional election, there is nothing to break the rural monotony. The seasons come and go, and with the seasons the agricultural work changes, but with the exception of the work and the weather there is little to distinguish to-day from yesterday. The changes in village life are very slow, and hardly perceptible to those living on the spot, but yet the old order changes, and gives place to the new, and the Selborne of to-day is not the Selborne of the last century.

In its outward aspect, and to the ordinary observer, the changes may be but few. The church, though restored, is still the same church where Gilbert White officiated, and where many generations of Selborne villagers have worshipped. The ancient yew-tree, thought by White to be coeval with the church, still throws its shadows over the turf, beneath which the forefathers of the hamlet sleep. The house where White lived, though now enlarged, yet contains his study and other rooms, in almost the same condition as he left them. The hollow-lanes, perhaps now a little deeper than even "sixteen or eighteen feet beneath the level of the fields," are still water-courses in winter, and luxuriant with foliage in summer and autumn. The path-way down the Lythe, a secluded valley between the village and the site of the old Priory, remains as still and quiet, as when, in the days before the Reformation, the Augustinian monks wandered along its tiny stream. The Hanger is still covered with beech-trees, "the most lovely," as White said, "of all forest-trees;" and many of the rarer plants remain. For one hundred years the swallows, and other migratory birds, have returned every spring, as they most likely have done for thousands of seasons; the harvest moon has looked calmly down, autumn after autumn,

on the sleeping village ; year by year, the grass has grown in the churchyard, and the beech-trees have blossomed on the Hanger, and the wheat has ripened in the fields, since the man who made Selborne famous passed away, and in its main features the parish remains the same.

But to a naturalist of Gilbert White's observation many changes have occurred. The royal forest of Wolmer, which in the last century was "without one standing tree in the whole extent," is now partly planted and enclosed ; and larch-trees and Scotch-firs flourish, where before was only bracken, and heather and gorse. Bin's Pond, which in White's time was a "considerable lake," has long since been drained ; but the surrounding bogs and pools still afford "a safe and pleasing shelter to teals and snipe," which continue to breed there. In the early spring numbers of snipe may be heard making their peculiar "drumming" noise, about which so many opinions have been held, but which are, almost certainly, not "notes" at all, as White fancied, but produced by the vibrating motions of the wings. The Ravens, which formerly built year after year at Blackmoor, deserted the district after the destruction of the Raven Tree. All readers of the 'History of Selborne' will remember the tragic story. "The ravens built on, nest upon nest, in perfect security, until the fatal day arrived in which the wood was to be levelled. It was in the month of February, when the birds usually sat. The saw was applied to the butt, the wedges were inserted into the opening, the woods echoed to the heavy blows of the beetle, the tree nodded to its fall ; but still the dam sat on. At last, when it gave way, the bird was flung from her nest ; and though her parental affection deserved a better fate, was whipped down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground." Cornish choughs, which formerly abounded, and bred "on Beachy Head, and on all the cliffs of the Sussex coast," are no longer to be found there. Those noble birds, the Bustards, are now extinct, not only on "the wide downs near Brighthelmstone," and on "the downs between Andover and Winton," but, to the great regret of all naturalists, throughout England. The Honey Buzzard, a pair of which "built them a large shallow nest upon a tall slender beech near the middle of Selborne Hanger, in the summer of 1780," is now a very rare bird, and has not been met with in the neighbourhood for many years.

But on the other hand, it is satisfactory to notice that several

uncommon birds, in which Gilbert White took a special interest, are still to be found in their old haunts ; while many new names may be added to the local Fauna. The Black-game, which formerly "abounded before shooting flying became so common," but which in White's time had become extinct, has since been re-introduced into the forest, and may now be occasionally met with. The Stone Curlew, or Norfolk Plover, in which the veteran observer took so keen an interest, still frequents the "high elevated fields, and sheep-walks," and breeds in the neighbourhood. Crossbills occasionally visit the district, and are once said to have bred in the neighbouring parish of Alton. That "most unusual bird," the Hoopoe, a pair of which one summer frequented "an ornamental piece of ground" adjoining White's garden, has been met with several times since, and one specimen exists in the Alton Museum. The Hawfinch, of which White observes that it is "rarely seen in England, and only in winter," has of late years become much commoner, and now in all probability nests in the district, as it is known to do in several parts of England. The Fern-owl, or Goat-sucker, which White was never tired of watching, as it hawked about for insects in the twilight, and of which he has left us so charming an account, still returns every summer to Selborne, and breeds, as formerly, on the Hanger. Land-rails, which were then so rare that more than one or two were seldom seen in a season, are now fairly common, and many are shot every September. Partridges are still plentiful, and "unreasonable sportsmen" sometimes bag "twenty brace in a day." Of birds not mentioned by White in his 'History of Selborne,' it would be easy to make a considerable list. The beautiful Turtle-dove regularly arrives every May. The Cirl-bunting is not uncommon ; and the late Professor Bell, who for many years occupied White's old house, states that it has nested in the parish on several occasions. The rare Dartford Warbler, is to be found in Wolmer Forest. The Bramble-finch visits the neighbourhood every winter, sometimes in considerable numbers. A few years ago, a beautifully-marked specimen of the Sabine's snipe—a bird unknown to science before 1824, but which may be, and in all probability is, a mere variety of the common snipe—was shot by Lord Wolmer, near Wolmer pond, and is now preserved at Blackmoor, the seat of the Earl of Selborne. Among rare and occasional visitors, unrecorded by White, there are in the Alton Museum, Selborne specimens of the following uncommon birds :—Spotted Redshank (*T. fuscus*)

presented by Professor Bell; Greenshank, 1861 and 1862; Green Sandpiper, 1869. The Bittern has also been met with, both at Selborne and Alton, and in Wolmer Forest. The Alton Museum also contains many other birds from the immediate neighbourhood of Selborne, not mentioned in the 'History;' but unfortunately in the great majority of instances the date of their capture is lost. Among these we may mention the Hobby; the Merlin; both the long-eared and short-eared owls; the Black Redstart; the Siskin; the Greater-spotted Woodpecker (1859); the Lesser-spotted Woodpecker; and the Waxwing.

To turn from the ornithology to the botany of Selborne, it is much to be regretted that White thought it "needless work" to "enumerate all the plants" found in the immediate neighbourhood. Such a catalogue would now be of considerable interest to the local botanist. However, in Letter XLI., he gives his friend, the Honourable Daines Barrington, a short list of the rarer and more interesting plants. Many of these, it is satisfactory to say, are still to be found in their old localities; but some are, unfortunately, extinct. *Helleborus fœtidus*, stinking hellebore, bear's foot, or sitterswort, still grows in fair abundance on Selborne Hanger, in spite of the depredations of dealers, who dig it up for sale. *H. viridis*, the green hellebore, is also to be found in its old locality, the deep stony lane, near Norton Farm. The yellow *Monotropa*, the Birds'-nest orchis, the common Helleborine, the Spurge Laurel, still flourish beneath the beech-trees of the Hanger. In the hollow lanes, *Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*, the opposite-leaved Golden Saxifrage, is abundant as formerly. The wild Everlasting Pea still climbs up "the bushes at the foot of the Short Lith, near the path." The beautiful Creeping Bilberry (*Vaccinium oxycoccos*, L.), and the curious, carnivorous, Sundew, both flourish "in the bogs of Bin's Bond;" while a few specimens of Motherwort (*Leonurus cardiaca*, L.) may still be found along the "Forest-side."

But *Daphne mezereum*, L., is no longer to be seen on Selborne Hanger, though it still grows in fair abundance in several copses in the neighbourhood. This shrub is often transplanted by the wood-men into their cottage gardens; and this practice probably accounts for its disappearance from White's locality. The curious Toothworth, though found in the district, has not been seen for many years at Selborne. *Pulmonaria angustifolia*, L., the narrow-leaved Lungwort, stated by White to grow in the "hollow lanes," has not been found

since. *Comarum palustre*, L., has disappeared from "the bogs of Bin's Pond." In Professor Bell's edition of White's 'History' he has given us, as "the result of his own observations, during a period of more than thirty years," together with the contributions of several botanical friends, a valuable list of Selborne plants. Several, however, of the most interesting plants there mentioned have been searched for without success during the last few seasons. The rare *Tulipa sylvestris*, L., the Wild Tulip, formerly grew in the "Park," the extended meadow between the garden of "The Wakes," White's old house, and the foot of the Hanger. It is, however, no longer to be found there, the lost plant having been removed into the garden some years since. The writer, however, is glad to be able to say that this very rare plant still flourishes in an old disused chalk-pit, within a few miles of Selborne. *Allium oleraceum*, L., the streaked Field Garlic, used also to be found in the same "Park," but this too has become extinct. The rare Man Orchis (*Aceras anthropophora*, R. Br.) is stated to have been found on Nore Hill, but the specimen, unfortunately, was not preserved. *Parnassia palustris*, Tournef., has once been found at Oakhanger, which formerly formed part of the parish of Selborne. The Great Bistort, of which in 1848 there was one single specimen "between Oakhanger and Selborne," is now abundant. Many other uncommon plants, mentioned in Professor Bell's list as "found at Selborne," have since been searched for in vain.

White mentions that "the deep rocky lanes abound with Filices," but the ferns, though abundant, belong to but few species. The practice of digging them up for sale, and of transplanting them into gardens, is fast becoming fatal to our rarer species. *Osmunda regalis*, L., the King Fern, until quite lately grew in a ditch at Oakhanger, and in the Devil's Punch-Bowl at Hind-head; in both localities it is now extinct. Neither *A. ruta-muraria*, L., nor *A. Ceterach*, L., grow any longer on "the church wall." *Botrychium Lunaria*, Sw., the Common Moonwort, has not been seen on the "Common" for many years. It is to be feared that *A. Trichomanes*, L., will be searched for in vain near "Temple," and *Lastræa Oreopteris*, Presl., in Dorton Wood. There is certainly plenty of scope for the energies of the "Selborne Society," in the locality from which it takes its name.

In its main outlines the village itself has perhaps but little

changed in the last hundred years. The "cart-way of the village," deep in mud in winter-time, has given way to a more modern thoroughfare. The church has been thoroughly restored. The irregular pews, "of all dimensions and heights," "patched up according to the fancy of the owners," have been removed, and are replaced by low modern benches. The tomb of the supposed founder of the edifice, in "the north wall of the north chancel," has entirely disappeared. The old barrel-organ, with its half-a-dozen tunes, which was in use as late as within the last thirty or forty years, has gone the way of almost all church barrel-organs, and a fine-toned modern instrument is played in its stead. The east-end chancel window is filled with beautiful painted glass. On the south wall of the chancel is placed a marble tablet in memory of Gilbert White. During the work of restoration several interesting discoveries were made. Beneath the floor of the south chantry two stone coffins, with ornamented lids, were found, together with a quantity of thirteenth-century tiles, which tend to confirm the statement of Gilbert White, that the east end of the south aisle was formerly—"within these thirty years," says White—"divided off by an old carved Gothic framework of timber, having been a private chantry." The design on the discovered coffin-lids lends colour to the suggestion that this "private chantry" was formerly the chapel of the Knights Templars.

The ancient "Priory" of Selborne, of which, in White's time, nothing remained but "one piece of a wall," and which has since shared the fate of the rest of the building, is now an ordinary farm-house. A stone coffin, without a lid, may still be seen in the garden, and a few encaustic tiles in the summer-house, and these are the sole remnants of the once flourishing Priory, founded by Peter de la Roche in the year 1232. The "manor house called Temple," which White describes in Letter IX., with its spacious hall, and "roofing of strong massive rafter-work ornamented with carved roses;" with "its chapel or oratory, whose massive thick walls and narrow windows at once bespeak great antiquity," but which "modern delicacy would not much approve of as a place of worship"—has given place to a modern farm residence, with slated roof, and whitewashed walls. Not a vestige of the old manor-house remains. The same may be said of the vicarage-house, "an old, but roomy and convenient edifice," with its hall originally open to the roof, and dating from the days of Queen Elizabeth. The ancient bridge at Oakhanger

of "considerable antiquity and peculiar shape, known by the name of Tunbridge," has given way to a more convenient structure. But the greatest interest attaches itself to "The Wakes," the old residence of Gilbert White. This house, as we have already stated, has been considerably altered and added to. But much of the original building, including the study, the kitchen, and the household offices, remain untouched by the hand of the modern improver. We can still see the actual room in which the great naturalist recorded his observations. We can still walk in the garden in which he took such keen interest, and which remains practically as he left it. The sun-dial stands in its old position; the narrow brick path-way still leads to the site of the summer-house, which, most unfortunately, was allowed to fall down a few years back.

It has often been regretted that in the 'History of Selborne' there is so little information about the habits and beliefs of the people. Had Gilbert White turned his marvellous faculty for observation towards the conditions of village life, his 'History' would have been an even more delightful book than it is. It would have combined the interest of Dr. Jessopp's 'Arcady,' with the charm of Richard Jefferies' best writings. It is true that here and there we have a glimpse of the superstitions and habits of the rustics, but the view is usually a very passing one.

The period of which White wrote, and during which he lived at Selborne, was a stirring period enough in the outside world. It was the period of Chatham and of Burke, of Fox and of Pitt. It was the period of the American Independence, and of the French Revolution. It was the period of the philanthropic efforts of John Howard and of Hannah More, and of the religious revival of Wesley and Whitefield. But it is doubtful whether any echo of the outside world reached the obscurity of the quiet village. Its thought was with the crops and the weather, and the common necessities of daily life. The eloquence of statesmen, the horrors of wars, the birth-throes of nations, the enthusiasm of religious revivalists—what were these things to the villagers of Selborne! They lay beyond the horizon of their world.

Of the people themselves, we learn from various passages in the "Letters," that many of the poor were sober and industrious, and lived comfortably in "stone or brick cottages;" that "mud buildings we have none;" that the men worked, then as now, in fields and in hop-gardens, and cut down and barked timber;



that in spring and summer the women weeded the corn, and in September picked the hops ; that "every decent labourer has his garden ;" and that the farmers "provide plenty of beans, peas, and greens, for their hinds to eat with their bacon ; and those few that do not are despised for their sordid parsimony, and looked upon as regardless of the welfare of their dependents." This shows, at any rate, that in the majority of instances a kindly feeling existed between the farmers and the labourers, such as, we fear it must be said, has not always been the case since then. About the year 1758, the cultivation of potatoes was introduced into the village, and "were much esteemed by the poor," "who," says Gilbert White, "would scarce have ventured to taste them in the last reign."

In the eighteenth century the temptation to poach was even greater than at present. And the neighbourhood of Selborne was exceptionally favourable for the "sport." The parish abutted on two large forests—Wolmer Forest, and Alice Holt Forest—in the former of which the red deer was hardly extinct, while the latter still harboured a few fallow-deer. "Our old race of deer-stealers," says White, "are hardly extinct yet ; it was but a little while ago that, over their ale, they used to recount the exploits of their youth ; such as watching the pregnant hind to her lair, and when the calf was dropped, paring its feet with a penknife to the quick, to prevent its escape, till it was large and fat enough to be killed ;" or "the shooting at one of their neighbours, with a bullet in a turnip-field by moonshine, mistaking him for a deer." In the Holt the few fallow-deer that remained were much molested by "night-hunters," whom neither keepers, nor fines, nor imprisonment could deter from poaching, "so inherent is the spirit of sporting in human nature." But while the vast extent of forest land afforded irresistible temptations to poaching, which no doubt often got the labourers into trouble, yet on the other hand the existence of these uncultivated wastes was a great boon to the poorer people. Here they cut turf for fuel, and furze for firing. Here they kept a few geese, or ducks, or chickens, which brought them in a little money at odd times. Here the rushes grew, which, when peeled and dipped in scalding fat, lighted their rooms in winter. Here a rabbit might be snared, or a wild duck shot for supper. Here the donkey grazed, and kept himself, with little or no expense to his owner. Here perhaps a cow was kept, which helped to feed the children. There were scores of ways in

which the waste lands of the last century were an immense gain to the labourer. In the neighbourhood of Selborne a large extent of uncultivated ground still exists ; but throughout the country, how-much of it has been enclosed ! The commons have become private property. The swamps have been drained. The strips of waste common-land beside the roads have been taken possession of, and cultivated. The labourer may be better paid, and better housed, and better clothed, and better cared-for, than he was in the last century ; but he has lost much that gave life an interest, that broke the monotony of work, that gave colour to his dreary existence.

The spread of education has almost caused to disappear the old village customs and superstitions. We hear nothing now of "shrew-ashes," whose "twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains which a beast suffers from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part affected." A shrew-ash was made thus :—"Into the body of the tree, a deep hole was bored with an auger, and a poor devoted shrew-mouse was thrust in alive, and plugged in, no doubt with certain incantations." Ruptured children are no longer passed through the cleft-stem of a pollard-ash, in order to cure them of their infirmity. In White's time a row of these trees stood in a farm-yard near the middle of the village. These trees, when young and flexible, he says, "were severed, and held open by wedges, while ruptured children, stripped naked, were pushed through the apertures, under a persuasion that, by such a process, the poor babes would be cured of their infirmity." But these superstitions die hard. The writer has himself met with a man who declared to him that he was cured in his infancy by the foregoing operation. Professor Bell, in his excellent edition of the 'History,' has the following note, which is well worth quoting. "When I first became acquainted with Selborne," he says, "between thirty and forty years ago" (now about fifty years ago), "there were still many remnants of ancient superstitious absurdities devoutly retained as a part of the popular creed. I remember a worthy and even kindly old man cutting off the feet of a mole, and hanging them in a little bag round the neck of a child, and then letting the poor victim go, with the full conviction that, as the maimed animal gradually died, the child would be *pari passu* cured. The necessity of keeping perfectly clean and bright any instrument by which man or beast had been wounded, in order to avoid inflammation of the

wounded part, and to ensure a cure, was as carefully attended to as it is represented in Wilkie's well-known picture of 'The Cut Finger.'" He further adds that a friend of his was solemnly assured by his housekeeper that the fairies danced every night on Wolmer Common. And as the old superstitions have died out, so have the old customs been discontinued. The treading of the bounds of the parish, which formerly took "part of three days" to accomplish, is no longer observed. The two arbours, made of the boughs of oak, the one called Waldon Lodge, the other Brimstone Lodge, which the keepers renewed annually on the feast of St. Barnabas, taking the old materials for a perquisite, are no longer to be seen on "two of the most conspicuous eminences of the forest." The beams of the middle aisle of the church are not now decorated, as in White's time, with artificial garlands, "in honour of young women in the parish reputed to have died virgins." Even the last of the old race of truffle-hunters is gone.

It would be superfluous to point out the numerous ways in which the conditions of village life have improved. For all are acquainted with this part of our subject. The blessing of compulsory education; the cheapness of good clothing; the variety of food; the better cottages; the village reading-room; the clubs; the medical attendance; the parochial organizations; the charitable institutions;—in all these directions, the life of the labourer has been rendered more human and, we trust, more happy. Into the details of these improvements it is unnecessary to enter. We may at any rate unhesitatingly affirm that in these particulars the condition of the labourer of to-day compares most favourably with his condition at the end of the last century. And so we take leave of our subject, in the hope that the perusal of this paper may prove as interesting to the reader, as the preparation of it, conducted on the spot, and spread over a period of many years, has been a source of pleasure to the writer.

JOHN VAUGHAN.



## A Moorland Stream.

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At last ! At last !  
Its silent sleep is over, and it wakes,  
And hurries down the moors, to meet the blue  
Swift river, and the hills with music makes  
To sing anew !

A sudden pause,  
Where the rocks hold the stream a moment's space,—  
Then down, with white swift rush, from stone to stone ;  
While each bright drop joins in the headlong race  
To seas unknown.

Seas far away,  
Where the great waves roll in upon the shore  
White-tipped, and break in thunderclouds of spray,  
Where Ocean's deep sad voice sounds evermore  
By night and day.

O little stream,  
So eager to rush onward to the sea,  
Thy cradle-time amongst the heather here,  
When thou for aye hast left the moors, will be  
Most strangely dear ;

Those wind-swept moors,  
Where the larks sang at sunrise, when the world  
Grew green in spring, and daisies starred the grass,  
Where day by day the sweet fern fronds uncurled  
Where thou did'st pass.

Remembering,  
When thy course leads through cities, and thy stream  
Flows darkened, where men ever come and go,  
That time when life passed like a summer dream  
So long ago !

VIOLET M. KING.

# Miss Blake of Monkshalton.

BY I. O. F.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

"My dear Maria, I assure you it must be true—I heard the postman telling the butler all about it on the doorstep not an hour ago. You know my room is over the front door, and I was shaving with the window wide open—it's such a hot, close morning. They had a good long chat, for there never seems to be any hurry about letters in this place, and I heard all they said. Miss Blake is setting off to town by the morning train, and Miss Emma has taken to her bed. The postman said he had been told it all by Jenkins, their coachman, and I am sure Miss Blake wouldn't keep a man in her service who didn't speak the truth!"

Sir James paused, feeling his last words were quite unanswerable—even Maria must feel them to be so.

The air was heavy and sultry though it was barely nine o'clock, and dark clouds were slowly gathering on the horizon. Sir James, who was rather short and inclined to be stout, always felt the heat very much, and stood gently fanning his bald head with his handkerchief, waiting for Maria's verdict. She was lying in bed propped up with pillows, her breakfast-tray before her. She always breakfasted in bed, and spent all the morning in her own room, for her stock of strength was very scanty, and required much careful tending. Her brother did not often look in upon her at so early an hour, but to-day the news he brought was so important he felt it could not possibly wait until tea time, or even luncheon. Anne Blake had disappeared the evening before.

"What a ferment it will cause in the neighbourhood! Why, my dear Maria, Jane Blake won't be able to hold up her head again, and as for Miss Emma, it will kill her, 'pon my soul it will! A nice ending it will be for that little headstrong hussy

to break her aunts' hearts and set everyone by the ears! Now I shouldn't wonder if we find she's run off to join that young Stevens, you know he was always hanging round her whenever he could get the chance at Mrs. Taylor's, and he's a young rascal if ever there was one, and quite capable of such a thing. Now mark my words, Maria, you'll find that Anne has cut herself off from all her relations, and no one will see her or hear of her again."

There was positively a tone of relish in his last words which grieved Maria's upright mind even more than his appalling news.

"My dear James, I am thankful there is no one near to hear your words, for you speak as if something most terrible and disgraceful had occurred, and as if you positively enjoyed it. Now do remember that we have heard nothing and know nothing beyond the mere fact that that poor child has left her aunt's house rather suddenly; and, you see, after all it is only through the postman that you've heard it, so even that may be exaggerated; but if it is not, there is nothing dreadful or scandalous in the news. That poor girl must have had a dreary time of it. I've often wished we could have seen more of her, though an old woman like I am, and an invalid too, could not perhaps be of much use in brightening the world for an impetuous young girl. I'm often sorry for young things, for they have a hard time of it. Perhaps she has gone off to see her mother's relations. You remember how unfortunate her father's marriage was, and how his wife's family was never recognized by the Blakes. Wasn't Mrs. Blake an actress? I once saw her, and thought her a very nice clever woman."

"Gad, she was a splendid woman! I remember her at a party at her own house. None of Blake's old friends would go but Forbes and I, though I know lots of men who wouldn't have cut him for the matter of that, confound them, if she had not been his wife"—He did not finish his sentence, for Maria was one of those people in whose presence it seems impossible to use any evil word.

"James, dear, I think you exaggerate; I can hardly think things were so bad as that, for you know the Blakes are most honourable people, and would have considered him much more disgraced if he had never married her. You know she rescued him from that terrible life of dissipation he was leading; indeed they all felt grateful to her, as I remember once hearing Emma say, but old Mr. Blake and Jane could never forgive him for

marrying out of his station—and you know I believe his wife's mother was a very vulgar disagreeable person. Ah, well, old Mr. Blake had to suffer dreadfully, poor man, for bringing up his family so strictly, and now Miss Blake will have to suffer too! Poor little Anne! Now do remember, James, that we have heard no dreadful news of her yet; so do not let your imagination run away with you downstairs, and do not be so unjust to yourself as to make them think you relish gossip in proportion to its amount of scandal; you know you're the kindest and best of brothers, but you will always do yourself such terrible injustice; you're as sorry for Anne in your heart as I am."

Sir James stooped and kissed Maria's forehead, and his throat required a good deal of loud clearing before he said he must go down to breakfast.

"You're the best woman I ever met, Maria, 'pon my honour you are,"—she heard him mutter as he closed the door.

Downstairs at breakfast with Colonel Forbes and his son, and two or three other guests, he strove hard, in accordance with Maria's injunctions, to restrain himself from adding any daring and original conjectures to the tale of Anne's flight. It was a difficult task he found, especially as Colonel Forbes seemed to know even more about it than he did, and denied that Emma had taken to her bed, or that Anne's destination was unknown, for she had left word that she had gone to London.

Really something must be done to add flavour to Colonel Forbes matter-of-fact statements, so very soon he was once more gliding off into more exciting speculations.

"I wonder now what Mrs. Taylor will say to it all; she did everything she could to make up a match between Miss Anne and that young scamp Stevens, but if she finds now they've run off together she'll be in a terrible dilemma! Whether to recognise them, or turn a cold shoulder on all the Blake family will be her difficulty! Whether to offend against the laws of propriety, or offend Miss Jane! 'Pon my soul I should like to be there and hear all she says to that gouty old husband of hers; she'll be nagging at him for an hour together about it."

Sir James's flow of talk was suddenly checked by his catching sight of Bernard's face. Bernard always found it immensely difficult to tolerate Sir James and his gossip. He recognised the kindly spirit at the bottom which belied his words, but the reckless manner in which speculation grew into certified fact in the old baronet's mind, annoyed and irritated him.

Conversation flagged, for the other guests did not know Mrs. Taylor. They were country squires, one of them with his wife, and belonged to that now dying-out class of society which does not bow to an aristocracy of wealth, and which totally ignores "trade" of every form, considering that all buying and selling, however remote in your genealogy leaves an uncleansable stain of soapy servility, and a certain brutality of manner towards inferiors.

A remark on the grouse shooting—for this was the first week in August—caused an immediate glow of animation, which Bernard steadily kept up, and poor Sir James was obliged to finish his breakfast in silence.

He would have been much delighted could he have known that his suggestion about Stevens had struck a deep chord of apprehension in Bernard's mind, causing him to set off instantly after breakfast to Monkshalton.

As he walked rapidly along over the short soft grass, for his path lay over a sheep-cropped hill-side and through a wood full of stately beech trees, he thought over the last few weeks, and what had been silently growing and ripening which neither he nor anyone else had been wise enough to observe or understand. His talk with Anne three weeks ago at the winter parlour window came back to him with startling clearness. Why had he been so blind, so dense, he thought bitterly, as not to realize the earnestness and the misery underlying the poor child's words. He remembered the sound of the mowing, the soft rubbing of the cat's smooth fur; why, even these trivial things seemed more vivid to him now than her helpless appeal to him. What a cursed egoist he was, everyone was, to live and live beside fellow humans and never understand, never even see the mute appeals for help and sympathy with which their words and looks are ever ringing! But then what could he have done? It would have been of no use his telling Anne how he worshipped her, she would only have laughed at such an idea, he sadly reflected. Jane's rigidity and Emma's weakness had tightened the coil round the child, and neither of these chains could he have burst asunder; all the more as he felt he was but a most clumsy and blundering creature.

He took off his cap so that he might the better feel the soothing power of those strong helpers, wind and sunshine, but to-day neither wind nor sun beat on him. Thunder-clouds were gathering, and the topmost leaves, in the wood he was entering,



were turning up white melancholy edges, whilst round him all was still and close.

He hurried on and reached the Blakes' door very hot and decidedly cross; very unlike the usual kind, rather reverential nephew Miss Emma found him, when he was shown into the drawing-room where she was tearfully studying Bradshaw, with all the blinds drawn down.

"I drew them down," she said, as he walked to the window, and began rather fiercely to pull them up, "for I couldn't bear to see those cows staring at me through the railings; besides, it doesn't seem quite right to have all this light in the room—and noise," she added, as Bernard threw up the window with a loud clatter, for the air in the room seemed almost to stifle him.

"Tell me where Anne is and what you are doing—not a moment ought to be lost. We've all been wasting time enough these past ten years, ever since she came to live with you indeed. Why did nobody see it before, or do anything?"

His own remorse, which grew keener every moment, as he looked round the room where everything spoke to him of Anne, made him eager to put the blame on to every available person, to scold some one—any one—furiously, so that 'the severity of his words and tone startled Emma and brought an unlooked for fear to her mind. Was Bernard, her one true friend, going to turn against her too?

The same feeling working in Jane's mind had caused a quarrel between her and Emma this morning before the former set off for town; and Emma still felt shaky and unstrung, even though Jane, at the very last moment, had tried to smooth things down a little by giving her sister a decided kiss instead of the usual peck, and saying in a kindly tone, "Take care of yourself whilst I am away, and, as it seems likely to rain, you might have a fire in the sitting-room (Jane never said drawing-room) to-night; tell Henry to light it." Who had ever before heard of a fire in August at Monkshalton!

But not even that concession could wipe out the remembrance of the first outburst of wrath, when Jane came down to breakfast with a note in her hand in Anne's writing, which she had found tied on to the handle outside her door. In it Anne stated that she was going up to London to try and do something, for she was so miserable at Monkshalton, and caused nothing but unhappiness to both her aunts. She had ten pounds with her, and they need not be at all anxious about her, for she was going

to some friends, and would write again when she had decided what to do.

"Emma, this is your doing, your indiscretion and weakness with that foolish girl have ruined her! I told you, when you insisted on her going to the Taylors, that we should live to repent it, and now you see what has come of it; but, of course, I cannot expect *you* to see or care about these things as I do, after what you did yourself."

Jane knew in her heart that her words were unjust, and the allusion to Emma's youth most ungenerous, and she longed for her sister to stand up and upbraid her; it would be so much easier to respect Emma if she would but get angry sometimes.

For a moment a wave of rebellion, strong and deep, flowed through Emma's soul, followed by such a bitter hatred against Jane, that it seemed to scorch her like a flame; but she could find no outward means of expression for it, beyond a sudden keen look into Jane's stormy face. Jane met the look and for an instant felt uneasy, as if some alien force had suddenly sprung up which was beyond her ken. It was a survival of this uneasiness which made her order the fire, though she knew somehow, as Emma also knew, that that moment could never be forgotten, and that some flash had passed over them whose fiery trail would never be effaced.

"My dear Bernard, everything has been done. Jane has gone off to town with Coates; Coates seems to have an idea that Anne may be at Mrs. Taylor's, though I cannot help thinking she may be with her mother's people. You know she has never been told about them, as Jane thought it was better not, but I fancy she must have found out something about them lately. You remember old Hodgson, who was a farm-labourer till he was too old to work and had to be pensioned, he adored our dear brother, and always took his part in everything, and Anne has been latterly constantly taking him soup and jellies and things, and now I begin to think he must have been telling her something about her mother. I thought it was nice for her to find something to do, that seemed to interest her, since Jane forbade her to go outside the gates, and I really didn't mention her visits, so that Jane knows nothing at all about them; and now I find the poor old man is beginning to wander in his head—he has been bed-ridden for a long time—so that, when I went down this morning to question him, he couldn't understand a word of what I was saying. I don't

know what to do. I begged Jane to go to Camden Town where those people live, and though she was very angry with me for mentioning them, I am quite sure she will go to them."

"But have you never thought of that fellow Stevens," interrupted Forbes; "where is he, what is he doing? has Anne heard anything of him lately?"

There was an eager sound in his voice which surprised Emma: she suddenly felt as if all these years she had never quite known Bernard after all, for this hurried irritable manner was quite a new phase of him, which she had never seen before, and the thought flashed through her, could he have been in love with Anne and have only just now waked up to a consciousness of it? The idea grew stronger when he seized Bradshaw, and, turning over the leaves, began to find out the London trains.

"I can just catch the 1.40, I see, if I hurry home at once and drive down to the station. Good-bye, Aunt Emma, I'll see what I can do, and if she can be found and brought back, she shall."

"If she can, oh, my dear boy, you don't think, you don't mean that anything terrible has happened? You know Anne is very bright and capable; she cannot have lost herself or"—

"My dear Aunt," broke in Bernard, eager to be gone, "don't be anxious; it will all come right. Good-bye—but oh, what fools we've all been," he muttered to himself, as he went out, leaving Emma standing on the front doorsteps tearfully watching him as he strode down the drive.

"What can Bernard mean?" she thought; "surely he doesn't think Anne would run away to see Mr. Stevens!" but suddenly came the remembrance of her own flight long ago. Was it possible that life was as dull to Anne as it had been to her in her youth? no wonder, then, that Bernard was angry with her, for neither he nor any one else would ever know how much she cared for the child, no one ever saw anything but her stupid inexpressive exterior.

"I think Anne guessed, but she has left me."

A vivid flash and a loud peal of thunder made her fly back into the house and shut herself into the library, as being the darkest and therefore the safest room in the house. She always suffered greatly during a thunderstorm, but less when Jane was not present to scold her for her terror. Great book-cases lined the room and tall-backed chairs stood in a gloomy row: Emma sat on one of them trembling, and holding tightly on to the arm,

shivering as the thunder grew louder and more incessant. Suddenly there came a rush of rain, a flooding downpour, tearing up plants, dashing the gravel over the grass borders, bending the flowers into the mud. Emma's hands relaxed their hold and she leaned back with a deep sigh, feeling as if a heavy bond had loosened its hold on her heart, as if the pouring of the rain had brought peace to her mind.

## CHAPTER IX.

Jane arrived in London at about three o'clock, and drove straight to Mrs. Taylor's house in Bayswater, feeling slightly nervous as she drew near the house, for she began to realise that it might be difficult to announce her errand without letting Mrs. Taylor guess that something serious was the matter. She sat, however, as uprightly and looking as impassive as ever, so that Coates, who was sitting opposite with her veil drawn down trying to hide the tears which would flow as she thought of poor dear Miss Anne, could not detect that anything unusual was passing in her mistress's mind.

Mrs. Taylor came rustling into the dining-room where Jane had been shown in, feeling extremely anxious as to what it could be that brought Miss Blake up to town at this time of year. She and her husband were starting for Scotland that night, and she felt rather annoyed too, that Jane should come and find the best rooms all tied up in dust sheets. She began profusely apologising, as soon as they had shaken hands, for the confusion in the house.

"I am so sorry, dear Miss Blake, that you have to come into this room ; it really isn't fit for any one to sit in ; you must have some tea, you really must, and then—" "Thank you," broke in Jane, "I never take tea so early in the afternoon, and as for the room being untidy I suppose every one house-cleans, though I must say it seems rather late in the year to begin. We always have it done in May, and then you feel clean for the summer. I merely called in, however, to enquire whether my niece had been here this morning. She came up to see her relations and I thought she might have called to see you on her way to them."

Jane had planned this version of Anne's flight during her journey, with much care, but the slight tremor in her voice as she made a statement so revolting to her severely literal mind,

made Mrs. Taylor suspect something was wrong. In spite of her delight at the idea of finding out some thrilling piece of scandal, she began to feel a little sorry for the dignified old lady sitting opposite her, for she saw on looking attentively at her that there was a look of fatigue and sadness on her face, which she had never seen there before, and the feathers in her bonnet were trembling as with some emotion the proud figure was endeavouring to suppress. Still she had an irresistible desire to find out all about it. She had always wanted to know more than she did about Anne's relations and her parentage, and this was a most golden opportunity. Perhaps, too, Miss Blake would feel relieved by a few sympathetic questions and would gradually be induced to unburden herself.

"No, indeed, your niece has not been to see me ; what a lovely girl she is ! and has she really gone to see her relatives ? Her mother's people I suppose you mean. How proud they must be of her ! every one admires her so. Cyril Stevens was quite over head and ears in love with her ! When did she leave Monkshalton ? Mr. Taylor is at home, I'll ring and ask him to come in and tell you if he knows anything about her. I'm afraid you feel quite anxious."

Before Jane could speak the bell was rung. She saw Mrs. Taylor had found out that something was wrong, but the fatigue of a five-hours' railway journey had somewhat unnerved her, and she could only feel wearily how difficult and repulsive was the task before her.

Mr. Taylor came stumbling in immediately ; he was always glad of having an opportunity to talk with Miss Blake. "She doesn't pester you with silly gossip like other women do," he always said of her. "and she has the best head for business I ever met ; why she knows more about investments and what pays and what doesn't than I do myself, and yet with all that there isn't a better manager of her house to be found anywhere."

"Well, my dear Miss Blake, how are crops getting on in your part of the world ?" He knew nothing about such things, being entirely town-bred, but he liked to think he did and to make others think so too.

"Miss Blake hasn't come to talk about crops, Mr. Taylor, but about her niece ; she has come up to town to find her, I think. We shall be only too glad to be of any use to her that we can, I am sure. It's most unfortunate that we are leaving for Scotland to-night, but we might perhaps—"

Jane drew herself up ; this dreadful woman and her vulgar probing after the truth must be silenced, cost what it might.

"Thank you, but you have entirely misunderstood the whole case. *You* will quite understand, Mr. Taylor," she went on, turning towards him, "that sometimes business requires one's presence in town even in August, and I never leave anything to others which concerns my affairs. As Anne has gone to see her mother's relations, I merely called in here, in passing, to see whether she had been here, as I particularly wished to see her, and hoped thus to save myself the long drive to Camden Town."

She brought out the last words clearly and firmly, for she could never, she hoped, be guilty of the extreme vulgarity of ignoring obscure relations just because they were obscure, as Mrs. Taylor did. A relation was always a relation, and perhaps this might be a good opportunity for reading the silly woman a lesson.

"We have never visited with my brother's wife's family, because we did not approve of their mode of life ; besides, to us they are only connections, not relations ; but it is only right and proper that Anne should see her relations sometimes, even though they are in a different rank of life from herself. No one has a right to be ashamed of any position in which Providence may have seen fit to place them, and none but vulgar persons wish to ignore their forbears and force themselves into a different level in society."

She rose from her chair, and, looking straight at Mrs. Taylor, shook hands with her, and before that incensed lady could collect herself sufficiently to make a suitable reply, was in her cab, bowing most graciously to Mr. Taylor, whom she left standing at the hall door.

As he came back into the room, Mrs. Taylor, who was eagerly awaiting him, burst into bitter abuse of Miss Blake.

"I never knew such a rude, ill-mannered woman as that Miss Blake is ! giving herself such airs, laying down the law and behaving as if all the rest of the world were mere *parvenus*—mere vulgar upstarts ! Why, Anne Blake's relations, from what she said, must be dreadful people, living in Camden Town ! people whom no one visits, no one, and *we*, why we know everyone——"

"My dear," broke in Mr. Taylor, "did you imagine Miss Blake was referring to us, for if you did you were quite

mistaken ; Miss Blake and I are very old friends, I have the highest esteem for her, and she always behaves in the most courteous and dignified manner to me."

"Do you mean to imply by that, Mr. Taylor, that she reserves her snubs and her insolence for *me*?"

"I mean to imply nothing beyond what I said, nothing—nothing except that I wish you would let me have some peace. Now you'll go on nagging at me all the afternoon about Miss Blake ! it will be Miss Blake, Miss Blake, all the time, till I shall wish I had never set eyes on her or her family," growled Mr. Taylor, forgetting in his rising anger his former expressions of esteem for Jane Blake.

"Well, I only hope that niece of theirs will bring them all into trouble, and make them feel that after all they're of the same flesh and blood as other people ; it will only serve them right if she has run away with Cyril Stevens and disgraced herself."

"Mrs. Taylor," thundered out her husband, "I won't have such scandalous words said in my house ! You heard what Miss Blake said about her niece, you know perfectly well there's not an atom of truth in such a notion, and if you ever repeat it, madam, by George, I'll make you repent."

He stood leaning on his stick which the gout compelled him always to use, glowering at his wife from under his shaggy white eye-brows, his red face looking almost purple with excitement, till Mrs. Taylor, not unused to such outbreaks, retreated sulkily upstairs, to superintend her packing.

"What a fool I was to marry that woman !" he thought as he stood alone in the gloomy room with its rows of light oak chairs and light oak sideboard. "I wish Jane Blake would have had me," he sighed ; "but I wasn't good enough for her I suppose. She was a deuced fine girl in her young days, plenty of spirit too ; but I hadn't enough brains for her, let alone other things. I wonder why she never married. I should have thought a fine woman like her might have had her pick of all the men."

Jane, driving along to Camden Town, was also thinking of the days of her youth, when Collingwood Taylor was an elegant young man who wore his hair rather long and read Byron aloud to his lady friends.

"I sometimes think I might have overruled my father's objections and had him, if he hadn't always read so much Byron, I so vastly preferred Pope. I never could make much out of 'Childe Harold,' nothing ever could compare with the 'Rape of the

Lock,' to my mind ! But I am thankful now that things were ordered as they were, for any one who could marry such a woman as that Mrs. Taylor, and not see through her, could not have been a man of much sense. 'She who ne'er answers till a husband cools !' Well, well, poor Collingwood Taylor !"

An immense load was lifted from her mind when the little maid of all work, who answered the cabman's thundering knock at 17 Hunter Street, Camden Town, said yes, Miss Anne Blake was in, had arrived that morning very early. She had not realised how heavy the load of anxiety had been, till it was thus suddenly taken away, and it was with renewed vigour that she stepped into the dingy parlour and sat awaiting her niece's appearance. She looked at the ugly furniture, at the wax flowers on the mantel-shelf, at the cottage piano with green silk panels, and wondered how Anne could have possibly chosen to come to such a place ; but then, of course, she had not known what she was coming to, and perhaps now that she had seen it and realised it, she would be amenable to reason, and would come quietly and sensibly home, and not talk any more silly nonsense about being stifled at Monkshalton. Perhaps, after all, it would have been wiser to have let her see something of these relations of hers before, and let her know for herself what unsuitable people they were ; but there, you never could trust Anne to arrive at any sensible conclusion. She was always so high flown and Quixotic in her notions. Her reflections had just reached this point when the door opened and in came Anne.

She was looking very pale, but her eyes were very bright and eager.

"How pretty the child is !" thought Jane, as she noticed the bright expression on the face, which, now she thought of it, generally looked rather cross and gloomy when they were all at Monkshalton. The remembrance shot a slight pang through her, and somewhat neutralised the gradual softening towards the run-away which her mind had been experiencing whilst she had been waiting in the little parlour.

Anne stood nervously by the table, covered with albums, uncertain whether to shake hands, or kiss her aunt, or what to do. What could she be going to say ? Would she tell her Emma was ill, and that her flight had caused her illness ? She saw Jane's face was grey and full of lines ; how old she looked too ! At Monkshalton she had never seemed old or feeble, but in this



little hideous room, without anything to soften down her outlines, her age suddenly started into sight. Anne's heart began to beat faster, and her eyes to fill with tears as she looked at the stern upright figure before her, with a face haggard and worn as she had never seen it before. Nervously she began to tell how she had heard from old Hodgson about her mother and her mother's people, and how it had all surprised and overwhelmed her, and made her feel miserable, and ashamed that she should be living in comfort and luxury whilst they were poor and neglected; and that when she heard her grandmother was still alive, and living in this tiny house with only one servant, she felt she must come and share her lot, she must come and give her some of that love and service which she felt was owing to her.

"I don't care about riches and comfort, Aunt Jane, I would rather be poor, I would rather stay in this hideous place, and feel I was doing something, really living for some one."

"Anne," said Miss Blake suddenly, in her usual firm voice, "Hodgson omitted to mention that your relatives are only poor through their own fault. Your uncle, your mother's brother, is an incurable drunkard, and his family, in consequence, are badly off—the others are all dead, and your grandmother receives £150 a year from me, which she mostly spends on her son. However," she continued, before Anne could reply, and with a tremble of indignation in her voice, "since you prefer to be with these people instead of with your father's relations, and as you seem to think Monkshalton is the last place you wish to live at, you must abide by your choice. I will therefore give you up to the care of Mrs. Turner. I do not wish to entertain any of these people at Monkshalton, and, of course, you will not care to come to any place where they are not received, as you say yourself, you have cast in your lot with theirs. How your Aunt Emma will receive the news, I do not know, but I hardly imagine you will care, for you must have foreseen the consequences of your clandestine behaviour before you planned it out. But perhaps you had informed your aunt of this romantic escapade, for I remember now she strongly advised me to come here to seek you. I must congratulate both you and her on the success of your scheme. Of course you will now consider yourself, I suppose, free to marry any one whom you please, but you must fully understand that you will inherit nothing at my death; £100 a year, when you come of age, is all you will ever receive——."

"Aunt Jane," broke in Anne indignantly, "don't speak so, you know I don't want your money! I would rather starve than touch your money if you don't approve of my conduct. I came here because I felt I ought to do so, and I knew, if I asked you, you wouldn't let me come, and it might get Aunt Emma into a scrape, or make her ill; she knows nothing about it, I never told her anything. You know, you must know, I don't care about your money, and I don't want any of it."

Jane rose from her chair, trembling with anger and disgust.

"It is useless to waste further time here; I must go back to my hotel. To-morrow morning I return to Monkshalton. It is to be hoped that your scorn of money and good breeding will stand you in good stead all your life."

She went to the door without even holding out her hand to say good-bye. Anne seized hold of her cloak to stop her for an instant.

"Do you mean I am never to see Monkshalton again—never to see the flowers and woods again—never to see Aunt Emma again?" she said in a hoarse whisper.

Jane coldly drew away her cloak, and smoothed out the crease Anne's fingers had made.

"It is your own doing, not mine. I came prepared to take you back with me, but your own words soon dispelled that idea. Probably Emma will now find out that she despises money as much as you do, and will join you in this house you both seem to find so desirable, since you scheme and plot behind my back to come to it. You cannot return to Monkshalton unless you give up these people, so I leave the decision to you."

"Then good-bye, Aunt Jane," retorted Anne, anger and indignation completely getting the better of her. "I thank you for your care of me and the money you have spent on me; but if you had made me love you I would never have left you. I shall never come to Monkshalton again; I shall stay here, and work and be free instead of being chained up there."

They had reached the street door, and Anne saw Coates' tearful face looking out of the cab window. She ran down the steps to her.

"Good-bye, dear Coates, good-bye; I am never coming back. You may have all my dresses, and do take care of my dear cat; don't let him get lost in the woods, or caught in traps."

She could say no more, for Jane got into the cab, and the

door was closed ; but Anne leaned over the window, and said in a low, clear voice :

"Aunt Jane, you know as well as I do that Aunt Emma had nothing whatever to do with my coming here. How you will break it all to her I don't know—I daren't think, but remember, it is all your doing, and if she suffers it is your fault, not mine."

Jane drew up the window, the cab drove off, and Anne returned into the little dull house and shut the door. Upstairs she heard a feeble, querulous voice saying :

"Anne, what a long time you are away ! Why don't you come and give me my medicine ?" Why, you're more forgetful than Kezia."

She went up the narrow staircase with a sigh.

## CHAPTER X.

The next morning at about ten o'clock Bernard Forbes stood outside the dingy yellow door with a black knocker, of No. 17 Hunter Street.

He had found the evening before that Stevens was out of town, and had been abroad no one knew where for the last fortnight ; so, relieved from his anxiety about him in connection with Anne and her disappearance from Monkshalton, he had come to find out if she were with her grandmother, Mrs. Turner, and if she were, whether anything could be done to induce her to come home again. He felt rather ashamed of himself for having supposed she could have had anything to do with Cyril Stevens, and was wondering what could have suggested such an absurd idea to him, when the door was opened by Anne herself.

As had been the case with Jane, his relief was so great at seeing her again safe and well, that he found it difficult to speak to her, till Anne had showed him into the same little parlour where she had had her interview with Miss Blake the day before, and shut the door. She then instantly began a long string of eager questions about Emma.

"Has Aunt Emma sent you here ? Is she very miserable ? Does she hate me for running off like this, or does she understand ? Please tell me all about her, and what she thinks, for I have hardly thought of anything else since Aunt Jane left me yesterday afternoon. I wrote to Aunt Emma last night—

she would get the letter this morning—and I said I should work to make a home for her and me, where we could live happily together without Aunt Jane ; and I told her how I love her.”

“ Then Miss Blake has been here ! What a pity ; how I wish I could have seen you first, for I know she will have turned everything exactly the wrong way. I saw Aunt Emma yesterday morning, and she told me she thought you might be here. No, she doesn't hate you—no one could ever do that—and she isn't angry. She is very unhappy ; you have made her very unhappy, but that of course you can imagine. To have lost you is to have lost everything she cares for most. Anne, my dear child,” he went on, with a very gentle tone in his voice which seemed to Anne to reproach her more than any anger could have done, “ don't think I am going to scold you or find fault with you, for I have felt ever since I heard you had gone how much, how very much, I ought to, and do, reproach myself for not having tried to help you out of your repressed life at Monkshalton. But tell me, did you not reflect how miserable you would make your aunts, yes, both your aunts ? Don't shake your head so defiantly, for Jane is very much cut up about it too, I am sure. Did you not see that it was not a right thing to do, to run away secretly and leave your guardians—parents I might call them ? Don't you see one can never shirk one's duties in an illegitimate manner as you have done without causing suffering somewhere, to some one who probably has no right to suffer ? ”

“ Yes, yes, Bernard, I know what you mean,” broke in Anne eagerly, “ I thought much about all that, but then you see I suddenly heard about my mother, and how her people were poor, and how her mother, my grandmother, was here alone and miserable. Hodgson said so——”

“ Confound Hodgson,” muttered Forbes, under his breath.

“ And I was, oh ! so desperate at home. Things had been growing worse and worse. I believe Aunt Jane really hates me, and I only made constant quarrels between her and Aunt Emma. Aunt Emma has been really becoming quite ill, you know she is always having palpitations or something. I thought if I were really to leave them, they might get on more peaceably together. And I was becoming wicked, for all day long I never could think of anything but of how I hated Aunt Jane, and how I wished she were dead. Whatever I did, or

wherever I went, that thought followed me. Oh, Bernard, what was I to do?"

The pain in the sound of her voice made Forbes shiver, he felt he could bear the repression he had always kept over himself no longer, and what had been growing steadily within him for so long, must be told.

"Anne, dear Anne, is there nothing, nothing which could fill your life, nothing which could make you happy even at Monkshalton? Don't misunderstand me, don't think I am saying something which I have only just thought of. For years, I believe since I first saw you at Monkshalton standing in the hall holding Emma's hand, I have cared for you, worshipped you, with every fibre of my heart and being; but I knew you have always looked upon me as quite an old person, and I have tried with all my strength to repress it, and never let you know, for I was afraid you would detest me if you found it out. Like a selfish brute, I have been thinking of myself and my own pain, and never seen your unhappiness growing greater each day! Now is it all too late, can I do nothing? Oh, my dear, my dear, don't say I can be of no use to you, for even if you can never care for me, at least let me care for you, and let me try to help you; there is nothing in the world can give me so much happiness."

Was this really Bernard who was speaking, Anne thought, thoroughly aroused, and aghast at what he had said. She had never heard such a deep passionate ring in his voice before, and now he was standing looking at her with tremulous eagerness and his eyes full of a brilliant light.

Her surprise was so overwhelming, she could not speak, she could only hold on to the back of a chair with both hands and look at him in a dazed manner. There was a breathless silence; overhead Anne heard Kezia dusting her grandmother's room, and outside in the street an old-fashioned, rather wheezy organ was playing "*A chè la morte*."

"Bernard," she said at last in a trembling voice, "how sorry I am! oh, how sorry I am!" she repeated as she saw the light fade out of his face. "What can I do, what can I say? I cannot—no, I cannot, say what you will like to hear, for such a tremendous idea never occurred to me before—never; it seems so very, very strange, so impossible that you—you and I——" she concluded brokenly.

"Yes, Anne, I know, I know of course you never thought of

such a thing and I am a fool. Will you never, can you never think of it? Don't shake your head, don't say anything, for anything, any uncertainty is better than that. Do not let us say any more about it now, forget it all for a time, only don't forbid me to speak of it again to you, don't——"

He stopped, and Anne felt she could not answer him, could not deny him such a seemingly doubtful privilege. A quieter look stole over his face at her silence and his voice sounded more like himself when he asked—

"What did Miss Blake say yesterday and what conclusion did you both arrive at?"

He walked to the window and stood with his back to Anne looking out into the sunshine. The organ played on, but the tune had changed to "Life on the Ocean Wave" and sounded less melancholy. Anne felt very guilty and miserable, and still more so when he turned round and looked at her with the old friendly smile in his brown eyes, his face somewhat paler than usual and with rather a drawn look round his mouth.

"Well, what did you both say?" he repeated.

"We had a dreadful quarrel, and it ended in her saying she would never leave me any money, as if I cared for that! and that she supposed I should never come to Monkshalton again. I must choose between that place and Mrs. Turner here, and of course I cannot desert this poor thing now—you don't know how glad she is, she says, to have me. Aunt Jane was very horrid about Aunt Emma, very horrid. She made out we had planned my coming here and that Emma had helped me, and knew all about it. I told her she knew it was not so at all, but I feel very miserable about it. I can never live with Aunt Jane again—never—it is useless to try and persuade me to do it, but I don't know what to do about Aunt Emma. Can you advise me—can you help me? What would you do if you were me?"

In her renewed interest in the old question of how to settle her difficulties, she had forgotten Bernard's passionate appeal.

"I think you ought to come back to the Blakes. Why do you consider the claims upon you here are stronger than the claims, there? Don't you find, too, that the feeling of being tied up, is as strong here as there? I think that you exaggerate your duty to Mrs. Turner simply because her poverty and obscurity give her a charm in your romantic eyes. You have such a very decided scorn, at least you think you have, for the comforts and luxuries of life, such a strong love for asceticism

like most ardent young minds, that you have invested your grandmother and her belongings with a halo of sanctity which really I don't believe exists. Your grandmother never claimed you, never asked for you to come and see her. I know you will think me hard and unsympathetic when I say that I believe she will get some money out of you ; for she adores that son of hers, and he is always getting every penny out of her that he can."

"It's not a question of whether she wants me or not, so much as that I feel I ought to be here ; I ought to be living her life and not leading a false existence of idleness at Monkshalton ; I ought to share her lot, for her people are my people, and what they suffer I ought to suffer too."

Bernard sighed, for he knew Anne's obstinate nature of old.

"But why," he said, "why exile yourself in this absurd manner, and grieve those who have looked after you during most of your life for the sake of a romantic idea of self-sacrifice ; a self-sacrifice that does no one any good, only harm as far as I can see ? Mrs. Turner's people are not any more your relations than are Miss Blake and Miss Emma. But it's not that which determines you not to return to Monkshalton, it is the depression and enforced idleness, as you say, and Miss Blake's overwhelming personality."

He paused a moment, but Anne looked as resolute as ever, so he continued in a resigned tone :—

"Well, well, perhaps you had better stay here for a time, and I will go back and tell Aunt Emma about you, and we will talk over together what can be done. But what do you mean to do here ?"

"Oh, I have not had time yet to think about anything. I do some of the house work, and I have a plan which I have often thought about at home, but I will write and tell you about it later, when I have arranged things more. It is about my singing, for that is the only thing I can do well, and it is the thing I care for most. But don't let us talk about it, for I want to think it all out first, before I tell any one about it."

Forbes sighed as he stood up. "When shall I see her again ?" was the chief thought in his mind, but he dared not put it into words.

"Well, I suppose I must be going now if I mean to catch the one o'clock train home again," he said, taking up his hat. He felt awkward about saying good-bye, with the remembrance of his impassioned words to Anne vibrating within him ; ordinary

words he could not use, for he had been too much stirred to fall back into them as yet.

He longed to say something more, but he dared not, lest he should make her refuse that small concession he had gained concerning the future.

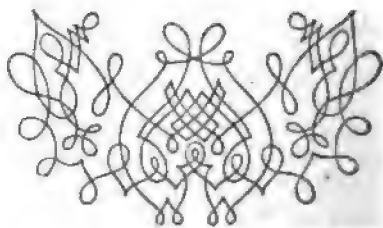
Anne dimly divined something of what was passing in his mind, but did not know what to say; partly from a feeling of shyness, partly, because she greatly feared any return to that strange, and to her, incomprehensible outbreak on Forbes' part.

Their good-bye was rather hurriedly said, and Forbes felt somewhat aggrieved when Anne closed the door on him almost before he could answer her unnecessarily profuse messages to Emma.

He would have minded less had he known that she ran instantly to the parlour-window, and watched his tall figure walking rapidly down the street. When he was out of sight she looked round the empty room and wondered at its forlornness.

The organ had come round to "*A chè la morte*" again, but had moved into another street, and the notes came to her ears with a mournful intermittance.

*(To be concluded.)*





## Notes of the Month.

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THE Prince of Wales has always made it a rule not to preside twice at the festival dinner of the same Charity, but this year H.R.H. has made a special exception to this rule in favour of the Royal Literary Fund. The first time H.R.H. ever presided at a public dinner was on behalf of this fund in 1864, and as the Society is this year celebrating its centenary, the Prince has graciously consented to take the Chair at the Anniversary Dinner, which will be held at St. James's Hall on May 14.

The musical world has been convulsed of late by the revival in an aggravated form of the "Encore Nuisance," and, in consequence, an acute controversy has sprung up as to whether the system is defensible or not. On a couple of occasions audiences had been divided in opinion as to the repetition of a number. This gave Mr. Sims Reeves a peg whereon to hang a very forcible denunciation of the system, and Mr. William Carter followed suit on the same side. The latter gentleman was immediately afforded a practical test of carrying his principles into practice. At one of the concerts organized by him in the Albert Hall, a trombone solo was vehemently applauded, and in answer to vociferous plaudits the band-master, who was conducting the piece in question, had actually given the signal to the trombonist to repeat his performance, when Mr. Carter appeared on the platform and forbade the band. This was an error in judgment, as it advertised the fact that the two conductors were divided in opinion, and a "scene" ensued, which was only terminated by the—in itself—condemnable iteration of a very blatant performance. Since this episode, letters and articles on the subject have abounded. Two or three points have emerged indisputably from the controversy. First, that composers, even the most eminent of them, have not been averse to encores. Secondly, that the majority of singers and performers, even when it involves a considerable effort, regard encores in the light of a labour of love. Thirdly, that there are two sorts of encores; the repetition of a song or number in a miscellaneous programme, which is at any rate defensible; and the repetition of a part of an organic whole, such as *Otello* or any of Wagner's later operas, which is entirely inexcusable on artistic grounds.

The "boom" in new journals shows no symptoms of falling off. Newspapers and periodicals specially addressed to women-readers are a natural outcome of an age in which so many women are engaged in practical journalism. The long list of such publications, which include *The Queen*, *The Woman's World*, *cum plurimis aliis*, is now further supplemented by *Woman*, a weekly journal of a chatty order, which has adopted for its motto the legend, "Forward, but not too fast." A novel is announced from the pen of Mr. F. C. Philips in collaboration with another gentleman, such an arrangement being perhaps deemed advisable lest the author of 'As in a Looking Glass' should be a trifle too fast for the readers of *Woman*.

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Within the last month another Scotch weekly has been started—the *Scottish Liberal*, the avowed purpose of which, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, is to counteract the dangerous influence of the *Scots Observer*, a paper which the *Manchester Guardian* generously owns is conducted with a talent which often puts the London weeklies to the blush. And lastly we have 'Jewish Society,' a "journal for Modern Jews," handsomely got up, and written with a singular impartiality and detachment of view. For example, in the very first issue prominence is given to a communication from a Christian correspondent who, while admiring the Jews, sets forth at considerable length his reasons for doubting whether they can ever be patriots. 'Jewish Society,' in effect, is a society journal written from the standpoint of conforming but enlightened Hebrews, who have no hesitation in exposing the faults and foibles of their co-religionists.

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The influence of science on decorative design is too interesting and extensive a subject to be treated in one of these Notes, but we may just briefly mention the extraordinary results which have recently been produced by sound-waves on sensitive surfaces. The *modus operandi* is, roughly speaking, to sing through a specially constructed tube on to a glass plate covered with coloured paste, by which means the most fantastic and unearthly shapes are generated. We were shown a transparent screen the other day, the panels of which consisted of these "sound shapes." In every case the forms generated were akin to shells or "mystical monsters marine," amid a subaqueous sea-scape. The figures were irregular—unlike the geometrical patterns produced on Chladni's plate—but of the weirdest and yet most attractive appearance—something like what Blake would have painted if he had been a diver.

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## NOTES FROM EDINBURGH.

What Englishmen consider the inordinate pride of the Scotch in their race has found a happy illustration in the story of the old Scotchman, who, having claimed most of England's great men as Scotch at least by origin and descent, had at last reluctantly to admit that Shakspeare owed nothing to this cause, for, as far as was known, none of his "forebears" came from North of the Tweed, but he added, "Nae doot his great abeility warranted the assumption."

It is said of us, that no public meeting can be held in Scotland without allusion being made to Burns and to Scott, and this assertion is made as a sign of our poverty-rather than our wealth. But the countrymen of Sir Walter Scott can afford to accept this sort of sympathy, rich in the knowledge that though his gifts are the heritage of the whole civilized world, they by right of birth have a peculiar personal possession in his genius, into which a stranger may not enter.

And now it would seem that this feeling of nationality, this *perseveridum ingenium* of the race, is to find expression in a sister art, and in the music of Mr. Hamish MacCunn Scotchmen will recognize something of the feeling, the romance, the chivalrous devotion to country and kinsmen which have been among the best traditions and instincts of their race :

"From the dim shrieking in the misty island,  
Mountains divide us and a world of seas ;  
But still the heart is true, the heart is Highland,  
And we in dreams behold the Hebridees."

This feeling cannot be analysed. Scott and Burns have expressed it in romance and song, and again and again in the recurring melodies and motifs of Mr. MacCunn's music we are conscious of the same feeling, deep and inalienable, asserting itself in broad simple accents above the intricacies of modern orchestration, claiming to be heard in the varied dramatic tones of pieces as different as 'The dowie dens of Yarrow,' 'Bonny Kilmany,' and 'The Cameronian's Dream.' It was this last piece, written especially for an Edinburgh audience, that called forth such enthusiastic applause from Mr. MacCunn's countrymen at his recent appearance among us. This is not the place to criticise the work in detail. It is stamped with the spirit of originality and inspiration that characterize this composer's other works, and is sure to be heard before long by other audiences than that for which it was written.

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At the centenary of the Edinburgh University in 1884, among the distinguished guests from many lands, no one received so warm an ovation from the students as the late Mr. Browning. He himself was quite touched by their enthusiasm, and by the personal character of the feeling that made itself felt in their ever-renewed bursts of applause

each time he appeared among them. His characteristic kindness and geniality to every one was conspicuous here as everywhere. One evening at a large reception the many guests who filed past him were all in turn introduced to him, and shook hands with him, in order that at some future day they might reply in the affirmative, if asked,

“And did you once see *Browning* plain?  
And did he stop and speak to you?”

The string of aspirants to this honour seemed endless; and at last some one standing near said to him: “Mr. Browning, would not you rather be a dead dog than a living lion?”—“Oh,” he replied, “it is delightful to meet with so much kindness.”

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The movement among English University men which resulted in the Toynbee Hall settlement has borne fruits in Edinburgh, and we have now two University Halls, and a third is about to be started. The oldest of these, in Ponton Street, was commenced about five years ago in one of the poorest, least attractive parts of the town, a district where sordidness and squalor replace the grand and gloomy picturesqueness and pathetic beauty of the genuine “old town.” The inhabitants of this miserable district can testify to the admirable work done by the inmates of the settlement. The students live in the upper part of the building. The lower rooms are a dispensary and patients’ waiting-room; the large upstairs hall serves many purposes, and its week’s history would be interesting and varied. It is by turns a girls’ club, a boys’ gymnasium, a Sunday school, a class-room for copper-beating and wood-carving, and a reception room, where once a month rich and poor meet and mingle on terms of friendship and mutual interest.

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The new University Hall is situated in one of the most picturesque parts of Edinburgh, on that borderland between the old and new town which looks across the valley and Princes Street to the gleaming Firth of Forth, and is overshadowed by those eight- and ten-storied houses, at whose aspect crowning the mound the tourist gazes and wonders, as tier upon tier of light illuminates the long narrow windows at nightfall. Surely in no other town but Nüremberg does story succeed story, is Pelion piled upon Ossa, with such picturesque persistence, regardless of the limbs and hearts of the inhabitants, who have to mount the long winding stairs. From its situation between what has been called the “East-windy, west-endy” new town and the old town, the inmates of this settlement are in a position to establish a link between those large masses, with whom the question is how to live at all, and that small minority to whom the chief object is how most pleasantly and easily to get through life.

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## NOTES FROM PARIS.

The Boulangist fermentation seems to be reviving; but with little more result than that of occasioning some trouble to the police, and a considerable amount of noise in the "Corps Législatif." No one seems to think that the "brav' Général" has any chance of regaining his former position; he had his opportunity, and he did not take advantage of the "happy moment," when he might have been pushed forward, though chiefly by the populace, for in the higher ranks of the army he is not esteemed. A distinguished General expressed to us what he declared to be the feeling of his comrades, with few exceptions. "The fellow has no real military talent, no value as a superior officer. He is and always was a humbug (*un farceur*), who understood how to make a fuss and theatrical pose; no more. Why, he could not get a scratch without giving out that he was dangerously wounded, and walking about for a year afterwards with his coat cut open and fastened by ribbons, to make himself interesting, without any other earthly reason for playing the invalid!"

His rapid advancement is attributed to mere "luck" in having all his seniors killed during the war; so that the way was made clear for him, without any particular merit of his own.

But should war break out again, and there is a general uneasy fear as to such a probability, General Boulanger will certainly have an opportunity of regaining all that he has lost; for the lower classes have not lost their belief that he is to be ultimately the saviour of France.

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There is a stirring song heard in the Cafés-chantants which electrifies the patriotic fibre in the souls of those hot-headed listeners who, like their fathers, would soon raise the cry: "A Berlin!"

"Sentinelle, en capote grise,  
Vers l'Est, que vois-tu?"

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And Sarah Bernhardt, too, cries; "Dieu le veut!" in the midst of thundering applause!

The general verdict, even of foreign visitors, is that her "Joan of Arc" is a wonderful impersonation; that the actress looks like a girl of eighteen; that nothing more beautiful could be put upon the stage than the resurrection of the inspired heroine and her sad history.

But all this excitement is at the present time decidedly unwholesome.

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The French adaptation of the "Merchant of Venice" ("Shylock") is creating a sensation of another kind. Great curiosity, great admiration of the marvellous scenery and costumes, for which no expense has

been spared, a conscientious desire to be up to enjoying Shakspeare, and a half-humiliated admission of being disappointed,—“Que c'est long !”

The comic scenes fall flat ; Portia and her caskets are utterly wearisome, and the lady is unsympathetic and fantastical ; as for the scene of Portia's pleading, it is “*enfantin*,” and all the long speeches (“*toutes ces longues tirades*”) are unendurable. The character of the Jew is considered the most remarkable delineation, and the flight of Jessica the most amusing episode, of a dull play. At present there is a strong anti-Semitic feeling in France ; so that the discomfiture of Shylock is received with satisfaction.

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The question of the secularized hospitals is raising much discussion and many protestations. The government of the city of Paris is practically in the hands of the Municipal Council, principally composed of ex-Communists ; consequently professed free-thinkers, when not declared atheists, and bitter enemies of everything appertaining to religion. Notwithstanding the energetic protestations of the physicians and surgeons, many of them by no means imbued with so-called “clerical” opinions, the Sisters of Charity have been turned out of the Paris hospitals ; in spite of the earnest petitions of the patients, and their eloquent grief on parting with their kind nurses. Even in cases of private foundations, like the Hôpital Cochin, where the condition of the bequest was that the management should be in the hands of the Sisters, the Municipal Council, in defiance of all right and justice, decided that they were to be removed ; without any complaint or pretext, save that they had “clerical” views. The result is what might have been expected, with half-trained nurses and the immorality of the Parisian lower classes. Dr. Desprès (though himself a free-thinker) has addressed an eloquent though, we fear, a useless appeal, protesting against the mismanagement of the secular nurses, their ignorance, rapacity, and carelessness. We have taken down the testimony of a young servant girl, respectable but by no means particularly religious, who fully confirms the statements of Dr. Desprès. She was taken to the Hôpital ———, in consequence of a severe accident, and was admitted on a certificate of urgency. The hour of the medical visit having passed, she was put to bed, and left without any further notice being taken, or anything being given to her, even so much as a drop of water, till the next morning, when the visiting physician came round. His prescriptions were followed, so far as medicines were concerned, but there was no care and no attention. “I was better off than the others, for I had a little money, and could give the nurses *la pièce*,”\* said our informant, for nothing could be obtained without this ; but the nurses, all young women, coquettishly dressed, were too much engaged in flirting with the students, with many laughs and jokes, to

\* A fee.

attend to the wants of the patients. Nothing was volunteered, and every assistance asked for had to be followed up by a gratuity. The linen, so well cared for by the Sisters, was crumpled and torn, with buttons and strings deficient. In the dead of the night the nurses would creep round the beds, and examine the articles laid on the tables by the patients; if anything suited their fancy, it would disappear in many cases and of course was never heard of again. Wine was ordered for our informant; it was given for a couple of days, and then suddenly was seen no more: on being asked for, the careless reply was, that the doctor did not consider its continuance necessary, leaving room for strong suspicion that the wine went elsewhere. In the case of paupers, unable to fee the attendants, they were left to die like dogs, "*comme des chiens*." Our informant told us that a wretched woman died next to her, uncared for, unattended, without even the water that she begged for piteously in her last agonies being given to her. The girl from whom we obtained these harrowing particulars told us that she could not endure the sight of such misery, and although forbidden to move, she rose to assist the poor dying creature. On being noticed, she was scolded and put back to bed; but no one took her place by the poor woman's side, and no one proffered the water for which she begged so earnestly.

The account given by Dr. Desprès of what he had himself observed, would seem to vindicate our informant from any suspicion of exaggeration. And yet such horrors are tolerated because the Municipal Council of Paris will have no "clerical" influence by the side of dying paupers!

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The recently published reports of the Pasteur Institute would seem to show very encouraging results.

During the last five months 850 cases have been treated without a single death from hydrophobia. Such success is beyond even the most sanguine expectations, and is explained by the fact that patients, having now more confidence in the treatment, come immediately, whereas previously there was often very injurious delay. Then, of course, experience has taught useful lessons; the quantity of liquid injected is now increased, and in very dangerous cases, such as bites on the head or face, the injections of the strongest kind, which were at first only tried once, are now repeated for two consecutive days.



## Correspondence.

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*The name and address of Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers or return their letters under any circumstances.*

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### AN EXPLANATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

The paper in your January issue, entitled "Madame Schumann and Natalie Janotha," relates several incidents and stories connected with Madame Goldschmidt—my late wife—which, owing to their inaccuracy, call for rectification from me, reluctant though I must be to appear unmindful of what probably was intended as a tribute to Madame Goldschmidt's memory.

In my rectifications, I shall follow the article only where it refers to Madame Goldschmidt; and in one instance also, where the memory of Robert Schumann is involved. Unquestionably Mdlle. Lind was a great friend of Madame Schumann, and a devoted admirer, to the end, of the genius of the illustrious couple. The incident related at the bottom of page 64, and at the beginning of 65, can refer only to the Concerts at Hamburg and Altona, in the month of March 1850.

The Schumanns had come to Hamburg to let the musical public hear, at a Philharmonic Concert, his newly-written pianoforte Concerto—alas! his only one—and he himself conducted its performance. They subsequently gave one or two concerts of their own, which were brilliantly attended, and also spent a social evening with some of the principal musical artists of the town, whom they in return invited to spend another evening at their hotel.

Then came Mdlle. Lind from Berlin, and, as she said, purposely to sing at their concert; and so two more were arranged, one at Hamburg and the other at Altona.

I speak from clear personal recollection, for, residing at that time at Hamburg, I was present on all these occasions; indeed, I had the honour



of playing Schumann's variations for two pianos at one of these concerts with Madame Schumann. And I can therefore bear absolute testimony to Robert Schumann's clearness of mind and purpose, and his cheerfulness at the time.

How then could his mind have been overclouded, as conveyed by the passage on page 65 (second line), "though indifferent to everything else" (than music)?

Since the sentence reads as if Madame Goldschmidt had been the source of this statement, I wish to quote from a diary now before me, dated March 23, 1850:—"She (Mdlle. Lind) said to Madame Schumann, '*Welch ein Geist ist das, Ihr Mann, wie hoch verehere ich ihn; und wie freute sie sich immer*'—goes on the entry—'*wenn sie sah sie hatte seine Lieder zu Schumann's Befriedigung gesungen.*'"

(2.) The story of the dinner-party on pages 70 and 71 is correct in substance, though I am sure the reflection thrown on German musicians, as put into my wife's mouth, was never uttered by her. This was not the first meeting with Mdlle. Janotha, she having brought a letter of introduction from a connection in Berlin. She and her mother afterwards repeatedly stayed with us. Yet notwithstanding this, the account she gives of Madame Goldschmidt's parents and of her early life (on page 71) is altogether imaginary.

(3.) The *Grisi* incident (page 72), if it occurred at all, could not have taken place at Windsor, but must have happened at Buckingham Palace at a State Concert.

It must be remembered that Madame Grisi, together with Signor Costa and others, had recently seceded from Her Majesty's Theatre, which was then held up for a while by Mdlle. Lind's efforts, loyally supported by Signor Lablache, the only one of the "vieille garde" adhering to Mr. Lumley. Madame Grisi thus bore no good-will to her younger rival.

So far from it being a fact that my wife subsequently "avoided appearing with other artists," as stated on page 72, I would mention the following, among others, as having supported her in Concert tours and Oratorios in this country, viz., Mesdames Patey, Lemmens-Sherington, Williams, and Sainton Dolby; Messrs. Sims Reeves, Weiss, Staudigl, Belletti, Swift, Lockey, Santley, and Fred. Lablache; and of instrumentalists, Dr. Joachim, M. Sainton, Herr Ernst, Sig. Piatti and Thalberg; and last, not least, Mdlle. Titjens, for whose great gifts and earnestness as an artist she always expressed great admiration. Indeed, both at the Jubilee Concert of the Philharmonic Society in 1862, and subsequently at the Festival of the Three Choirs in 1867, Madame Goldschmidt and Mdlle. Titjens shared by mutual agreement the work allotted to the first soprano.

(4.) The flower incident related on page 72 must refer to an occurrence at the Düsseldorf Musical Festival in 1855, when certainly Madame Goldschmidt was rather upset by the flower rain, showered suddenly

upon her and her alone, from a great height through the roof. To my knowledge she never took part in a Beethoven Concert at Hanover.

In conclusion I feel I ought to notice also the account of the concert referred to in the concluding paragraph of page 74. I remember it well, for I had a good deal to do with its arrangement (together, I think, with Mr. Arthur Chappell).

The programme now lies before me, and among the artists assisting were Madame Lemmens and Herr Henschel. That concert took place on June 28th, 1878, at the house of Mr. Arthur Balfour in Carlton Gardens, and under the patronage of H.R.H. The Princess Christian, who honoured it with her presence, and so far from Madame Goldschmidt's assistance being a surprise, it was a well-understood condition of the enterprise. She sang the famous air with violin obbligato (Signor Guerini) from Mozart's early Opera "Il re Pastore."

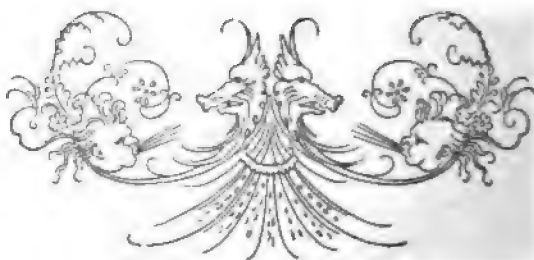
Requesting the favour of your inserting this letter in your next issue, I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.

February, 1890.



## Our Library List.

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**PROBLEMS OF GREATER BRITAIN**, by SIR CHARLES DILKE (2 vols. 36s. *Macmillan*), is a full and learned discussion of the Colonial question by as competent an authority as any one man can be in so vast and varied a subject. Sir Charles had apparently at first intended to issue merely a revised edition of his famous book 'Greater Britain,' but the material grew under his hand, the lapse of time modified both the conditions of the questions studied and his own views concerning them, so that the present is entirely a new work. The author has, it must be confessed, the defects of his merits. He does not, like Mr. Froude, invest his subject with a halo of romance and make problems of statesmanship as entertaining as a novel; but few readers who are really desirous of studying the real facts of the case, and are anxious to attain trustworthy information and the benefit of a well-balanced judgment, will be disposed to find fault with the arrangement and exposition here provided. Literary graces, which are delightful in an essay intended to amuse for the moment, are a hindrance rather than a help in a work of reference. Sir Charles first takes in order the self-governing Colonies, then proceeds to India and the Crown Colonies, and devotes the concluding portion of his book to general reflections and conclusions. The work is one which no political student can afford to neglect, and will probably long remain the standard one on questions whose importance can hardly be over-rated.

**LEAVES OF A LIFE**, by MONTAGUE WILLIAMS, Q.C. (2 vols. *Macmillan*), is a bright gathering of reminiscences of an exceptionally busy and interesting career. Mr. Williams has been professionally connected with most of the great criminal trials of the last twenty-five years, and has, as he says, probably defended more prisoners than any man living. In the present volumes he has jotted down his recollections of such cases as he thinks will prove most entertaining to the general public, and has interspersed them with a profusion of admirably told anecdotes, legal and social. Before adopting the profession in which he was to achieve such signal success, he had, after leaving Eton, passed a short time in the army, and figured both as an actor and dramatic

author: by the time he was eight-and-twenty, however, he had donned wig and gown, and Fortune did not keep him long in waiting for her favours. His first important case was the defence of an atrocious poisoner; and the last, before an affection of the throat caused him to seek comparative retirement, was the Brighton bigamy case, which excited much interest a few years ago. Some of the best intervening chapters are concerned with the Clerkenwell explosion, Madame Rachel, the Austrian murderer De Tourville, the De Goncourt turtledoves, the Penge mystery, and the assassination on the Brighton Railway by Lefroy. These and similar themes are treated with a light hand and inexhaustible cheerfulness.

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THE EVE OF AN EMPIRE'S FALL, by MADAME CARETTE (1 vol. 6s. *Dean and Son*), is a sequel to the author's former volume. 'My Mistress, the Empress Eugénie,' which has now reached a third edition. The reader must not expect any profound historic insight or power to divine and analyse character, but from her position as reader and favoured attendant on the Empress, Madame Carette is able to give many interesting personal touches concerning the celebrities she came in contact with, and her own loyalty and affection lend a touching charm to her narrative. She is anxious to prove that her Royal mistress was not so largely responsible for the disastrous war as is generally supposed; and she makes out a good case for Émile Ollivier in the matter of the celebrated phrase about "a light heart." The chief objects of her aversion are of course the Republicans, and she seems to entertain a special dislike for General Trochu, whom she characterizes as a mere braggart. Her pages, however, cannot in any way be taken as a serious contribution to history. She is doubtless sincere, as far as her faculties go; but great national crises cannot be gauged by amiable ladies, however favourably placed. The book should prove acceptable to those who want to read something more "improving" than a novel, and yet are averse to exerting their intellects. The translation, describes as "authorized," appears to be fairly good.

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THE BARBARY CORSAIRS, by STANLEY LANE POOLE (1 vol. 5s. *Fisher Unwin*). Readers of the novels of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries must often have wished to learn more about the "pirates" and "corsairs," which frequently figure in their pages, and subject heroes and heroines to grievous trials. Such enquirers can now gratify their curiosity, for Mr. Lane Poole, with the skill of a practised literary draftsman, has collected into one volume a mass of information concerning these scourges of the Mediterranean, from the time of their organization under the brothers Barbarossa to their final extirpation by the French conquest of Algiers. One of the chief causes for their

existence and their fierce hatred of Christians was the expulsion of the Moors from Spain by Ferdinand. The earlier period of their struggle with European civilization, when they were more warriors and less thieves than they afterwards became, is naturally the most interesting, and to it Mr. Lane Poole has devoted the greater portion of his book : his style is animated and clear, and he shows considerable enthusiasm for his subject. The account of the warfare between Kheyr-ed-din Barbarossa and the great Genoese Admiral Andrea Doria is especially vivid. The value of the book, as of others in the same series, is much enhanced by the excellent illustrations.

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JAMES VRAILLE, by JEFFERY C. JEFFERY (2 vols. *Allen*), is the story told with much feeling and some power of a blighted life. The hero, a soldier with an enthusiasm for his profession but an unfortunate manner, is in the opening chapters tried by court-martial on a charge of drunkenness ; though he is honourably acquitted, the episode raises a certain prejudice against him among his comrades, and he shortly afterwards wrecks his happiness by marrying an utterly frivolous wife, who deserts him at the close of the first volume. Meanwhile he has been engaged in active service on the Indian frontier, and succeeds both in detecting a fraudulent commissariat clerk and saving for a time the life of his Colonel, though he fails through various causes in gaining any public recognition of his merits. In the second volume we find him settled with his little boy in a remote English garrison town, exposed, surely no intolerable ordeal, to the petty gossip of the place. Finally his child dies, and so rather mysteriously does he. Far the best chapters of the book are those which deal with Indian life. The conversations of the hero and his friends are more copious than entertaining. Moreover, are not unappreciated husbands becoming rather a drug in the fiction market? No doubt the sufferings endured in real life by these gentlemen are acute enough, but their detailed enumeration in books is apt to pall on the most tender-hearted. The *femme incomprise* was better, after all.

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THE BONDMAN, by HALL CAINE (3 vols. *Heinemann*), is a novel which can perhaps best be described by the epithet "tremendous." Convulsions of nature, mighty passions, deadly hate and deathless love, fiends in human shape and angels in the likeness of men, seethe and struggle before the awestruck reader in situations elaborately arranged for dramatic effect. In a brief prologue the author, so to speak, turns down the lights and strikes up a strain of slow, solemn music. The scene of the story is laid partly in Iceland and partly in the Isle of Man ; the time is, roughly speaking, a century ago ; and the motive is the quenching of an inherited feud in brotherly love and self-sacrifice. Mr.

Hall Caine seems to have taken the romances of Victor Hugo as his model, and on those lines has achieved a considerable success. His descriptions, especially of the Icelandic sulphur mines, are extremely vivid; and the skill shown in devising harrowing complications, though rather too much in evidence, is not a little remarkable. The interest of the story never flags for a moment, and the third volume is decidedly the best. For our part we are more thrilled by the simple joys and sorrows of simple people, simply told, than by the marvellous adventures and Titanic passions of demigods and demons—but tastes differ. If, like the "Deemster," the book is dramatised, it will afford Mr. Wilson Barrett a splendid opportunity for the display of his powers.



# MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1890.

## Medical Relief in London.

THAT some sixteen hundred medical men in London should sign a petition in favour of an investigation by a Select Committee of the House of Lords in "regard to the financial and general management and common organization of Medical Institutions, endowed and voluntary, and in regard to the administration of Poor Law Institutions for the care of the sick in the Metropolis," is a significant fact. In the light of such a demand it is of some interest to learn what the state of medical relief in London actually is. But the question as to the need of some kind of reform may be taken as settled. There were, in 1886, 4467 medical practitioners in London; about 35 per cent. of that number petitioned; and the signatories included many men upon the staff of Hospitals, some attached to the examining bodies of the profession, and a large number of general practitioners. The leading general and medical press also have expressed themselves in favour of the petition. Thus, if the nature of the professional constituency, whose views had to be ascertained, be taken into consideration, there appears to be fairly conclusive evidence of a general desire for the reconsideration and revision of our present system of medical relief.

To recount the difficulties of the administration of medical relief, the good and the evil of it, the hardships that it may impose on some, and the boons that it may confer on others, is to tell an oft-told tale. The petition to which we have referred contains a summary of "defects," and upon that score may be held to be sufficient. But a further consideration of the subject is desirable from the positive side. The roll of the lives of

physicians and surgeons which the literature of the profession contains is a lasting chronicle of some of the noblest work of Englishmen, performed with a patience in research and, in practice, with a quickness of purpose, sympathy, and insight, which give to the "defects" their lesser place and proper proportion, and show the present to be, as it is, the nearer rim and fringe of a splendid past. We are touching, we find, not a mechanism or even an administration merely, but a social organism, which, like a kind of nation, has pushed this way and that, as the years have passed by, now migrating there, now settling here in the world of its intellectual endeavours. Slowly it sets aside the magical and abnormal for the natural; then by degrees it abolishes secret cures for an open and honourable practice; now it accepts, afterwards puts to the proof, and then rejects manifold theories of medicine—mathematical, mechanical, and metaphysical; always, as science grows, it simplifies methods and, trusting nature more and more, introduces an ever more effective medicine and surgery and the preventive measures of sanitation, and thus, as with a kind of irresistible march, it steadily proceeds upon the way, along which its great leaders have always guided it, the continual acquisition of knowledge by observation and experiment. To judge of medical institutions simply as they are, is to misjudge them—to forget the possibilities which their past suggests, and to take short and misleading views as to their future. The Council and Colleges of the profession, the hospital and the dispensary, the infirmary and the asylum, have their constitutional history as well as Houses of Lords and Commons. Our task, then, is to learn, if possible, from the development of the past what the lines of future development may be, and to draw from the past suggestions for the settlement of present difficulties. We have to look for suggestions also from some foreign towns and from our own provincial cities; and, that the questions at issue may be fairly put, we must in the first instance give some sketch of the position of medical relief in London at the present time. On many sides, however, our task is limited. We have not to concern ourselves with such questions as the site and structure of hospitals and their sanitation, methods of medical education, or other matters in which the judgment of professional experts alone would be conclusive. We have to do with those questions only upon which, as citizens convened in a kind of open court, we may fairly form a judgment and pronounce an opinion.



First, then, we have to sketch the organization of Medical Relief in London as it now is.

Our medical institutions serve the profession by providing them with the material for education and the advancement of science. They serve the public by giving them indirectly, in the case of those who can pay, and directly, in the case of those who are too poor to pay, the advantages of medical treatment, which is ever becoming more skilful. These three ends—treatment or relief, education, and science—have to be constantly kept in view. To reach them is success, to come short of them is failure ; but with this proviso, the institution must not stand in the way of any section of the practitioners, so as to prevent them from getting a livelihood ; nor must it serve as an inducement to the citizens to become, from independent employers of the faculty, habitual petitioners for their relief. Both parties would suffer by this result ; and it is a chief object of good administration to avoid it.

As evidence that this is the only just view, one point may be noted. The extreme precision with which the requirements of a medical education are stated in the regulations of the professional colleges strikes the reader at the outset as he turns over the leaves of a College Calendar or the Medical Directory. Not only is a minimum period of study demanded—four years or forty-five months, of which three winter and two summer sessions have to be spent at one or more recognized medical schools, but certificates of attendance are required at a large number of lectures on all those subjects, the knowledge of which forms the common and indispensable training of all medical men, whichever branch of the profession they may afterwards take up as physicians, surgeons, or general practitioners. The examination is, in principle at least, what examinations should be, the closure of a period of systematic education, not an inquiry in regard to the candidates' knowledge of certain subjects irrespective of previous preparatory training. It follows that the hospital, the school, and the college, are all very closely and organically related to one another, so that failure in any one affects the whole. And, to give the profession a still greater unity of system and status, the General Council of Medical Education completes the structure. As, then, to judge of the questions now under discussion, we must consider the development of the profession as a whole, so, to judge of the present state of the administration of medical relief, must we

consider each institution, not separately, but as a part of a common body—having three purposes, the relief and cure of disease and sickness, medical education, and medical science.

To the General Council of Medical Education are intrusted some of the chief interests of the profession at large. It consists of thirty-one members, some of them representatives of the profession in the United Kingdom, others representatives of the licensing bodies, others nominees of the Crown appointed on the advice of the Privy Council. It keeps a register, in which the student has to enter his name when he has passed a recognized preliminary examination and is commencing his professional studies, and again when he has concluded his studies and has obtained his licence, diploma, or degree from a recognized licensing body. Upon a practitioner who has not registered his licence, it imposes disabilities; to the practitioner who has done so, it gives advantages. The latter can not only recover his fees and expenses for drugs and appliances in a court of law, but he can, upon his registered licence, practise medicine, surgery and midwifery; the former cannot recover any charge in a court of law, nor can he hold any appointment as physician, surgeon or other medical officer, not merely in the public service but in any hospital, infirmary, dispensary, or lying-in hospital not supported wholly by voluntary contributions, or in any friendly society. He may be qualified; but he is "boycotted," as it were, is under an official ban, if he be not registered. With this strong indirect control over the profession, the Council has another power which is its natural counterpart. It can send inspectors to the qualifying examinations with a view to maintaining a due standard of proficiency; and, if its conclusion on that head be unfavourable, the Privy Council may, after hearing both sides, withdraw from the delinquent body the right to hold such examinations. Amongst other powers also, it has the right, as sole and sufficient arbiter, to strike off the name of a registered practitioner on his being convicted for a misdemeanour, a felony, or for any infamous conduct from a professional point of view. There is thus at the head of the profession a body with a right of inspection, to which the licensing bodies have to submit, and which indirectly may affect the educational colleges and their hospitals; and in the main it secures its supremacy by a general and not too oppressive supervision, and by the negative method of imposing, on those who do not take advantage of its provisions, disabilities from which other medical men are exempt. It is of recent

creation, founded in 1858 and incorporated in 1862, and its plan and policy are worthy of the careful consideration of those who would reform our system of medical relief at the present juncture.

Every year there streams through the turnstile of the Medical Council an increasing crowd of students. In 1877 there were registered for England 774; in 1887, 973. Of these about one half attend the London Hospitals to which schools or educational colleges are attached. London, besides giving part of their education to no small number of students from other parts of the country, is the centre of its supply to at least half of the rising generation of medical men in England. For the education of these students are the hospitals with schools, and, for the purposes of examination, the University of London, the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, and the Society of Apothecaries. The history of these bodies, the gradual differentiation of the several sections of the profession—the physician, the surgeon, the apothecary that may prescribe, the druggist or “chemist” that may not, and possibly, we should add, the nurse—the recognition of several special departments, such as those of the dentist, ophthalmist, aurist, and the like, and the disappearance of others, such as the “bone-setter,” and the “surgeon for the stone,” throw light on some of the questions of to-day, but we must pass them by to deal with the student and hospital.

Of hospitals with schools there are eleven. Two, St. Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's, may be considered to have a quasi-municipal character. They represent mediæval foundations reorganized to meet the needs of the City of London after the Reformation. They are two of the “Royal Charities,” which in a group of five, including Christ's Hospital, Bridewell, and Bethlem, were established to fulfil for the London of Edward the Sixth duties similar to those which are now imposed on our Poor Law authorities. The comparison is more suggestive than may at first sight appear, and some of the methods of organization formerly adopted in connection with these hospitals are well worthy of study, now that the Metropolis has acquired municipal powers. Next in order come the group of hospitals founded between 1719 and 1745. These include Guy's—built and endowed by the liberality of one man, who had already been a generous benefactor to St. Thomas's—Westminster, St. George's, London, and Middlesex. Then follows a third

group of hospitals built between 1818 and 1851, with colleges like King's College and University, or distinctively as a hospital and school combined, like Charing Cross and St. Mary's. From 1745 to 1818, when Charing Cross was established, there was a pause in hospital building. Thus within the present century, the "College" has assumed an important if not predominant place in connection with the General Hospital. Recently St. Bartholomew's spent £40,000 on a new school, Guy's £40,000, and St. Thomas's £30,000, and the other hospitals also, such as Charing Cross, Middlesex, Westminster, have rebuilt or improved or enlarged their schools. Attending these hospitals there are probably about 2800 to 3000 students. Each student pays for his course of lectures fees of from £100 to £131 5s. By these fees the school is in great part maintained; but none of the hospitals publish in their Annual Reports the statements of accounts of their schools. Only St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, and Guy's pay their professional hospital staff; but at all the hospitals the medical men who teach at the college or school receive emoluments. We have thus a system of salaries for medical teaching in the colleges, but of honorary service for medical treatment in the hospitals. The accounts of the hospitals are published; the accounts of the schools are not. Three hospitals—the endowed—lodge their hospital accounts with the Charity Commissioners, but do not publish them.

For the first eighteen months or two years the student is at work almost entirely in the school. Afterwards he sees more and more of hospital practice. In the course of the year there are treated at the eleven Hospitals, to which schools are attached, some 44,364 in-patients and some 551,663 out-patients. From their diseases and ailments he has to obtain medical instruction in the concrete, on the scientific lines of observation and of a practice based on a large induction from well-observed facts. To the out-patients we will refer later on when we have completed our catalogue of the Hospitals. (Truly those who write on subjects like this should have the privilege of retaining in their service a muse or two to whom they might make invocation. They and their readers deserve it as well as any poet who recounts a catalogue of ships or barbarous warriors. Who indeed more need the muse's help to stimulate the attention and keep it alert? A "*Pandite nunc Heliconæ, deæ, cantusque move*" might serve as a stirrup-cup for the not unimaginative investigator as he starts on a new excursus. But we must return to

business.) Here only we have to touch on one effect of these hospitals on the profession. To the younger men, ambitious to obtain consulting practice as physicians or surgeons, they are the ladder of preferment. The skilful clinical clerk or dresser may become House Physician or House Surgeon, and then Assistant Physician or Assistant Surgeon; or he may obtain educational work in the school; or, if he cannot find a berth in his own hospital, he may keep in the higher and "hospital" branches of the profession and find a post at some special hospital. His connection with his old hospital may be preserved and will be useful to him: his new connection will also help him to acquire the skill and knowledge which go to make consultative practice. Upon fifteen special hospitals taken at hazard it was found that there was a visiting staff of ninety-six medical men, of whom fifty were also on the staff of general hospitals, most of them general hospitals with schools. But of twenty-four dispensaries on the other hand seventeen had upon their visiting staff no medical officers who were attached to general hospitals. The hospital with the school, then, is the ladder to the best practice in the profession; and, for this and the other reasons we have mentioned, it may be ranked as the strongest force in the administration of medical relief at the present time.

Next there come the General Hospitals without schools, the Special Hospitals, and the Dispensaries. The General Hospitals without schools are about eight in number. They have all been founded since 1828. They have between them 747 beds, and deal with about 5684 in- and 107,151 out-patients. They are for the most part not available for educational purposes, though students from the London School of Medicine for Women study at the "Royal Free," and at the West London there are students. This group of hospitals represents the endeavour to meet the growing needs of London for hospital treatment. Two of them, the Great Northern and the Metropolitan, have recently moved, in order to make better provision for the wants of hospitalless northern districts. Some which have 150 beds, the necessary number for the recognition of a hospital by the licensing bodies, may grow into hospitals with schools; though it is a question whether medical education does not suffer in some measure from the number of schools that now exist, and whether a certain amount of concentration would not be advantageous both educationally and economically.

Then come the Special Hospitals. If in the whole administration of Hospitals the out-patient department is the point most criticised, in all the array of hospitals the Special Hospital is that most constantly girded at. There are 67 such hospitals. They contain 3616 beds, or, roughly, about a thousand less than the number in the General Hospitals with schools. They deal with about 26,850 in- and 398,038 out-patients. They are thus, if competitors, the most formidable competitors of the hospitals with schools; if allies, possibly most useful allies. Financially, the comparison is even more telling. The General Hospitals with schools had in 1887 an income from all sources of about £356,894, while their expenditure amounted to about £389,499—leaving a deficit of about £32,605; and if extraordinary receipts in the nature of bequests and legacies be excluded, as well as extraordinary expenditure (as for instance on permanent buildings), the deficit is even greater, amounting in fact to about £51,705. But the Special Hospitals are not in this plight: a comparison of their income and expenditure shows a surplus of about £9978. They have none of the responsibilities attached to the establishment and maintenance of schools, and financially they are successful competitors with the General Hospitals that have such schools, while in their wards and out-patient rooms they have a large mass of material for medical education which is in great part running to waste. Yet the tendency of effort in late years has been—at least up to 1870—to establish more and more of these hospitals. At first they sprang up in distinct connection with a declared public need, and also in a measure because the General Hospitals were disinclined to open special departments. Now, though these hospitals have special departments, they continue to spring up. Between 1830 and 1840 four came into existence; between 1840 and 1850, seven; between 1850 and 1860, eight; between 1860 and 1870, sixteen; between 1870 and 1880, six; between 1880 and 1890, five. Possibly, as these figures suggest, the desire for Special Hospitals is abating. But the problem of finding their proper place as parts of the medical system, considered as a whole, has still to be solved. They are dissident bodies at present. They can resort to the hundred-and-one fashionable methods of raising money more easily than can the General Hospital. Their secretariate and management are more at leisure for planning and carrying out financial experiments. They appeal to those who care for special classes—

such as women or children, or who may have suffered from or are interested in special diseases. They, in one or two instances, have too much the air of private ventures, the ventures of men to whom the art of medicine, 'once a science, has become a trade,' sons who—

" . . . Ne'er rifle her mysterious store,  
But study Nature less and Lucre more."

Yet here too are signs and suggestions of organization. Not unlike the combination of colleges at Oxford for common lectures, a combination of four Special Hospitals for that purpose has recently been erected for post-graduates in connection with the Brompton Hospital for Consumption, the Royal Ophthalmic Hospital at Moorfields, the Children's Hospital at Great Ormond Street, and the National Hospital for the Epileptic and Paralysed in Queen's Square. Experienced teachers attached to General Hospitals will thus place the cases in these four important Special Hospitals within the reach of students. And, though it is objected that the pressure on the time of a student is so great that it is necessary that he should have all the material for his purpose concentrated at one centre, yet it does not seem impossible to turn Special Hospitals to good account for post-graduates and possibly for medical undergraduates in this and other ways.

Next come the Dispensaries, 39 in number, with about 264,621 out-patients. These too are detached bodies, with much less connection with the General Hospital system than have the Special Hospitals. They are the institution of the general practitioner. Some are "free," some are "part-pay." The former were established chiefly in the last century, when hospitals were not being built, and in this century before the passing of the Metropolitan Poor Act. Between 1850 and 1860 only two have been established, both Special Dispensaries, one for skin diseases, one homœopathic and part-pay; between 1860 and 1870 only three, two of them for outlying districts of the metropolis; between 1870 and 1880 only three, one in an outlying district, one a mission, and one a partially provident institute. The tendency to create Free Dispensaries may thus be considered as at an end, and the tendency to establish part-pay Dispensaries is not great. On an expenditure of about £21,257, the free dispensaries in 1887 had a deficit of about £2003; the "part-pay," 13 in number, had in 1887 a deficit of £714 upon an expenditure

of about £9710. Evidently then, although they do not show a surplus like the Special Hospitals, they are not suffering from any great deficit like the hospitals with schools.

But our system of Poor Law Medical relief has become since 1868 a potent factor in relation both to Dispensaries, especially Free Dispensaries, and to Hospitals. There are now forty-four Poor Law Dispensaries, supported from the rates, and they deal with 114,983 out-patients, only about 50,000 short of the number dealt with at the Free Dispensaries ; and these figures annually increase. Before 1868 the Poor Law Infirmaries and Sick Asylums were generally condemned as altogether inferior to hospitals ; now they contain 11,905 beds as against 8,888 in the Hospitals, and built, in some instances, almost regardless of expense, and from moneys drawn out of the deep purse of the Metropolitan ratepayer, they are often examples of the latest system of hospital construction and sanitation, while their arrangements for nursing, formerly very defective, are being gradually reformed. The division between the cases received at these infirmaries and those received into hospitals is in fact not so much the division between "pauper" and "non-pauper" cases, as between cases of chronic illness (many of which naturally are those of paupers) and cases which require active medical treatment. Further, from the medical and social point of view alike, there is probably but little difference between those who receive aid at Free, and those who receive it at Poor Law Dispensaries. But the Poor Law system of medical relief, organised as it is with a separate and independent purpose, the relief of destitution, has neither part nor lot in the charitable system ; and it has neither teachers nor schools nor students.

Under the Metropolitan Asylums Board municipal provision is made for infectious diseases irrespective of pauperism and on grounds of sanitation and the prevention of disease. Under the same Board provision is made for idiots, imbeciles and harmless lunatics. And now, under a department of the London County Council, lunatics, for whom one of Edward the Sixth's five Royal Charities was reserved, are provided for. To the provident system of relief and Provident Dispensaries, to the Hospital Sunday and Saturday Funds, and to the relation between medical relief and general charity, reference will be made later on. Here, in order to complete our catalogue, it is only necessary to say that there are thirty-five Provident Dispensaries, which dealt with about 125,674 out-patients in 1887, and



expended and received about £17,000, having in fact no deficit.

By way of summary we may now set down the following totals:—

|                                                                                                                   |            |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------|
| Number of Beds in Hospitals, Poor Law Infirmaries,<br>etc., including Hospitals for Infectious Diseases . . . . . | 23,559     |
| Number of occupied Beds. . . . .                                                                                  | 17,830     |
| Number of In-patients . . . . .                                                                                   | 122,047    |
| Number of Out-patients, including those at Dispensaries . . . . .                                                 | 1,585,381* |
| Total Income . . . . .                                                                                            | £1,197,477 |
| Total Expenditure . . . . .                                                                                       | £1,208,538 |

The chief object of comment and criticism is the 1,585,381 out-patients. The case is argued somewhat as follows:—

The hospital teachers say, "We want a large number of cases for our students: we want to show them disease in every stage: we want to have a large number of examples both in the more ordinary and the more exceptional conditions." The graduated student intent on investigation can hardly have too many cases. He is like a naturalist, but with a keener relish for specimens. Not personal success merely, but, apart from all motives of self-advancement, the possibility of throwing light on some difficult problem, the solution of which is of the utmost importance to the world at large, may depend on them.

The retort comes in this wise:—

But every year these out-patients increase, and increase at a great rate. Thus, at University, they numbered 37,377 in 1886; in 1887, 44,382. At St. Bartholomew's they amount to 150,828. Too many out-patients means bad treatment. St. Thomas's has limited the number of new out-patient cases to twenty-five for each medical officer, St. George's to fifteen, because, as was stated, for educational purposes a larger number was only in the way. What is wanted are picked cases, useful for instruction, not a multitude of slight cases which are of no earthly interest. And, besides, what is the result? Many of the out-patients have a useless dose of physic, and are sent away; they are nothing bettered, but rather grow worse. Perhaps they go to some other hospital which limits its out-patients, and there they

\* These figures cover a certain amount of overlapping. They and the other statistics quoted in this paper are taken chiefly from a memorandum published by the Charity Organization Society in 1889, and refer to the year 1887. They may be considered approximately correct; but it was difficult, if not impossible, to obtain precise data from the reports of all the numerous institutions which have been consulted.

may be carefully treated. But on the other hand they may suffer very injuriously. They have begun by spending a long time in a crowded waiting-room—a miserable process ; thus they may waste a great part of a day, or coming several times may waste a great part of several days ; whereas, with good management, an hour or two's delay at the utmost would take place. Admitted heedlessly, they never think what they can do for themselves. They go from hospital to hospital, for many out-patient departments are free ; and, if they are not, to get the necessary letter is not difficult. There is a great deal of “overlapping also.” A girl, for instance, applies at one out-patient department for an appliance, and is dissatisfied ; straight she goes to another, and is recommended some other instrument ; and then—as has actually happened—she may go to a third ; and physio-therapists, debilitated by drink or tea and bad air, are frequent attendants as out-patients. What good is the physio-therapy to them ? Some of these hapless patients become paupers. No doubt their applications for medical relief are only one cause of their pauperism—possibly not the potent cause ; but the system of medical relief at least does not prevent their degradation. It is combined with no other socially remedial measures ; and Poor Law experts tell us that Poor Law medical relief is often the first step to pauperism. Some—many—might pay a fee to a practitioner ; and, Heaven knows ! what with competition and charity, they find it hard enough to make a living.

To this from the other side comes a rejoinder. No doubt out-patient departments are liable to abuse, though personally we find but few “undeserving” cases. And to have a throng of out-patients necessitates some evils. It must be so ; but we choose out of this throng the cases suitable for medical instruction. We like to have the choice in our own hands, and a large number to choose from. We would not limit the number ; nor should we like cases sent up to us merely by way of consultation, as some suggest. As to what you say about competition, the truth is that medical men in London are “too thick on the ground.” Take as a test the recent report of the General Medical Council on the number of practitioners proportionate to the population. There you find that in London in 1881 there was an excess of 1626 medical men upon an actual total of 3837—an excess of 73·2 per cent., which in 1886 had increased to 77·0. And then, take the treatment of cases by general practitioners. All we can say is that we find sometimes

not rarely indeed, that their diagnosis is very faulty, even entirely wrong, and their treatment—&c., &c.

And to this comes a surrejoinder.

As to your selection of out-patient cases for the students—it may suit you well enough, but it does not meet the objection at all. Suppose, out of a hundred out-patients, you choose fifty for careful treatment, what becomes of the remainder to whom but a few seconds are given, and who then are hastily sent away, as we have described? And then, if what you say is true—if the medical men in London be too many for the work, the medical charities but add to the difficulty. At a general educational centre like London, naturally medical men are more numerous. But how is the general practitioner to live, if something like a fourth of the population get medical treatment gratis? Granted that there are too many men: this out-patient system is an artificial method of depriving them of the work they want, all the more because they are so many. And, as to general practitioners failing in diagnosis and the rest of it, no such sweeping charge can in the nature of things be met. Besides, these out-patient cases are slight cases, and, though in some there may be difficult symptoms of serious latent disease, yet the general practitioner can deal with most of them quite well, if only they were not bribed away from him. And where there's a will there's a way. Apply any fair system of inquiry, and your cases will soon reduce themselves. At the Royal Free in 1874, out of 641 cases, 103 gave false addresses, and of 69 no sufficient information could be obtained; add to these 12 more that could pay a private practitioner, and 231 that could subscribe to a Provident Dispensary, and you have left only 169 suitable applicants for free medical relief, and 57 cases suitable for Poor Law aid. In King's College in 1870, as soon as inquiry was made, the abnormal number of out-patients—35,405—was reduced forthwith; and in 1880—after the lapse of ten years—it had not risen again above 14,069. The results were similar at the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street; and they will be so, under present conditions, wherever inquiry is fully and fairly tried. Apply, if you will, elsewhere the test which St. Thomas's and St. George's have adopted, to what dimensions would you not reduce the million and a quarter of out-patients? If inquiry must be thorough (and therefore unpleasant) in order to be effective, try some other method—try, indeed, this St. Thomas's and St. George's plan, which rightly assumes what you assume, that hospitals are,

and must be, primarily considered as places for education. It is quite clear that at present your systems of admission, recommendations, and letters are no check. But, stranger still, in the profession much is said of professional etiquette, yet the professional etiquette, from a recognition of which a doctor in ordinary practice refuses to treat the patient of a fellow-practitioner, loses all or almost all its social force when hospital or dispensary intervene. Only in a few instances does the medical man in the out-patient department know from whom his patient comes. The patient may or may not be well tended; but in any case the general practitioner that had to do with him before his visit to the hospital is overlooked. Some limitation must be found.

And to this a word of reply might be uttered. That is all very well, but when patients come to our hospitals from the general practitioners, they often tell us that they have come because Mr. — said he could do no more for them. They have paid Mr. —; the hospital has only reaped the doubtful advantage of being allowed to deal with a difficult and misunderstood case—after it has been in the general practitioner's hands. And, as to professional etiquette and so forth, the pressure on the time of the man who sees the out-patients must be taken into account. The conditions of the work do not allow of etiquette being considered in any formal manner.

So the argument is bandied about. On both sides there is some truth. The question is to seek out that truth and then to form some administration that will fairly balance the contending interests—a not impossible task, if one may judge from the past history of the profession—a task which a Royal Commission or Special Committee of Inquiry might fairly be expected to undertake and fulfil.

The battle thus rages round the out-patient departments, and the Special Hospitals. At the former, one can see at a glance who are friends and who are foes. At the latter it is difficult to discriminate, for many men connected with General Hospitals are opposed to the needless increase of Special Hospitals, and would wish for their speedy limitation, and many general practitioners from their point of view find little to choose between them and the General Hospitals. On some other points besides there is criticism.

It is pointed out that there are the strangest inequalities in the cost of occupied beds at different but similar hospitals. Thus for instance University returns the cost of each occupied

bed in 1887 at £59 11s. 5d., St. Mary's at £70 16s. 8d., and some—the chief, the endowed Hospitals—do not return the cost per occupied bed at all. It has to be calculated in accordance with the useful rule of thumb of taking the cost of each out-patient at 1s. or 1s. 6d. Even when the cost per occupied bed is given, the items included in it are not shown in the Reports themselves. The outsider therefore cannot test the figures in any way. For purposes of comparison, indeed, they might be shown to be valueless, if the modes adopted by other hospitals in reckoning the items brought into the account were known. Some hospitals provide all food and necessaries for their patients; others require the in-patients to provide groceries for themselves. Or again, of three hospitals for children why should the occupied bed at one cost £125 1s. 2d., at another £84 16s. 7d., at another £34 1s.? In the dispensaries are similar variations.

In the cost of provisions also, the method of keeping and publishing accounts and making returns, there are inequalities which sometimes seem unaccountable. And why should hospitals, like St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, and Guy's, be exempt from the duty of reporting to the public for whose benefit, after all, they exist? Or take this further fact:—in one district medical charities are rife, in another they are few; where they are few, Provident Dispensaries flourish; where they abound, they languish. These are a few out of many miscellaneous points and questions which support the plea for inquiry.

But, above all, one evil year by year grows worse rather than better. The normal deficit of the hospitals, may, it is stated, be taken at £100,000 a year—that is to say if the beds were used as fully as they should be; and the annual increase in funds for their sustentation is but small and bears no proportion to the deficit. Is then, we may ask, the number of empty beds altogether excessive? Or can it be that the hospitals flourish by deficiencies? Or is the deficit really as large as it is represented to be?

On the state of medical relief in London enough has now been said. We have considered institutions for that purpose as parts of a general administration, which has for its object to relieve and cure distress and to promote medical education and science; and we have found that in fact many institutions do but partially fulfil the duties of their position from this point of view, and that there is at least reasonable ground for the belief that they do in some degree prevent general practitioners from earning a

|                                             | No. of<br>Beds. | Average Number<br>of Occupied Beds. | Number<br>of In-<br>Patients. | Number<br>of Out-<br>Patients. | Hospital Staff.* |     |     |    | Nursing Staff,<br>Sister, and Nurse. | New Students for<br>the Entire Course. | Total Ordinary<br>and Extraordinary<br>Income. | Total Ordinary<br>and Extraordinary<br>Expenditure. | Difference between<br>Ordinary and Ex-<br>traordinary Income<br>and Expenditure. | Income of<br>Samaritan Fund. |
|---------------------------------------------|-----------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|------------------|-----|-----|----|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
|                                             |                 |                                     |                               |                                | Hospital Staff.* |     |     |    |                                      |                                        |                                                |                                                     |                                                                                  |                              |
|                                             |                 |                                     |                               |                                | C.               | V.  | R.  | D. |                                      |                                        |                                                |                                                     |                                                                                  |                              |
| CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.                    |                 |                                     |                               |                                |                  |     |     |    |                                      |                                        |                                                |                                                     |                                                                                  |                              |
| 1. General Hospitals with Schools, 1887.    | 4,525           | 3,398                               | 44,364                        | 551,663                        | 62               | 232 | 119 | 18 | 976                                  | 701                                    | £ 350,894                                      | £ 389,499                                           | £ -32,605                                                                        | £ 9,420                      |
| 2. General Hospitals without Schools, 1887. | 747             | 420                                 | 5,684                         | 107,151                        | 18               | 80  | 16  | 8  | 128                                  | ..                                     | 40,147                                         | 41,577                                              | - 1,430                                                                          | 73                           |
| 3. Special Hospitals, 1887.                 | 3,616           | 2,553                               | 26,850                        | 398,038                        | 155              | 444 | 53  | 31 | 563                                  | ..                                     | 254,669                                        | 244,691                                             | + 9,978                                                                          | 9,867                        |
| 4. Free Dispensaries.                       | ..              | ..                                  | ..                            | 162,219                        | ..               | ..  | ..  | .. | ..                                   | ..                                     | 19,254                                         | 21,257                                              | - 2,003                                                                          | ..                           |
| 5. Part Paying Dispensaries.                | ..              | ..                                  | ..                            | 102,302                        | ..               | ..  | ..  | .. | ..                                   | ..                                     | 8,996                                          | 9,710                                               | - 714                                                                            | ..                           |
| 6. Surgical Apparatus Societies.            | ..              | ..                                  | ..                            | 23,351                         | ..               | ..  | ..  | .. | ..                                   | ..                                     | 15,717                                         | ..                                                  | ..                                                                               | ..                           |
| Class Total . . . . .                       | 8,888           | 6,371                               | 76,898                        | 1,344,724                      | 235              | 756 | 188 | 57 | 1,667                                | 701                                    | 695,677                                        | 706,734                                             | ..                                                                               | 12,360                       |
| PROVIDENT DISPENSARIES, 1887 . . . . .      |                 |                                     |                               |                                |                  |     |     |    |                                      |                                        |                                                |                                                     |                                                                                  |                              |
| Class Total . . . . .                       | ..              | ..                                  | ..                            | 125,674                        | ..               | ..  | ..  | .. | ..                                   | ..                                     | 16,298                                         | 16,287                                              | + 11                                                                             | ..                           |
| POOR LAW INSTITUTIONS, 1887.                |                 |                                     |                               |                                |                  |     |     |    |                                      |                                        |                                                |                                                     |                                                                                  |                              |
| Infirmeries and Sick Asylums . . . . .      | 11,905          | 9,639                               | 38,556                        | ..                             | ..               | ..  | ..  | .. | ..                                   | ..                                     | 336,205                                        | 336,205                                             | ..                                                                               | ..                           |
| Dispensaries. . . . .                       | ..              | ..                                  | ..                            | 114,983                        | ..               | ..  | ..  | .. | ..                                   | ..                                     | 19,984                                         | 19,984                                              | ..                                                                               | ..                           |
| Class Total . . . . .                       | 11,905          | 9,639                               | 38,556                        | 114,983                        | ..               | ..  | ..  | .. | ..                                   | ..                                     | 356,189                                        | 356,189                                             | ..                                                                               | ..                           |
| HOSPITALS FOR INFECTIOUS DISEASES.          |                 |                                     |                               |                                |                  |     |     |    |                                      |                                        |                                                |                                                     |                                                                                  |                              |
| Metropolitan Asylums Board . . . . .        | 2,766           | 1,820                               | 6,593                         | ..                             | ..               | ..  | ..  | .. | ..                                   | ..                                     | 129,313                                        | 129,313                                             | ..                                                                               | ..                           |
| Class Total . . . . .                       | 2,766           | 1,820                               | 6,593                         | ..                             | ..               | ..  | ..  | .. | ..                                   | ..                                     | 129,313                                        | 129,313                                             | ..                                                                               | ..                           |
| Grand Total. . . . .                        | 23,559          | 17,830                              | 122,047                       | 1,585,381                      | ..               | ..  | ..  | .. | ..                                   | ..                                     | 1,197,477                                      | 1,208,533                                           | ..                                                                               | ..                           |

\* C. Consultants; V. Visiting Officers; R. Resident Officers; D. Dental Officers.

livelihood, and turn citizens, who might be employers of medical skill, into petitioners for medical, charitable and other relief.\*

These definite questions remain for settlement :—

1. Can any system be adopted whereby a check may be put on some at least of the gravest inequalities of management, of which complaint is made, and on the undue growth of Special Hospitals? Cannot the energy in the parts be made of more use to the whole?

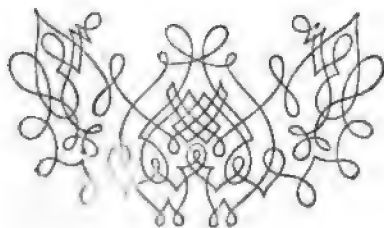
2. Is it possible to ascertain approximately what amount of hospital and dispensary accommodation is necessary for a given population, and what its cost may fairly be expected to amount to?

3. In connection with general charity, is it possible to find, as it were, from without, any means of turning the flow of out-patients from the hospitals, in so far as it may be found desirable that out-patients should not there be treated? Or can any plan be adopted which would produce this result indirectly?

4. What light does the history of the past throw upon the lines of development, which are now appearing in our system of medical relief, and which may indicate the lines of future progress?

C. S. LOCH.

\* On page 448 is a Summary Table of the figures quoted in this article.



## Five Months in South Africa.

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PUBLIC attention of late has been so strongly directed to the "Dark Continent" in general, and to its central and southern portions in particular, that I venture to hope my experiences in South Africa, during a short visit to that country in the winter of 1888-89, may be of some interest.

A certain vagueness, still very general, and in too many cases more truly to be called blank ignorance, as to the political and even geographical facts of the country, must be my excuse for entering into details that are doubtless familiar to many readers of this Magazine.

My trip, though of a very unenterprising description, inasmuch as I hardly went beyond the region of railways, took me into a land full of the deepest interest, and of the richest promise to all English people. In 1880, one of my clerical brothers, Albert Lyttelton, was ordered abroad for his health, and, a long sea voyage being recommended, he went to the Cape. Hearing great praise of the pure dry air and pleasant climate of Bloemfontein, and of the Church work there, in which he might take part, he settled down in that quiet little town, lying in a cup, or rather a saucer, of the undulating veldt, in the heart of the Orange Free State. When a clergyman finds his way to an English settlement beyond seas, and proves himself willing to be "generally useful," he is very likely to be pounced upon for good and all. So it was with my brother. We parted with him, as we hoped, for a year at most ; but South Africa has got him, and means to keep him. About two years after his arrival at Bloemfontein his Bishop (Webb) was translated to Grahams-town, and there followed a most trying three years' interval before a successor was sent out. When at last a new Bishop (Knight Bruce) was appointed, an urgent appeal was made to my brother from Kimberley, the centre of the Diamond Fields.



and after paying a visit to England in 1885 he decided (with the Bishop's approval) to set up his habitation there. It would be hard to imagine a greater contrast between two spheres of work.

In these busy days it is not always easy to visit our friends at the Antipodes, and so it was that for eight years none of us managed to visit South Africa. Last year, however, it came about that I was able to go, along with another brother (Spencer Lyttelton), and we set sail together from Southampton, September 6. The voyage was a most prosperous one, and I cannot imagine a more excellent prescription for any one tired out with worries, over-work, or trouble than this particular sea passage. To those who are obstinately seasick, of course it would be a mere punishment; indeed I think a voyage is more pain than pleasure if one is even liable to relapses whenever the winds or the waves indulge in any rough play. But for those who, like my brother and myself, get over this mysterious complaint in a few hours' time, and are then proof against any capers the ship may cut, the voyage is intense rest and refreshment for mind and body. How pleasant it was to sit on the hurricane deck, away from the crowd of fellow-passengers, with a book in hand, determined to have a famous long read, and then to keep dropping from one nap into another, lulled by the soft air, the smooth rush of the ship, and the splash of the waves breaking from the bows! No fear of letters arriving "waiting for an answer," or visitors, or messages, or newspapers, or events of any sort. At first I tried writing my journal after luncheon on that same hurricane deck, but the first page shows by curious scribbles the wanderings and strayings of my pen under the irresistible drowsiness. We got into the trade-wind as we neared the Equator, and it must be confessed the steamship *Athenian* knew how to roll, and roll she did with little intermission till we reached Capetown, Sept. 27.

A glance at the map will show the important position of the Cape Colony. It is self-governed; that is to say, it has a Representative Assembly sitting at Capetown for the transaction of its own affairs, subject, of course, to the British Crown. As English development slowly but surely extends northward, new territories are certain gradually to come into the Colony. Thus, not many years ago, Griqualand West was taken over, and now returns two or three members to the Assembly. Beyond the limits of Cape Colony we have the Crown Colony of Bechuana-

land, beyond that the Protectorate of Bechuanaland (*i.e.* a territory where, by consent of the native chiefs, we protect them against other Powers), and finally, beyond the 22nd degree of latitude, up to the Zambesi, the sphere of British influence, *viz.* a territory where our influence, by right of priority, is established, and has been recognized to the extent of precluding other Powers from intruding upon it, while we do not oust the native chiefs.

From the first, Sir Hercules Robinson worked steadily on the policy of English development along the central line of the country, already opened up as far as Kimberley by the railway. The natural working of events points to a certain sequence in the affairs of these territories. As English enterprise, represented especially by the newly chartered South African Company, opens up the native countries now comprised within the sphere of British influence, these will in time come under a formal Protectorate. The Protectorate of Bechuanaland, in its turn, will probably, owing to the progress of civilization and of English immigration, be taken over as a Crown Colony ; while the Crown Colony of Bechuanaland, after the example of Griqualand West, will be absorbed into the Cape Colony.

If a strong and steady, a just and patient hand is on the helm, it is probable that this development will come about peaceably ; with due regard to the rights of neighbouring Powers, and with the assent of natives.

In Cape Colony is a large population of Dutch, who naturally exert an important influence in the Legislature. Formerly there was much bad feeling and jealousy between the Dutch and English races, but, thanks in a great measure to Sir Hercules's wise rule, this is fast giving way. There is, for one thing, an influence making for peace in the fact that the two races, especially in the upper class, intermarry ; and I need hardly say that the English, being the stronger race, though still in a minority (there are about nine English to eleven Dutch), this admixture tends to Anglicize the Dutch rather than to Dutchify the English.

We are, however, by no means the only European Power in South Africa. There are the German possessions on the West Coast, for the most part consisting of waterless desert ; and the unhealthy swamps claimed by Portugal on the East Coast ; and then there are the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal, more often called the South African Republic. A wonderful new

story is unrolling itself in the latter. The name suggests painful memories, which, alas ! have left behind them ill-feeling and bad blood between ourselves and these neighbours of ours ; but since the Transvaal was handed back to its own Government in 1881 a mighty change has taken place. Instead of a poor, thinly peopled country, occupied entirely by Boer farmers and their native servants, we now see pouring into it, by thousands a week, English, Americans, and Germans—but English in great preponderance. Already the English far outnumber the Dutch in their own land. In 1881 the proportion was 1000 English to 8000 Dutch ; it is now 8000 Dutch to 30,000 English. Johannesburg, a town fast growing great, wealthy, and important, has sprung up within the last three years. What is the reason of this extraordinary state of things ? It may be given in one word—Gold ! Some years ago Sir Hercules Robinson, on a visit to the Transvaal, camped out on a site near the present town of Johannesburg, and remarked to two gentlemen on his staff, “ If I were in Australia I should say I was standing on a gold field,” so similar were the soil and the lie of the ground to the gold regions of Australia, with which he was familiar. He proved a true prophet, and on that very spot is now gathered a great army of diggers and miners, bringing gold to the surface in ever-increasing quantity.

Now the Boers of the Free State and of the South African Republic are quiet farming people. They like plenty of elbow-room, and object to seeing “ the smoke,” even eight miles away, from their neighbour’s chimney. They are never in a hurry. They carry their produce to distant markets in clumsy waggons drawn by “ spans ” of 16 or 18 oxen, travelling at the rate of a mile an hour ; sons follow their fathers’ ways, and nobody makes haste to be rich. Gold mines in the heart of their country are not at all in their line ; they hate crowds and fuss and excitement. Accordingly, instead of being first in the field with pickaxe and spade, they simply sell their land to the strangers in great lots and at high prices, and move away in search of new farms where they can settle down in peace and quietness. We heard of many who had thus “ trekked ” into the Free State, with their pockets full of money ; and I remarked upon it when we were in Bloemfontein to Mr. Reitz, a Dutch gentleman, who shortly after became President of the Free State. His answer was thoroughly Dutch : “ I had rather have the farmers than the gold.”

President Kruger, of the Transvaal, has an anxious time of it. He has no quarrel with the English ; if ever there was a peaceful invasion, it is this invasion of miners ; if *they* make their fortunes, the Boers get high prices for their land, and it is to the manifest advantage of both that they should keep the peace with each other. At the same time, it is a somewhat bewildering thing for a ruler to see the stranger outnumbering his own people by four to one, and at a constantly increasing rate. Kruger is a shrewd man, and he sees that it is entirely for his interests to be on good terms with the English. Accordingly, when my brother Spencer visited Johannesburg, he wrote word that the people were living very contentedly under the Dutch Government, which interfered with them as little as possible. Sooner or later, however, the question of admitting the new settlers to political rights must inevitably arise, and we can only trust that it will be faced in the best spirit by all concerned.\*

There has been in the papers of late some discussion about Swaziland. We may expect to hear before very long that it has been taken over by the Transvaal. Those excellent people who think England, and only England, should be allowed to annex native territories will be in a dreadful state of mind. It is erroneous, however, to suppose that we are "selling" the Swazis to the Boers. One cannot sell anything that one doesn't own ; and the fact is, that both England and the Transvaal are bound by the same Convention (of 1884), by the terms of which neither of them is to annex Swaziland without the consent of the other, nor is either to take it against the wish of the Swazi chiefs and people. Thus it is perfectly open to us to settle the matter either way, as may be best for all parties. Why, it may be asked, should either Power annex it, when its independence has been recognized ? Simply because, by the unwise proceedings of its King (a drunken savage lately dead), things have reached a pass there that makes its continued independence impossible. The King, whose one idea was to get money, went on the plan of selling grazing licences to the Boers and mining concessions to the European diggers, in many cases three or four deep. These Boers and diggers have alike paid for their claims ; they are increasing daily in numbers, and there is certain to be violent quarrelling among them. How are they to be controlled ? Certainly not by any successor to King Umbadine.

\* Since these lines were penned, the unfortunate incident occurred at Johannesburg, in which the Transvaal flag was pulled down.

The best authorities are of opinion that no genuine opposition on the part of the natives to the annexation of the country by either Power need be apprehended ; provided just arrangements are made for their interests, and a firm government is established over them. To those who point to past history to prove that a Boer Government will never deal justly with natives, we have only to reply that the Transvaal has no longer its old power for evil ; its transformation into an Anglicized community is, as I have shown, going rapidly forward, and for its own sake it has the strongest reasons for not running counter to English sentiment in Swaziland, where the English are already thick on the ground.

There is surely an unreasonable panic in some quarters with regard to the possible extension of the South African Republic to the East Coast. Even were this to take place, it would at all events carry with it one great advantage. In case of need, England might, with a gunboat or two, effectually threaten a Dutch port, and bring the Boer Government to terms, instead of being obliged to send an army into the interior at a cost of millions—a by no means unprecedented misfortune. Recent events, in the matter of Portuguese aggression, have afforded us a most apposite illustration of this, by proving the prompt effectiveness of a small naval demonstration for bringing an intruding neighbour to reason. The Boers, if they were in possession of a seaport, would find naval protection against external Powers indispensable ; such protection would, of course, be ready to their hand in the shape of English ships, and this would probably facilitate the establishment in time of a united South African Republic under the British flag.

The existing state of things in Swaziland is, in fact, intolerable to both natives and whites. All we have to consider is which of us should take it over. The difficulties in the way of our doing so are—1st, its inaccessibility. We can only get into it by balloon, or by an unhealthy road through Amatongaland which is closed for six months of the year. If we took the country without the consent of the Transvaal it would be in violation of our agreement, and we should be at daggers drawn with the Boer Government ; while we should be like a man burdened with a property to which he had no right of way. If we let the Boers have it, with the assent of the natives, it must be on certain plain conditions. We should, of course, require that the natives should have assigned to them inalienable locations, as in British Bechuanaland (the only method of protecting them from forced

sales and spoliation). We ought to claim the franchise for all Europeans in Swaziland, subject to an inoffensive oath of allegiance, and the Transvaal, in return, should withdraw all claims to the West and North, and should support and further our schemes for opening up the interior by means of the great company to which Her Majesty has lately granted a charter. This franchise, once conferred in Swaziland, could not long be withheld from the English residents in the Transvaal ; and thus peaceably would come about the transformation of the Transvaal into an Anglicized Republic.

After our delightful stay at Capetown, we set out for Kimberley on October 5, glad to find there was a railway to take us the whole distance (something over 600 miles). We were received at Kimberley Station with true Colonial welcome, by quite a group of magnates, including the rector (Archdeacon Gaul) and the Civil Commissioner. Under the glorious night sky the strange camp-like town looked picturesque, as we drove through the whole of its straggling length ; especially the vast Market Square impressed us, being planned on a scale to admit of what soon became a common sight to me—namely, multitudes of long waggons loaded with all sorts of produce, each with its team of 16 or 18 broad-horned oxen lying down in the dust.

Depositing Spencer at the principal hotel (where much did he suffer from heat, flies, dust and noise) we drove on and on, until we reached Albert's district of St. Augustine's, which forms the furthest extremity of the town to the West. Here a hospitable tea awaited us at the house of Miss Smith, one of my brother's kindest friends and neighbours, with whom he boards, in company with another gentleman, a clergyman's son, who is at Kimberley for his education, and a large and affectionate circle of cats and dogs. Among these latter I must commemorate Toots, my brother's own little friend, and very close to his heart, and Big-dogs, so called *because* she is one of the smallest of her kind. Faithful, funny Toots ! with his loving eyes fixed on his master, and his countenance rendered so oddly expressive by a stray tooth, which projects over his upper lip. Many a time have I seen him leave his dinner at the sound of the church bell, that he might scamper to assist at the ringing. The said bell hangs in a frame belfry in the parsonage "compound," and my brother (with Toots to support him) is his own bell-ringer.

After tea we had a stumbling walk up a rough path between walls and across the forlorn "compound" aforesaid, to

St. Augustine's parsonage. This is a four-roomed, one-storeyed mud cottage, with the universal Kimberley roof of corrugated iron, and canvas ceilings. It has a verandah running round three sides of it, and is excellently adapted to the climate and circumstances. Indeed, one of my first lessons in Colonial life was how perfectly well one can get on with very few of the *extras* of civilization. To begin with, we did without any resident servants; a very nice black Sarah, a Christian, used to come in every morning just to clean and tidy up, and the rest of the day we "did" for ourselves. Of course my arrival made some difference in the little bachelor house; I beautified the rooms within and got up the garden without; I started an "At Home" once a week, in addition to the usual working party, and persuaded my brother to have a bottle of fresh milk deposited at his door every morning instead of contenting himself with condensed milk. Condensed milk is an excellent thing when you can get nothing better, but far from satisfactory to those who do not like sweet tea. We had no difficulty in keeping the milk good all through the hottest day, provided there was no thunder in the air. So absolutely dry is the atmosphere, that you have only to drop your bottle of milk into a canvas bag full of water, and hang it out of doors; the evaporation keeps the milk deliciously cold and fresh, from dawn of day till 11 at night.

Mrs. Gaul, the rector's wife, and other kind friends helped me to start the garden, after which (with the exception of a little digging done by a neighbour's "boy," viz. a great stalwart Kaffir) I was my own gardener; and very busy the work kept me, what with training of creepers, which grew like wildfire, and the severe drenching with water which has to be done every evening. The water supply is one of the triumphs of John Bull enterprise. The Diamond Fields being in the midst of the wilderness, the first diggers were put to terrible straits, depending on very uncertain artesian wells and still more uncertain rain. Now, however, there are magnificent water-works supplying the whole town, from the Vaal River, many miles distant. Every scrap of machinery and other plant had to be dragged 630 miles across the desert in ox-waggons, and the cost may be imagined. The mines consume a vast quantity of water, and it is laid on to every house. In my brother's kitchen I saw the coils of hose hung up on the wall, and with this we filled our jugs and baths and our filter for drinking purposes, and watered our garden. The water is slightly yellow with sand, but when filtered is

perfectly wholesome. Rain-water, however, if stored *after* the first wash-off from the roof in covered tanks, and left for some time to settle, is far better to drink, and is indeed quite delicious.

The drawing-room, what with pictures, books, flowers, and easy-chairs, was as comfortable and pleasant as anybody could desire. Out of it opened my brother's bedroom, which he gave up to me, putting himself away in an extraordinary little cupboard adjoining, only aired and lighted by the door, which is half window, and into which he squeezed his 7 ft. long shelf of a bed, his writing-table, chair, and washing apparatus by a miracle of ingenuity. When both he and Toots were occupying this apartment, there was barely room for a fly besides. We had a serious quarrel the very day after my arrival, as I was determined to make him read and write in the drawing-room, and he was equally set on doing all his work in his own little corner. Finally I succumbed, comforted by finding that the cupboard was really the coolest room in the house, as it had the minimum of sun.

At Kimberley I spent nearly four months, coming in for a long drought and excessive heat in December. Unless, however, one has a dislike to any really hot weather, there is nothing unhealthy to those who take the precaution of keeping within doors during the middle of the day, and are temperate, or, still better, teetotal. The heat of India must be far worse. As a rule, in Kimberley, you have cool hours at night, and there is always an indescribable dryness and lightness of atmosphere. The only unbearable weather-affliction is the dust-storm, which has the habit of rushing down upon you when you are thirsting for rain. As I heard it said, you learn with special vividness what St. Jude meant when he spoke of "clouds without water." How often such clouds gather in battalions, march up the immense vault of the sky, and either disperse as they come, or else prove precursors of the dust-storm, when "the heavens are black with clouds and" *wind*, but *rain* is further off than ever.

Kimberley may be shortly described as an irregular camp of one-storeyed huts, some built entirely of corrugated iron, others of sun-dried bricks; but all with corrugated-iron roofs gleaming in the sun. The richest people, as well as the poorest, are content with the one storey, and very pleasant and even luxurious some of the houses are, by dint of broad verandahs embowered in creepers, and shady gardens. At first sight, however, a really frightful impression of hideousness is produced upon



the new-comer. He "thirsts for beauty in the daily drought of beauty, as the fields for August rain." But, as time goes on, certain charms develop themselves which in a lovelier land might pass unnoticed or be but slightly appreciated. The hot and arid sand turns out to be amazingly fertile if only it can be drenched with water, and the eye rejoices more than can easily be expressed over every blade of grass, every opening flower, every tall green shoot, every leafy shadow. A vivid new meaning shines out in many and many a Scripture expression; we can see how suddenly "the desert" can "rejoice and blossom as the rose;" how "in the wilderness" after rains "waters break forth and streams in the desert"; how lovely in the barren and dry land are the "willows by the watercourses." We can realize as never before what the sweet rest must have been by the wells and under the palms of Elim, and the delight of the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Even the vast monotony of the rolling veldt ends by winning its way into English hearts, albeit accustomed to the deep lanes, the enclosed gardens, the green and mossy nooks of the old home; and a beauty of its own makes itself felt in what may be well described in the words of Isaiah as "the land of Far Distances."

From Kimberley we paid a short visit to Bloemfontein, driving in a hired Cape cart, with four little horses, and sleeping on the road at a posting-house. Passing from Kimberley with its money-making, and diamond market, and smart shops, and "go-aheadness," into the Free State, with its undulating desert solitudes, its waggons with spans of oxen trekking at a mile an hour, and its scattered homesteads, was like driving out of the nineteenth century into the Book of Genesis.

Our journey was very pleasant and interesting, and would have been throughout delightful but for the all-penetrating desert dust and for one great thunderstorm. The monotony of the endless expanse of veldt was relieved by the strange effects of mirage, the vivid green oases (namely, farmsteads with shady trees and dams of water), the mere-cats (little burrowing creatures, something between a squirrel and a rabbit to look at), the vultures, the ostriches (though tame), the sunset and the magnificent night sky, which in those regions has a vault immeasurably higher than we are used to at home. The storm caught us as we were approaching Bloemfontein, and drove us to shelter in a henhouse from the mighty hailstones, which rattled with deafening clatter on the iron roof. The roads, or rather tracks, into the

town were turned into torrents, and we had some difficulty in making our way in as night fell. The streets looked white as with snow, from the piles of hailstones, and for the first time things felt like an English, not an African, November. The gardens, which had been at their best, were utterly stripped, and nearly all the glass in the town was smashed. Thus we did not see poor Bloemfontein to advantage. Compared with Kimberley, however, it struck us as exceedingly pretty.

We returned at the end of a fortnight, and, shortly after, Spencer left me with Albert, and set out for Johannesburg in a cumbersome old coach, that looked as if it had carried the mails in England about the beginning of the century. Six or eight horses were "inspanned" (*i.e.* harnessed) into this machine; and the unfortunate Spencer underwent a five days' journey, imprinted for ever on his memory by the combination of heat, dust, and jolting, not to speak of crowded fellow-passengers, including three babies. He went on to Pretoria, and returned through Natal, embarking at Durban, and spending a week at Capetown on his way home.

Spencer's letters, and other accounts I have since seen of Johannesburg, do not tempt one to settle down there just at present. True, money can be made in the gold-markets at a marvellous rate, but prices are enormously high, and a drought, such as is common in South Africa, brings with it terrible consequences, owing to the difficulties of transport. There is no railway as yet within 300 miles, and the town depends entirely for its supplies on cattle and horse transport. Quite recently, under prolonged drought, these animals died in great numbers, and Johannesburg was brought face to face with famine. A few months ago, I read the following paragraph in a newspaper, which well describes the state of things, and teaches us the wholesome lesson that man cannot live by *gold* alone. It is an English lady who writes:—

"We went by train from Durban to Ladysmith, and thence by coach to the Golden City, to Johannesburg. What a journey! Rough is no name for it. We had ten horses, two drivers, fourteen passengers, did sixty miles a day, with a meal every time the coach stopped at a station. On the way we saw many evidences of the terrible drought which has been afflicting this country, horses and oxen lying dead in great numbers. There had been but two or three showers in eight months, and the grass was therefore all burnt up. We reached Johannesburg

October 10th, six weeks and one day after leaving Newcastle. The town surprised us. It is the largest in Africa, though only three years old, and 300 miles from a railway. Our lodgings cost us £10 each per month, rising first to £12 and then to £15, so we determined to have a house of our own. One man asked £300 a year for a furnished house, and actually got £360. Finally, we secured a four-room cottage for £20 a month, taking in three gentlemen lodgers at £12 a month each. Provisions are at famine prices, and as beer is 4s. a bottle our friends had better sign the pledge before they come out here. Everybody lives well and eats plenty, in spite of the high prices. We enjoy splendid health, and don't seem to mind the heat. There are sixty doctors here, and 400 public-houses in the town already. The most disagreeable things are the dust storms, and the streets are not paved at all. My husband got a place with a salary of £240 a year. He met two joiners whom he knew, and they said they were making £12 10s. a week each. Bakers and cooks make most money here. They get nearly anything they like to charge, as people are fond of good living. Rain has now come, so that we may expect a return of prosperity, and easier prices in the provision market. When we arrived prices were:—Flour 14s. per stone, butter 7s. 6d. per lb., eggs 4s. 6d. a dozen, condensed milk 2s. 6d. a tin, fresh milk 2s. a quart, sugar 1s. per lb., oatmeal 1s. 9d. per lb., meat 9d. and 1s., cabbages 2s. 6d. each, lettuce 1s. a head, potatoes 14s. a stone, bread 6d. for a loaf the size of your penny ones."

Drainage, moreover, is still in an unhealthy condition, and fevers are rife, of course aggravated by drink.

At the same time, there is a fine field here for British enterprise, and there is a glorious field open before the Church. It will be her own fault if she does not win a great victory in the Gold Fields. The first English clergyman (who, by the bye, is an *Irishman*), Mr. Darragh, has made a grand beginning, and has already an active staff under him. I was told that in his Christmas Day offertory bags he found £500.

By contrast with Johannesburg, Kimberley prices are not unreasonably high, but it is a curious fact that no coppers are ever to be seen. A threepenny bit—called a *tickey*—is the lowest coin current. Albert's sidesman, on one occasion, spoke with great wrath of having found a copper in the offertory bag, and said he had announced that the very next that was found there he would throw down the first well he came to.

During the remainder of my stay at Kimberley I had few events to chronicle, except a two nights' visit to Barkly West, a pretty place on the Vaal River, whither we posted in the public conveyance, a Cape cart carrying nine people. These carts are very well adapted to the veldt-travelling, being strongly built, and well hung on two wheels ; while a tilt, with canvas sides to it, is a protection from either sun or rain. A single horse in harness is hardly ever seen ; even the carts carrying only four people, which are the cabs of Kimberley, have always a pair.

The Kimberley diamonds are of very various tints ; the highly admired pure white being rare, and amber-coloured, lilac, pinkish, bluish and black abundant. One magnificent diamond, of the finest white colour,  $14\frac{1}{2}$  carats in weight, and valued at £20,000, we had the good luck to see. This truly precious stone had been found in the river-diggings at Jagersfontein, not far off ; the "dry diggings" do not often produce the best white stones. When we first arrived we were taken to see the "washing," and most interesting it was to be given a triangular piece of tin and set to work sorting out the diamonds from a heap of newly washed "blue" (*i.e.* diamondiferous rock, that has been crumbled by exposure to the weather). I think I must have picked out twenty or twenty-five in half an hour, but they were all small. Even in the rough, many of the stones are bright and easily detected.

Later, I went down the Bultfontein mine in a "tub," or rather a barrel. There are underground workings, but I was content with going to the bottom of the enormous quarry, in the said barrel, accompanied by a manager. It was worked on chains by machinery, and took me down with perfect smoothness and safety. A small white diamond, sticking out of the "blue" being picked up just as I got to the bottom, was presented to me in honour of the occasion, after a world of formalities, necessary as a precaution against I. D. B'ism.\* For a time I had this treasure in my room at the Parsonage, before getting the licence ; and I was accordingly liable at any moment to be "run in" by the police.

On January 16, Albert took the second half of his holiday, and escorted me back to Capetown. My good-bye to Kimberley was a sad wrench ; "Casual City" had endeared itself to me, and it was melancholy to reflect how improbable it was that I should ever visit it again. There was one evening walk with my brother which I shall always remember, on the top of the "heap" behind

\* *I.e.*, the trade of the Illicit Diamond Buyer, by means of which a million's worth of diamonds are annually stolen.

his little iron church. The "heaps," though not at all unlike the mounds of coal-refuse with which many of us are only too familiar in England, have one difference ; they are mercifully *not* black, but of bluish grey and reddish hues ; and the coarse-foliaged "tobacco-tree" (so called) and great flowering thistles and other rather pretty weeds contrive to grow on their sides. The view over the "West End," scattering its little houses scantily over the veldt, with the wide horizon, and the pretty shady garden-plots nearer home, in the lovely sunset light, was really charming.

Pretty nearly all our friends came to the station to see us off. At De Aar we branched off into the Eastern Province ; and it is impossible to describe the enjoyment, to our desert-wearied eyes, of the lovely vegetation, the hills and valleys, that we entered upon in a few hours' time. For miles the railway passed through groves of mimosa, filling the air with fragrance ; and we saw clumps of aloes with gigantic flower-spikes, bushes of geranium, trees and shrubs in endless variety. Tracts of thorny "bush" which would make rags and tatters of English clothes and *skins*, gave one a vivid idea of the difficulties of guerilla warfare in a country where the enemy, unencumbered by garments and with a tough polished black hide that can resist most things, must find convenient covert in this impervious jungle. But we may hope that the days of native wars in South Africa are over. It was pleasant, while travelling across the "Karoo" on our way to Kimberley, to notice the prosperous-looking natives, and the jolly little black children tumbling out of their huts to grin at the train, and to feel that, under the English flag, the old Bible words, so significant of the chiefest blessing in days of oppression, are true now of these races : "none shall make them afraid." How different in the regions of kidnappery, slave-trading, and freebooting ! England has not always had clean hands, alas ! in her transactions with natives, but she has of late years awakened to her duty, and may now fairly claim the credit of dealing justly with the coloured people who come under her rule. If only strong measures are taken to put down the sale of spirits among the natives (as is now done with considerable success in Natal), we shall have got rid of the worst remaining blot on our shield. The subject is being seriously taken up, and there is every hope it will be effectively dealt with. Hard experience has proved that, among the black races of Africa, alcohol is an unmitigated curse. Moderation is practically unknown ; the native's view of drink is

raw brandy by the tumblerful, and his aim, furious or helpless drunkenness. It does not appear to *exterminate* the people, but it brutalizes and degrades them in every conceivable way.

Some of the scenery on our journey reminded me of a glorified Surrey, till the sight of ostriches, mincing along by the side of the railway with a peculiar air of affectation, or of natives dressed simply in ochre-coloured blankets, brought me back to Africa.

As we neared the coast, the air lost its dryness, and when we arrived at Grahamstown in the dark, and stood on the platform in a drizzling rain, we might have been at an English station in the month of June.

We spent a most pleasant week at the Bishop's house, albeit unfortunately *minus* host and hostess, who were in England. The Bishop's sister, Miss Webb, was our kind entertainer. A short railway journey took us to Port Elizabeth, where we embarked for Cape Town on the Donald Currie S.S. *Hawarden Castle*.

Again I was welcomed by Sir Hercules and Lady Robinson, who received Albert and me at their lovely summer villa on the slopes of Table Mountain, at Rondebosch. My brother saw me off on the Union S.S. *Moor* on Feb. 6.

On board the same steamer, I found a gentleman of the name of Maund, in charge of two chiefs, natives of Matabeleland, whom he was bringing over on a visit to England, with a Dutchman named Colenbrander as interpreter. Before long, Lieut. Maund related to me the history of these chiefs and of the mission on which they were bound; and I think it is of sufficient interest to give at length.

Lieut. Maund was in the latter part of 1888 travelling in Matabeleland. He was an agent for some gold-mining Company, and while there he paid a visit to King Lobengulo (whom he had known before)—probably to bargain with him. An interpreter was present, through whom they conversed. Now the King, though a mere savage, is a shrewd man and is quite aware of the danger he is in from the near neighbourhood of the Transvaal Dutch and the Portuguese. Since the great gold-rush into the Transvaal the Dutch have been naturally moving off northward, after selling their land to the new-comers. Their desire undoubtedly has led him to make a treaty with Lobengulo and get a footing in his country; but he has no idea of coming under their domination. He has a still greater horror naturally

of the Portuguese, who are only known to the black races as slave-dealers, and who even at that time had begun to show great symptoms of coveting the Mashona country which marches" with their frontier. (We know how unjustifiable an aggression they have lately been attempting in that direction.)

The King said to Lieut. Maund, "I am afraid of being eaten up by either the Portuguese or the Boers—the Boers come into my country and the Portuguese also come; but I will not have them to eat me up. I wish to make friends with the Great White Queen, but the Boers tell me there is no White Queen—that England has been eaten up by the Dutch long ago. I don't know what to believe among them all. You must do this for me, Maundy—you must take two of my chiefs home with you to England and let them see the Great White Queen for themselves, and bring me word again."

Now Lieut. Maund, being a private gentleman occupied with his own affairs, had no fancy for this very ticklish mission. He had no authority, he could not possibly obtain instructions from the High Commissioner, for he was about 600 miles from the nearest telegraph-wire, and in short he tried to excuse himself. In a moment the King's countenance changed, and he said, "Aaou! then you are as bad as the rest of them." My impression is, though he did not tell me so, that he would have risked his neck had he persisted in his refusal. At all events, he saw that he would be throwing away a very great chance for England, inasmuch as this was a distinct offer of friendship on the part of an independent prince, whose dominions may be roughly said to cover a territory about twice the size of Germany and rich in gold. Had Lieut. Maund refused the mission, the King would have believed all the stories of there being no White Queen, and would have gone in for the most favourable bargain he could with the Dutch, as second-best.

Lieut. Maund accordingly said: "Well, I will do what you wish; but I must first know where the money is to come from. I have none; and it will require a large sum."

The King replied: "Do you think I should ask you to do this thing, and not pay for it? How much do you want?" Lieut. Maund answered, "£600." Without another word, Lobengulo stalked out of his kraal, went up to a waggon, and brought out of it the money in English gold. (Our money is current through the Dutch States, and no doubt the King had made it by trading.)

Lieut. Maund then asked what men he was to take. Two old chiefs were chosen, one over 75, the other not much younger. He said, "These old men will die of the cold in England: you don't know what an English March is." "Oh," replied the King, "they won't *both* die;" and he explained that these particular men were to go, because *the elder one was his "Memory" and the other his "Tongue."* The name of the "Memory" was "Babyjane," that of the "Tongue" I forget. The former was a quiet, observant old fellow; the latter a great talker.

All difficulties being thus met, Lieut. Maund took the chiefs in charge. (Babyjane, I think, was father-in-law to the King, or rather, *one* of his fathers-in-law.) I believe he could not obtain clothing for them till they reached Kimberley. From thence he telegraphed word of his mission to Sir Hercules Robinson, and, having engaged an interpreter, the whole party arrived at Capetown about ten days before I got there myself on my way home.

On their arrival, Lieut. Maund naturally found the High Commissioner somewhat suspicious of the whole story. It was manifest that if these men were not impostors, as he at first imagined, the mission was of great importance, and he justly considered that he ought to be the responsible person in the matter. Since hearing of the mission he had had peremptory instructions from Downing Street not to give any sanction to it, and he accordingly refused to do so. Lieut. Maund, however, in many interviews made it clear to Sir Hercules that he had really had no choice in the matter. He could not have refused Lobengulo, and if the chiefs were sent back to their own country from Capetown they would inevitably be put to death. It became clear that go they must, with or without permission; and the High Commissioner, having learnt all the facts of the case, telegraphed to Lord Knutsford that in his opinion it would be for British interests if Her Majesty would grant the interview. No answer from Downing Street was received before the ship sailed; and finally they took their passage without it on board the Union S.S. *The Moor*, on which I also embarked.

The two chiefs were completely bewildered by the ship and the sea, and for some time uttered not a word. They were fortunately not sea-sick, or probably they would have considered themselves bewitched. At last one of them said: "We get up, and we go to bed, night after night, day after day, and always



water! always water!" They called the steamer "the great kraal that pushes through the water." When we reached "the Doldrums" (*i.e.* the neighbourhood of the Equator), one of them said to an Irish gentleman on board, "Does the great water all belong to the White Queen?" "Indeed it does," replied this very loyal Irishman.

I had an interview with them, and took pains to convince them there *was* a White Queen, assuring them I had had the honour of serving Her Majesty and had kissed her hand. One of them thereupon touched his eyes and replied, "We believe it as you say so, but we are taking our own eyes to see." When we got into rough weather in the Bay, they said, "The river is full to-day." Off Lisbon, when told it was Portuguese, they sat on deck with their backs turned to it, and said, "How is it the White Queen allows Portugal between her and Africa?"

During the voyage I considered very much how I could advance the cause. I became very anxious indeed that it should be successful, and that we should contrive an interview, but I believe we should never have managed it if we had not fortunately touched at Madeira, and taken on board Lord Lothian. I knew very well that, even if Lord Knutsford approved of this deputation, there might still be some difficulty in obtaining Her Majesty's consent to an interview, as she is not in the habit of receiving stray black men, especially with no accredited person in attendance on them. However, when I saw Lord Lothian, I thought at once that he was the best person to interest in the matter, as a member of the Government, though not in the Cabinet. Fortunately I knew him slightly, and I thought if I could interest him he would probably influence the Cabinet, while his opinion would be one likely to weigh with Her Majesty. We had not much time, for we took him on board on Friday, and we landed at Southampton on Tuesday, but I at once introduced him to Lieut. Maund and to Mr. Selous (who was also with us, and who knew Matabeleland well, as he spends most of his time hunting there), and by the time we landed Lord Lothian, after an interview with the two chiefs and after hearing the whole history, was quite as keenly interested as I was, and assured me he would do his utmost to bring about the interview.

On the Tuesday when we arrived at Southampton a brother of Lieut. Maund came on board, and he caused us some dismay by saying that Her Majesty was going to Biarritz the very following

Monday. So we had very little time to spare. Lieut. Maund gave up all for lost, but I assured him that the hurry was all for the best, as there would be so little time for pros and cons. On the Thursday afternoon I received a happy letter from him, saying that consent had been given, and that the chiefs were to be taken to Windsor Castle on Saturday at 3 o'clock. I hoped all was now in good train, but on the following day—Friday afternoon—a terrible hitch occurred. Lieut. Maund wrote me word that, though the chiefs were to be welcomed, *he* was not to be allowed to accompany them—the fact being, as Sir Hercules had foreseen, that it is not usual for a private gentleman to be received on such a mission at Court. He wrote to me therefore to say that he was in a great difficulty; he was not at all anxious to intrude on Her Majesty, but the chiefs would not stir without him. They said, “the King told us that Maundy was to be our Father. We were not to be afraid of the great White Queen; we don’t understand this at all, and if Maundy does not go with us we shall go straight home to Matabeleland.”

I immediately tried to find Lord Knutsford, and put the case before him, but I could not succeed in seeing him; I could merely send a note up to his room. However, late in the evening I ascertained that Lord Lothian had set to work afresh, and had overcome the difficulty, and that all was settled for the interview on the following day. It is amusing to notice how these two blacks had brought all the authorities round!

The interview took place, and the Queen received them with the utmost kindness, having no doubt by this time become thoroughly interested in the whole matter. Lieut. Maund came to report progress to me immediately after his return from Windsor. He said Her Majesty had sent a carriage to meet them, and that she also ordered a turn-out of fifty Lifeguardsmen in St. George’s Hall. These magnificent soldiers are, I think, all over 6 ft. 1 in., and they impressed the chiefs extremely when once they had ascertained *that they were not stuffed*. The Queen then received them in the corridor. They were introduced by Lord Knutsford, who related to Her Majesty the whole history, and then placed in the Queen’s own hand Lobengulo’s letter, in which he asked for the Queen’s protection against his enemies, and promised in return to be her friend. This letter Lieut. Maund had written down from the King’s dictation and had caused him to affix to it some kind of seal. When the letter was placed in the Queen’s hands the delight of the chiefs was extreme: their

end was accomplished. They were then entertained at luncheon, and had golden goblets to drink out of, which they imagined were from the Queen's own table. They were also shown St. George's Chapel and the curiosities of Windsor, and amongst other things they were especially pleased to see Cetewayo's assegai. On the Monday Lieut. Maund brought the chiefs to wish me good-bye. They were radiant, and, when I asked them if they knew at once which was the Queen, they replied together : " Oh, there could be no doubt which was the Queen."

I should have mentioned that the Queen very kindly spoke to them and asked them if they felt the cold, to which they replied : " How should we feel the cold, when there is a great Queen who can make it either hot or cold ? " They were afterwards taken to see Woolwich and the great guns ; and also a parade of troops at Aldershot. They made some acquaintance with London society, and were taken to Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral. The elder of the two, Babyjane, especially was struck with religious awe when he saw these great churches. Shortly after they re-embarked for Africa, and I have since heard they arrived home in safety.

This piece of Matabele history has, as will at once be seen, a significant bearing on the present Portuguese crisis. As in the eyes of the natives themselves the only question is "*which White Power shall eat them up,*" they very naturally prefer that Power which is likely to perform the ceremony with kindness and justice. Now they know well enough that, under England's protection, native Powers are guarded from rapine, and Lobengulo is accordingly willing to place himself, in mere self-defence, under British protection. He is, however, a slippery savage, and if we shilly-shally in the matter he will have no scruple whatever in throwing us over, and making the best terms he can with the Portuguese. I trust that nothing will tempt us to interfere with any just claims that Portugal or any other Power may possess in South Africa ; but we are bound to prevent unjust aggression upon territories where England, backed by the support of the native rulers, has a prior claim.

LUCY C. F. CAVENDISH.

## Marcia.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLEY HALL," &c.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE APPROACH OF THE INEVITABLE.

AMONGST the various accomplishments which Willie Brett had acquired—for he was a steady and painstaking lad—that of sailing a boat was not one. However, anybody can run before the wind, and the light north-westerly breeze which took him and his mother out of Lynmouth harbour served them very well for a couple of hours, by the end of which time they had progressed for a considerable distance down the coast. Marcia was as happy as a child, and when she was happy her conversation was apt to be as spontaneous and unthinking as that of children generally is and always ought to be. She was a good deal more childish than her son, who listened to what she had to say with curiosity and with some sadness. In certain ways he was wise beyond his years, in others he was not: so that, although he was quite aware that his father and mother did not get on well together, he failed to draw the deductions which more experienced persons might have drawn from the circumstance that the latter did not disguise the melancholy fact, whereas the former never alluded to it.

"When you are grown up," Marcia was saying, "we will travel about together and amuse ourselves. I want to see Russia and Greece and Egypt and heaps of places; but it would be no fun to go there with your father, who would be bored to death the whole time. I often wonder what made me marry your father!"

"Would you rather have married somebody else?" asked Willie, after a moment or two of grave reflection.

Marcia laughed. "Oh, I don't know. No; nobody in particular. But girls are such idiots—worse even than men, which is saying something. I suppose I thought it was rather a feather in my cap to have captured an admirer whom nobody else could capture; I didn't ask myself whether he was worth capturing. How horrified your Aunt Caroline would be if she could hear me talking to you in this way!" she added presently. "I dare say it is very wrong of me; only I can't help it. I am not going to be a humbug with you, whatever I may be with the rest of the world."

No wonder the boy loved her all the more for her frankness, and no wonder he came to the conclusion that his father was wholly and solely to blame for an estrangement which seemed to him to be deplorable. It was an impression which never became quite obliterated, and, although in after years his reason sometimes convicted him of injustice, his heart always remained on the side of the affectionate, impulsive, selfish woman for whom his sentiments were fraternal rather than filial. Even now he thought it right to pave the way for a possible disappointment by reminding her that when he was grown up his time would not be his own. He was going to be a soldier, he informed her, and the movements of soldiers were, of course, a good deal hampered by the claims of their Queen and their country. "But when I get leave we'll go off on the spree, somewhere," he added encouragingly.

"I wish you were not going to be in any profession!" sighed the foolish Marcia. "It is having a profession that makes men so hard-hearted. They know that, whatever happens, they have that to fall back upon, whereas we have nothing. However, we needn't bother ourselves about the future yet; it is still a long way off, thank Heaven!"

And indeed the present soon became sufficiently interesting to engage all their attention; for the wind, after dropping, veered a point or two to the east of north and freshened considerably; insomuch that the stolid, somnolent boatman who had accompanied them expressed doubts about their getting back into harbour by sunset. They had sailed and drifted a long way down channel by this time, and Willie's nautical capacities were hardly equal to making the most that could be made out of a dead foul breeze. Moreover, a lumpy sea was getting up which neither he nor his mother altogether relished.

They both behaved as well as people who are going to be seasick can be expected to behave. They did not say much ; from time to time they exchanged glances which were at first interrogative, then despairing ; finally the proprietor of the craft took the tiller, and they sank into that state of total indifference and degradation at which few of us are entitled to sneer. For how long they underwent the misery of beating towards their destination and receiving occasional drenching showers of spray they neither knew nor cared. Naturally it seemed like a lifetime, and not less naturally they remained entirely oblivious of Mr. Brett and the anxiety from which he might be supposed to be suffering by reason of their protracted absence. But when at length they reached Lynmouth in the twilight there was Mr. Brett waiting for them on the landing-steps, and, notwithstanding their forlorn and draggled appearance, it was little enough sympathy that he had at their service.

"Dinner was ready more than an hour ago," was his greeting, spoken in a very harsh tone of voice. "Really, Marcia, this kind of thing must not occur again. I thought you must have been drowned."

"We have been much worse than drowned," returned Marcia dolefully ; "we have died a hundred deaths ! As for its occurring again, you may make your mind easy about that ; I have had enough of boating to last me to my dying day. Now, if you want to scold, Eustace, you can scold ; but you may just as well spare yourself the trouble, for we are absolutely callous. We don't want any dinner ; we don't care whether you are hungry or not ; we don't care a penny about anybody or anything in the wide world."

Mr. Brett was very cross, and would have liked to relieve his feelings by scolding the delinquents a little ; but, under the circumstances, he could only hold his peace, and they all walked up the hill to Lynton in solemn silence. As, however, his wife, in spite of what she had said, proved able to eat a tolerably good dinner, he thought that, after Willie had gone to bed, he might without brutality give utterance to certain reflections over which he had been brooding throughout the day.

"I confess that your conduct to-day seems to me to have been a little inconsiderate, Marcia," he began ; "but I won't dwell on that ; you would, of course, only point out to me that you have no control over the elements. Still, I should like to

ask you just this: What object can you possibly have in thwarting me when I try as well as I can to gain some share of our boy's affections? I know well enough—and so do you—that the utmost I can hope to obtain is a very small share of them. Why should you grudge me that? Seriously, do you think that our life, which is already so pleasant, will be made pleasanter when you have broken the one link which still binds you and me together?"

"Oh, you consider, then, that Willie is the only link which still binds us together? It is candid of you to say so, at all events, and, after such a polite speech as that, I wouldn't for the world try to snap it. At the same time, I don't see why I should be accused of such sinister designs because I took Willie out in a boat with me for once. Didn't you take him out hunting the other day?"

"Yes; and for that reason you prevented my taking him again. We will not exchange recriminations, nor, I think, would there be much use in affecting to ignore the obvious truth—which is, that we have next to nothing in common. This may be my fault, or it may be yours, or there may be faults on both sides; we need not discuss a question to which no satisfactory answer is likely to be found. But you might answer the question which I have just put to you? Is it worth your while to poison the boy's mind against me for the sake of making my life a little more wretched than it is?"

If there was anything pathetic in this appeal, Marcia failed to detect the pathos; she was only irritated and angered by reproaches which seemed to her quite undeserved. "You don't really believe that I have poisoned Willie's mind against you, Eustace," she returned, "and you don't really care whether he is fond of you or not. I can't help your life being wretched; it is you yourself who have chosen to make it so, and I suppose what you mean is that you would like to make mine wretched too. Well, it isn't particularly happy, I must admit. Every word that you have been saying to me I might have said to you, and with a good deal more justice. I have never attempted to thwart you in any way; but of late you have done all in your power to thwart me, and I can't imagine any other cause for this sudden anxiety of yours to make friends with Willie."

Mr. Brett made a gesture of impatience and weariness. "Well, well," said he; "we will drop the subject. I wish you were less perverse, Marcia; but I will make no more efforts to

overcome your perversity. I shall, however, make some efforts to be more successful as a father than I have been as a husband."

The poor man's chance of success in either character was but small, Heaven having denied him the gift of sympathy; but after this he took great pains to give Willie pleasure. He felt bound to keep his word and eschew hunting; but the boy and he had some long rides together, which both of them enjoyed, and in the course of which they became a shade more intimate than they had previously been. He was quite right in believing that Marcia grudged him even this modest victory; her restless jealousy was for ever upon the alert; there was a perpetual rivalry and antagonism between her and her husband; nor did she breathe freely until the latter, after a holiday which had lasted barely a month, returned to London, leaving her in sole charge of the subject of their contention.

A brief period of happiness followed; but this was clouded towards its close by the shadow of the imminent parting. "I shall miss you a thousand times more than you will miss me, Willie," sighed Marcia, when the day appointed for the re-assembling of the Farnborough school came; and she was glad to see how serious and sorrowful he looked as he replied—

"Oh, no, you won't. You are going to stay with your friends and have lots of fun; I haven't anything to look forward to, except football and the Christmas holidays."

Well, it was doubtful whether much fun was in store for her: but, as was always the case at that time of year, she had received invitations from many country houses, and of course she could neither join Mr. Brett in London nor remain at Lynton all by herself. Her first move was into Wiltshire, where she formed one of a large party and encountered numerous London acquaintances who were delighted to see her. From thence she went on to Dorsetshire, Hampshire, and Kent, meeting everywhere with a warm welcome; for she was popular, by reason not only of her beauty but of her admirable social qualities, and, since popularity was as the breath of her nostrils to her, she could not feel very low-spirited, notwithstanding the good reasons which she conceived that she had for being so. One of these undoubtedly was that in the course of her peregrinations she heard nothing at all about Archdale. She had more than half expected that he would take the trouble to find out what her movements were likely to be, and would have



made his own coincide with them, and she felt it as something of a slight that he had neglected to do this. Had he put in an appearance at any of the houses where she was visiting, she would in all probability have given him to understand that she was annoyed with him for pursuing her ; but, as he did not, she thought a good deal more about him than she would otherwise have done, and allowed herself some bitter mental strictures upon the instability of men's friendship. Moreover, she experienced a great longing to tell some sympathising person how very unkind Eustace had been to her throughout the summer. She had an uneasy desire to hear Eustace condemned and her own opinion of him confirmed ; for the truth was that her opinion of him—or at least what she imagined to be her opinion—had changed very much for the worse of late. If she had never loved him, she had not hitherto disliked him ; but now she occasionally felt something very like hatred for the cold, dispassionate man who had weighed her in the balance and found her wanting, and who, as she was persuaded, would be only too thankful to get rid of her, if such a proceeding could be made to accord with his pharisaical notions of morality. She herself, being by no means pharisaical, often wished that an amicable separation could be arranged. By his own confession, Willie was their sole remaining bond of union, and, although he had deprecated the severing of that bond, she was very sure that his wish to maintain it arose from no sentiment of natural affection. There were moments when she felt as if it would be almost impossible for her to continue living with Eustace. Yet he had not altered ; his virtues and his failings were just what they had been from the first.

She put off her return home from week to week ; but at last she could postpone it no longer, and early in November she arrived in Cornwall Terrace to find her husband looking a little older, a little more tired, and a little more cross than he had done in the summer.

"Now that you have arrived, Marcia," was his greeting, "I trust that I shall sometimes be provided with a dinner which I can eat. As you know, I am easily satisfied ; but the food which has been set before me lately has been simply unfit for human consumption, and no attention whatsoever has been vouchsafed to my remonstrances."

Marcia shrugged her shoulders. "Why didn't you dismiss the cook, then ?" she asked. That a good wife is before all

things and above all things a good housekeeper was a view which he had frequently expressed and with which she had never agreed ; but she had not at any previous time gone so far as to stigmatize it inwardly as a barbarous and revolting view. At that season of the year she had comparatively few friends in London and dined at home on most nights in the week, so that she could judge for herself of the cook's performances as well as listen to her husband's comments upon them. Very terrible those *tête-à-tête* dinners were to her. Mr. Brett, who was engaged in writing a pamphlet upon some abstruse point of law which seemed to occupy all his thoughts, seldom spoke, and did not always remember to answer when he was spoken to. The only comfort was, that as soon as dinner was over he betook himself to his study and was no more seen. It was better that he should do that than that he should sit gloomily in the drawing-room without opening his lips ; still, it was not very amusing to be left entirely alone, and Marcia naturally wished that she could think of somebody sufficiently interesting to be asked to come and relieve her solitude occasionally.

One afternoon, she was wandering through a picture-gallery in Bond Street when she caught sight of a friend whom she was so pleased to recognize, that she quite forgot certain reasons which she had for being offended with him.

"Please don't cut me, Mr. Archdale," said she, laughing ; "I really can't afford to be cut by the only acquaintance whom I have come across for three days."

The young man started and took off his hat, colouring slightly. For a moment he looked quite shy, but quickly recovered himself and seemed to be as delighted to see Mrs. Brett as he declared that he was. "I had no idea you were in London," he added.

"Where else should I be ?" she asked. "Don't you know that I live here ?"

"Oh yes, and so do I, for the matter of that. But it is my privilege to be often absent from home, and I fancied that it was yours too."

"I only wish it were ! I have been paying a few visits during the autumn, but I have come to the end of them now, and I have a long period of domestic felicity to look forward to. And what have you been doing all this time ?"

They sat down and he gave an account of himself. He had spent part of the summer in Belgium and Holland : then he

had been at Wetherby, "working like a horse," and now he proposed to be more or less in London, for a good many months to come. "And you?" he inquired. "Have you been having a pretty good time of it? How did you like Lynton?"

Marcia made a grimace. "Lynton was well enough, though I didn't have a particularly good time of it even there; but, since my boy went back to school, I have been chiefly occupied in counting the days to Christmas. Christmas is still a long way off," she added, with a sigh. "However, now that you are here, perhaps you will look in upon me every now and then and cheer me up."

"Of course I should like nothing better than to call upon you, Mrs. Brett—if I may," answered Archdale, somewhat hesitatingly.

It may seem improbable, but it is nevertheless true, that up to that moment Marcia had not given a thought to the circumstances under which she had last seen her interlocutor. When these were recalled to her memory by his questioning glance, she was momentarily embarrassed; but she said, with a laugh, "You may and you must. That is, if you care at all about retaining my friendship. I couldn't promise you a very hearty welcome from Mr. Brett; but Mr. Brett only comes home in time to dress for dinner, and perhaps you are not overwhelmingly anxious to see him."

Afterwards she remembered this speech, and wondered how she could have said anything so liable to misconstruction; but Archdale seemed to take it quite as a matter of course.

"I'll take care to be out of the house before the dressing-bell rings," was his reply. "I shall turn up about five o'clock to-morrow, and I'm afraid, if I consult my own inclinations, I shall turn up at that hour on most days of the week. You will have to give me a hint when you have had enough of me."

Marcia nodded and smiled. "That is a woman's privilege," she observed. "However, you are still better off than we are; because, when you are tired of us, you can simply drop us, without being reduced to the painful necessity of hinting as much. I must go now. Till to-morrow, then."

So she departed, leaving behind her a man who—perhaps for the first time in his life—was troubled by conscientious scruples.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A CHOICE OF EVILS.

It has already been mentioned that Archdale possessed as an intimate friend one Mr. Alfred Drake, who occasionally did him the honour to borrow a little money of him, and sometimes (after a prosperous week at Newmarket or a night of luck at a certain club) even went so far as to repay the amount. Now it so chanced that, on the morning after Archdale's meeting with Marcia Brett, Mr. Drake looked in upon his friend, whom he found in a somewhat absent and dejected frame of mind; and, judging of these symptoms by the light of previous experience, he soon inquired—

"Well, what's the matter now? Has she thrown you over? Or has the husband kicked you downstairs?"

"I really don't know who you are talking about," answered Archdale.

"Nor do I, my dear fellow, and I wouldn't for the world be so indiscreet as to ask her name. I suppose it is one of them, though."

Archdale, who thought highly of Mr. Drake's shrewdness and common sense, not unfrequently asked that gentleman's advice, which of course was quite another thing from taking it. He thought he would ask Drake's advice now.

"The truth is," said he, "that I am in rather a fix. At least, I'm afraid, I am in some danger of getting into a fix. I told you some months ago about Mrs. Brett, you know. Well, in the beginning of the summer I met her at Wetherby, where she was staying, and where, as I think I must have mentioned to you, I had a commission to execute. I didn't see very much of her; but one evening we went out for a walk after dinner, and unluckily we missed our way, and came back rather late. So then there was a—I don't exactly know what to call it."

Mr. Drake had lighted a cigar and had selected the most comfortable chair that he could find. "A shindy?" he suggested blandly.

"Oh, no; nothing of the sort. But Lady Wetherby got up on her hind-legs, and said that sort of thing wouldn't do, and she must request me to go away and stay away until Mrs. Brett had left. So I went."

"So I should imagine. People generally do go away when they are turned out of the house."

"Well, of course. But the fact is I couldn't help feeling that Lady Wetherby was right. It seems that old Brett was getting jealous—and—and he's a horrid old brute, and of course she must hate him."

Archdale paused, and Mr. Drake, for some reason or other, laughed.

"Now I want you to understand just this," resumed the former presently: "nobody could have behaved better than I have about it. I saw that I ought to make myself scarce, and I did. I haven't written to her, I haven't attempted to see her or find out where she was,—though I don't mind telling you that I have been simply dying for news of her all this time,—it wasn't any fault of mine that I came across her yesterday at a picture gallery, and that she asked me to go and see her. Now, what is one to do in such a case as that?"

"Oh, I know what you'll do," answered Drake unhesitatingly; "you'll go and see her. You'll be a fool for your pains; but I dare say you know that as well as I do. Nothing that I can say will prevent your going; but one precaution I do beg of you to take, otherwise there's no knowing what trouble you may not get into: don't make any mystery of your visit. If I were in your place, I should leave a card for the husband."

"I don't think you quite understand my difficulty; I was thinking of her, not of any possible future discomfort to myself. My feeling is that, for her sake, it might perhaps be better that we should not meet just at present. And yet——"

"Oh, I see!" said Drake, laughing; "these are the penalties that one has to pay for being so irresistible. Well, you are merciful, my dear boy, if you aren't over and above modest, and these scruples are most creditable to you, I'm sure. Only, as there isn't the very slightest chance of your acting upon them, I don't know that they will be of much practical use to you or Mrs. Brett or anybody else."

"I suppose that means that if you were in my place you would call."

"I think I told you what I should do if I were in your place. I should call—and I should leave a card for Mr. Brett."

That was enough for Archdale. He called at Cornwall Terrace the same afternoon, and if he did not leave a card for

Mr. Brett he only refrained from doing so in obedience to a hint which he could not disregard.

"I shall not tell my husband that you have been here," Marcia informed him laughingly. "My husband, I am afraid, is not precisely devoted to you, and perhaps it would be hardly worth while to let him know that you are in London."

The speech, though doubtless unwise, was scarcely unpardonable. Archdale accepted it as merely an additional proof of Mrs. Brett's candour and innocence; and, notwithstanding his disinclination to involve himself in what to many persons might wear the appearance of a perilous intrigue, he repeated his visit the next day, and the day after that and every day. Marcia made no secret of the pleasure that it gave her to see him. Sometimes during the preceding season she had thought him a little bit wanting in delicacy, perhaps a shade vulgar; but she did not think him so now. He seemed to have a perfect understanding of her situation and her trials; she could see that he was very sorry for her, although he refrained from saying as much in plain words, and, if she could see a little more than that, how was the poor fellow to help himself? There are certain emotions which it is really impossible to conceal, and the utmost that can be required of any frail mortal is that he should keep silence with reference to them.

Archdale kept silence with his tongue and only spoke with his eyes; so that Marcia was almost as sorry for him as she was for herself, or as he was for her. Perhaps, too, she rather enjoyed the quasi-clandestine character of their interviews, which invested them with something of the glamour of romance.

"I often wish I were dead!" she sighed, one afternoon, when he was sitting, as usual, beside her tea-table. "I have made an utter fiasco of my life, and Providence doesn't allow us a chance of profiting by our experience. It would have been a great deal better never to have been born than to be as discontented as I am."

"I wish"—began Archdale, and then stopped short.

"Well?" said Marcia interrogatively.

"Oh, I was going to say a very shocking thing; I was going to say that I wished Mr. Brett had never been born. But perhaps, after all, that is wishing him no evil, and perhaps it isn't wishing myself any good. I suppose, if you hadn't married him, you would have married some other brute."

This, of course, was tantamount to a declaration; but Marcia

was accustomed to such innuendoes and was not embarrassed by them. "Do you think I have an unconquerable predilection for brutes, then?" she asked smilingly.

"No; I only meant to say that you would have married somebody whom I should have considered a brute. All men are more or less of brutes, I'm afraid, and certainly no man is good enough to be your husband, Mrs. Brett."

To some people sweet things are poison, while others, of more robust constitution, swallow them and enjoy them and appear to thrive upon them. Marcia, who belonged to the latter class, was not repelled by the above somewhat sweeping assertion and was about to make an appropriate rejoinder, when the door was suddenly thrown open and Lady Brett was announced.

The virtuous Caroline sailed up the room, holding out both her hands, as her habit was. It was also a habit of hers to kiss her sister-in-law, who did not like that ceremony, but submitted to it and wiped away the traces with her pocket-handkerchief on the earliest opportunity. Archdale, looking on, thought to himself that he would pay a good round sum to be excused from kissing Lady Brett; but he was in no danger of being placed in any such dilemma, and the very cold bow with which his presence was acknowledged was a sufficient indication of her ladyship's sentiments with regard to him. However, in order to remove any possible doubt that might exist upon the point, Caroline hastened to say:

"My dear Marcia, I am only in London for a few days, and I am most anxious to hear all your news. Especially about poor Eustace, who, I am afraid, is very little the better for his short holiday. I hoped that I should find you—disengaged."

"I'll go away," said Archdale, getting up and laughing.

But Marcia motioned to him to resume his seat and answered: "Please don't; we are not going to talk secrets. Indeed, I don't think I have any news, secret or otherwise, to give you, Caroline," she added. "Eustace, to the best of my belief, is neither better nor worse than he was before we went to Lynton. He wasn't ill then, and he isn't ill now."

Lady Brett shook her head, smiled sadly and sighed. "Eustace never complains," she observed; "but one cannot look at him without seeing that he often suffers. Invalids learn to detect symptoms which I daresay are not noticed by people in robust health."

"But surely," exclaimed Marcia, "you don't call yourself an

invalid! I am thankful to say that I am perfectly healthy, but I can't flatter myself that I look as strong as you do."

A more dire affront could not have been uttered, and of that Marcia was perfectly well aware. The fact was, that Lady Brett had declared war by ostentatiously turning her shoulder towards Archdale, and when once war has been declared it is doubtless best to assume the offensive.

"It is kind of you to say that, dear," returned Caroline sweetly; "only of course you cannot be sincere. The doctor was quite shocked when he saw me yesterday, though nobody knows better than he what a wretched state of health I am in. However, I am so far like Eustace that I try to avoid egotism, and I have no doubt that, so long as we can manage to get through our daily duties, healthy people will give us credit for being as strong as they are. You have good accounts of Willie, I hope?"

She remained for about half an hour, being evidently determined to outstay Archdale, who was equally determined not to be outstayed, and affecting not to notice the efforts which Marcia made from time to time to draw him into the conversation. When at length she was compelled to take her leave, and when he politely held the door open for her, she favoured him with another distant salute, but ignored his outstretched hand.

"Do you know what that woman will do?" asked Marcia, as soon as Lady Brett was out of the room. "She will feel it her duty to tell Eustace that I see far too much of you and that you ought not to be admitted during his absence."

"Oh, I hope she won't be so ill-natured as that," answered Archdale, who, nevertheless, had an uncomfortable conviction that she would.

"Caroline," answered Marcia, "is ill-natured enough for anything, and she hates me so cordially that if she couldn't find anything true to say against me, she would certainly invent something false. But really I don't care, if you don't."

Lady Brett was too good a Christian to hate anybody; what she hated was, of course, the sin, not the sinner. Still, sinners must occasionally be made to suffer for their sins, and as Marcia had rightly divined, she felt it to be an imperative duty to warn Eustace that his domestic happiness was being trifled with. The letter to that effect which she had begun to compose on her way downstairs was, however, not despatched; for just as she



reached the hall-door whom should she encounter but Eustace himself, who at that moment was in the act of letting himself in with his latch-key.

She greeted him effusively, drew him into his study and administered her little dose of poison in a most affectionate and considerate way. She was sure he would believe her when she said that nothing was further from her mind than a desire to make mischief; yet she could not think that his sanction had been given to the very intimate footing upon which Mr. Archdale stood with "poor, dear Marcia." Poor dear Marcia might see nothing wrong in what she was doing—very likely she did not—but it was not to be expected that she would escape the condemnation of a censorious world, while there could, unhappily, be very little doubt about the interpretation which would be placed upon her behaviour by a man of Mr. Archdale's character.

"And he is here every day; I ascertained that from—from what was said in my presence," continued Lady Brett, who shrank from confessing that she had stooped to make inquiries of the butler. "I do hope you will be firm, dear Eustace, and put a stop to this at once. It will be a trial for you to speak to Marcia about it, I know; but sooner or later you will be compelled to speak, and nothing is gained by putting off the evil day."

Very brief and very chilling were the replies which Mr. Brett vouchsafed to his sister-in-law; yet, such as they were, they convinced her that she had alarmed him. "So he didn't know that that man was in the habit of drinking tea at his house every day," she thought, as she drove away. "I was sure he didn't!"

Mr. Brett had been ignorant, not only of that, but of the fact that Archdale was in London, and it was not an agreeable reflection to him that his wife had deceived him in the matter. He walked slowly upstairs, wondering what he ought to do or say, and disliking intensely the situation into which he had been forced by circumstances. From such situations few men can extricate themselves with dignity, and fewer still with any approach to triumph. The majority, it would appear, close their eyes or turn their backs and hope for the best. But Mr. Brett, who did not belong to the majority, was neither a coward nor a humbug. His unswerving custom was to act according to his lights and obey the voice of his conscience; it was

certain that he would always do what he deemed to be right and scarcely less certain that he would always do it in the wrong way.

His face was very stern and his manner more repellent than usual when he entered the drawing-room and held out his thin, cold hand to the artist. "How do you do, Mr. Archdale?" said he. "I hear that you have already done us the honour to call more than once. I should of course have returned your visits if I had been told of them. Please accept my apologies."

He was painfully conscious of being ridiculous; but he did not see how that could be helped. It was essential—or at any rate he thought so—that Archdale should be snubbed and that Marcia should be put to confusion; as for himself, it was to be presumed that they both despised him already; so that it did not greatly signify what sort of figure he might cut in their opinion. He was so far successful that Marcia was visibly confused; but to snub Archdale was no such easy matter.

"I believe," replied the latter tranquilly, "that it is I who owe you an apology, Mr. Brett. I ought to have dropped a card upon the hall-table as I went out; but I quite forgot to do it, and I never dreamt of expecting a busy man like you to call upon me. Not that I shouldn't be charmed to see you if you cared to look in at my studio any day. It is rather empty just at present, I am sorry to say; still I have one or two completed pictures to exhibit, and I should be glad to hear your criticisms upon them."

"I am not qualified to criticise pictures," answered Mr. Brett, curtly.

He remained standing; so that Archdale, who had risen to shake hands with him, could not very well sit down again. There was an awkward moment of silence, which Marcia terminated by remarking:

"Caroline has been here. She came to inquire after your health and seemed to think me very heartless when I told her that, so far as I knew, there was nothing the matter with you. Perhaps you met her as you came in?"

"Yes—I met her as I came in," answered Mr. Brett, raising his eyes and looking steadily at his wife for an instant. He had no intention of denying that Caroline was answerable for so unusual an event as his appearance in the drawing-room at that hour.

Archdale glanced at his watch and said he must be off.

Perhaps it was not so much bravado as a wish to appear as though he had nothing to conceal that made him add on taking leave of Marcia: "I hope you may be persuaded to come and look at my poor daubs some time or other. Mr. Brett, I'm afraid, won't."

When the husband and wife were left together, Mr. Brett opened fire without delay. "I cannot allow you to go to that man's studio, Marcia," said he. "I must also request that you will cease to receive him here as I understand that you have been doing lately. I confess that I am surprised at your having said nothing to me about these visits of his."

"I did not think that you would be interested in hearing who had called," answered Marcia. "You have never seemed to be so before. If Caroline says that Mr. Archdale is to be forbidden the house, of course it must be done. Only you must do it yourself, please. I really cannot undertake to insult my friends at your bidding or even at Caroline's."

"You are not asked to insult anybody, Marcia, nor have I the slightest wish to deprive you of the many friends of yours who are not my friends. But as regards Mr. Archdale, I have already given you reasons for avoiding the reality or the appearance of intimacy with him. If you do not think those reasons good, it would probably be out of my power to convince you that they are so. I must, therefore, however reluctantly, claim the authority to which I am entitled. But I hope that, for your own sake as well as mine, you will not compel me to give any orders upon the subject to the servants."

"What do you expect me to do, then? Am I to write to Mr. Archdale and say, 'My husband will not allow me to receive your visits, which in his opinion are compromising me'?"

"I should not think that it would be necessary to be so explicit. If you yourself desired to get rid of a troublesome acquaintance, you would no doubt find some easy and polite way of dismissing him. At any rate, that is a matter of detail which I will gladly leave in your hands."

Mr. Brett smiled faintly as he spoke, and his smile, which was in reality expressive of nothing but relief at the thought that he had got through a most distasteful task, seemed to Marcia to be one of triumph.

"A troublesome acquaintance!" she exclaimed. "Of course I could get rid of a troublesome acquaintance; so could any

fool. But Mr. Archdale is much more than an acquaintance ; he is a friend, who knows that I value his friendship, and if I am to cut him in future, he will naturally demand an explanation. When he does, I shall give him the true one."

"Well, I am not prepared to say that that would be a bad plan. So far as I am concerned, he is quite welcome to the information that I can no longer permit him to be my wife's friend."

Marcia, whose nerves had been out of gear for some time past, and who was always irritated by her husband's cold impassibility, lost all control over herself. "I can't endure this!" she ejaculated ; "it is too insulting and humiliating ! If you were jealous I could forgive you, though I might think you unreasonable ; but you are not. You don't care one atom for me, or for what may become of me ; it is only that Caroline has frightened you by telling you that you will have a scandal in the family unless you mind what you are about. She has no right to say such things, and you have no right to believe them—no gentleman would. As for me, I am tired of being suspected and spied upon. I would rather make an end of it, once for all."

"You speak harshly and unjustly," observed Mr. Brett ; "but perhaps that is not surprising. When you have had leisure to reflect more coolly you will, I hope, see that I have simply done my duty, and that I have not deserved such language. I doubt whether any protestations of affection on my part would be welcome to you ; still, as a mere question of fact, you must, I suppose, be aware that all the years of our married life have made no change in my love for you."

"It is just possible that you may think you are speaking the truth, Eustace. I daresay you can always manage to persuade yourself that you are speaking the truth. But the real truth is that we made a most miserable mistake when we married, and that our only chance of escaping misery for the rest of our lives is to part. I know what you will say : separations are not respectable. All I can tell you is that I have done my very best to escape what I now feel to be a matter of sheer necessity. I can't bear it any longer ! If I were to continue living with you I verily believe I should go mad. We need not quarrel ; but we can live apart, and Willie, if you insist upon it, can divide his time between us. There is no help for it : sooner or later it must have come to this."

Mr. Brett was standing beside the table, slowly turning a paper-cutter between his fingers. He answered gravely, without raising his eyes: "I shall never be able to forget what you have said, Marcia; but at present it is impossible for me to judge whether you are serious or whether you are under the influence of excitement. I will speak to you again to-morrow morning before I go out, or on my return in the afternoon: just now it would be both useless and painful to both of us to prolong this conversation."

He left the room at once, while Marcia, with tears in her eyes and clenched hands, cried aloud: "I hate him!—I hate him!"

Possibly she did hate him; in any case she was furiously angry with him and truly sorry for herself. Moreover, she was sincere in her belief that she must leave him if she wished to retain possession of her senses. There is a great deal to be said against amicable separations, and there is a great deal to be said against having your arm or your leg cut off; but a choice of evils is among the most common of human experiences.

## CHAPTER XV.

### WILLIE DISAPPROVES.

It is almost invariably the impetuous people who get their own way in this world; but it is to the phlegmatic that the majority of victories (that is to say all the unimportant ones) fall, and thus the latter usually gain a reputation for firmness which it would be ungenerous to grudge them, since that represents about the sum of their gains. Mr. Brett was so far successful that when Marcia rose on the following morning she was suffering from the effects of reaction and was ready to haul down her colours for the time being. She had lived long enough to know that a woman who is separated from her husband is in a very false position; she could not but acknowledge that, as regarded the particular point in dispute, Eustace had a better case than she could put forward; she perceived also that so long as she remained under his roof it would be impossible for her to defy him. She might, indeed, refuse to give her friend his dismissal; but her friend would nevertheless be dismissed. All things considered, therefore, it seemed best to sit down and write the subjoined letter:

"DEAR MR. ARCHDALE,

"I am very sorry that I must ask you not to come here any more for the present. I have spoken to you frankly—more frankly, perhaps, than I ought to have done—about my husband ; so that I daresay you will see how it is that I am obliged to make this inhospitable request. I would rather not say any more than this about it ; only I hope you will understand that I do not wish our acquaintanceship to cease. The loss of your visits will be a very real loss to me ; but it is, I think, an inevitable one, and all I can tell you is that it will always be a great pleasure to me if I should chance to meet you anywhere except in my own house.

Believe me,

"Very sincerely yours,      MARCIA BRETT."

Mr. Brett had left for the police-court before this somewhat imprudent epistle was composed ; but he returned straight home after his day's work was done, instead of going to his club, as usual, and he found his wife waiting for him in the drawing-room with the air of a saint and a martyr. As was to be expected, the lapse of twenty-four hours had exercised a different influence upon him from that which it had produced upon her. Without any introductory remarks, he began :

"I have been thinking over what you said to me yesterday, Marcia, and I have been obliged, much against my will, to admit that your wish to live apart from me is not an unnatural one. I myself have religious objections, which I presume that you do not share, to the dissolution of any marriage ; but setting those aside, I still think that there are others which ought to make you pause before taking a step which would be virtually irrevocable. It is only too true that we are not in sympathy with one another and that there is little, if any, hope of our ever being able now to live together upon such terms as are desirable between husband and wife ; but we have to consider our child as well as ourselves. It is on his account that I beg you for a little forbearance which I would not ask for on my own. You must see what a serious misfortune it would be for him to know that his parents had quarrelled and to be compelled—as, in the nature of things, he would be compelled—to take one side or the other. I say nothing of your own future as a married woman without a husband ; you have probably weighed the advantages against the disadvantages of such a position. But I do appeal to you, for Willie's sake, to consider whether some sort of *modus vivendi* cannot be agreed upon between us. I am willing to make any concession that I can honestly and honourably make ; but, rightly

or wrongly, I hold an opinion which I cannot change to the effect that it is a husband's duty to protect his wife from slander; and that is why I must maintain my prohibition against your intimacy with Mr. Archdale."

This harangue was delivered in slow, unmodulated accents, and gave the impression of having been learnt (as indeed it had been) by heart. To Marcia it was offensive in a degree which its author, who thought it decidedly conciliatory, was quite incapable of realizing.

"I have written to Mr. Archdale," she replied, "and I have told him that I do not wish him to come here any more. I may, and I probably shall, meet him elsewhere, and if I do meet him I shall not cut him dead. You will hardly expect that of me, I suppose."

"No; I do not expect that; I do not even wish it. I am not sure whether I have made it clear to you, Marcia, that this is to my mind a mere matter of expediency. As you said yesterday, I am not jealous of Mr. Archdale, and I may add that I have confidence in your sense of what is due to yourself as well as to me. But neither you nor I can afford to despise the gossip of our neighbours."

"Oh I can quite enter into your feelings," answered Marcia, with a touch of scorn, "and I agree with you that we had better keep up appearances as long as it is possible to keep them up. Whether it will always be possible is more than I can tell yet; but I will do my best. It seems to me that I have been doing my best for a very long time, and the result hasn't been particularly encouraging."

Mr. Brett made no rejoinder, having in truth none to make. Possibly she had done her best, and possibly he had not done his best; justice forced that unspoken admission from him.

So a reconciliation which was in no true sense of the word a reconciliation was patched up, and weeks passed without any further collision between the ill-mated couple. If they were not altogether unhappy weeks for Marcia, it must be confessed that the reason why they were not so was that she contrived to meet Archdale pretty frequently in the course of them. He wrote a very prettily-worded and sympathetic reply to her note, in which he said that he would be guided entirely by her orders as to their future relations, at the same time hinting that if he was to be deprived of the solace of exchanging a few words with her every now and then, his life, already miserable enough, would hardly

be worth having. He added that some researches which he was making into the method of the early Italian school would compel him to spend the whole of the following afternoon at the National Gallery.

Some months earlier Marcia might, perhaps, have thought the intimation a trifle impertinent ; but now she knew the man, and his impertinences, if such they were, had become pleasant to her—as indeed they had to many another woman before. She went to the National Gallery, and they had a long talk together, in the course of which a good deal was said that would have been better left unsaid. She meant no harm ; but she thought that she owed a fuller explanation to her friend than she could put upon paper, and naturally that explanation included some unflattering comments upon the conduct of her husband. As for Archdale, he was in the seventh heaven ; because this was exactly the sort of thing in which he delighted. He did not wish to get into trouble—his way of putting it would have been that he loved Marcia too truly to expose her to the risk of getting into trouble—but he did wish very much to make her understand that he adored her ; and if any doubt as to that existed in her mind at the close of their interview, the fault was assuredly not his.

After this they met almost daily, sometimes at the National Gallery, sometimes in the Park, and occasionally at the house of one or other of their friends ; and the surreptitious character of these encounters invested them, no doubt, with additional charm. Marcia had a certain exciting half-consciousness of danger, but it was not until within a few weeks of Christmas that she found out all of a sudden how real the danger was. She was walking down Curzon Street with Archdale, who had kindly offered to see her a part of the way home from the house where they had both been having tea, when he said casually, " I am rather thinking of spending the rest of the winter in Florence and Rome. How I wish you were going to be there too ! "

The announcement took her breath away and made her heart stand still. In an instant she realized what she had never realized before, how much she cared for this man, and what a terrible blank his absence would leave in her life. For a long time she had felt that he was her one friend and that only to him could she speak candidly of the weariness and discouragement of her existence ; but now she knew that he was



great deal more than a friend, and that his desertion of her would imply misery far worse than anything that she had hitherto imagined to be misery. It was not without shame and not without happiness that she recognized the truth. It is not permissible that a married woman should love any man except her husband ; but then again it is not possible to help loving a person whom theoretically one has no right to love. More cannot be required of human beings—because it would be against nature to require it—than that they should conceal their feelings. Marcia thought that she was concealing hers when she remarked, with some slight tremulousness of intonation, “I am sorry you are going away ; I shall miss you.”

“If I could think that you would really miss me, Mrs. Brett,” answered Archdale at once, “I wouldn’t go. I am sure you know without my telling you that so long as you are in London I would much rather be where I am than in Italy ; but it isn’t always wise to consult one’s own inclinations.”

“Oh, if it is a question of wisdom !”

“Well, perhaps it isn’t. I have never pretended to be wise, and I am not convinced that I know what constitutes true wisdom. But I think I know what constitutes happiness, and one thing I know for certain, that if by remaining in England I could increase your happiness in ever so small a degree, I should increase my own enormously.”

“That is absurd,” answered Marcia laughing. “Of course I shall miss you if you go and I shall be glad if you stay ; but I would not for the world think of interfering with your plans. Will you call a hansom for me, please ?”

He did as he was requested, and although nothing more than has been set down above passed between them, Marcia knew very well, as she was being driven homewards, that Mr. Archdale would not go to Italy. “I suppose I ought to wish him to go,” she thought to herself ; “but I can’t and I don’t ! After all, what sin can there be in seeing him and talking to him every now and then ? And I ask for nothing more. I don’t believe he cares for me a tenth part as much as I care for him ; yet if he cares only a very little, that is something. At any rate it is all that I have to live for.”

It was all that she did live for just then ; but Willie’s return home for the Christmas holidays made a difference. For some days after his arrival his mother could only think of him, and although it distressed her a little to notice how rapidly he was

developing both mentally and physically, and how independent he was becoming, maternal pride consoled her in some measure for the emancipation which she foresaw. There was no renewal of the rivalry which had subsisted between her and her husband during the summer. Mr. Brett, who was much occupied, and whose health was once more falling into an unsatisfactory condition, scarcely noticed the boy; so that Marcia was not only free to keep him with her all day, but could take him to the pantomimes in the evening. And she availed herself to the utmost of these privileges. It was too late now to say to her heart and her conscience that she loved Willie better than everybody else in the world put together; but she did feel that while Willie was with her she wanted nobody else. Perhaps also she was aware that his presence was a protection against dangers which she did not care to contemplate.

Certainly it was not with the expectation of meeting Archdale—because, for some reason or other, she shrank from the idea of bringing him and Willie together—that she took him to a concert at St. James's Hall; but, as it happened, there Archdale was among the audience, and at the first opportunity he left his seat to take one at her elbow.

"Where have you been hiding yourself?" he asked in a reproachful undertone. "I haven't seen you for the last hundred years."

"I haven't hidden myself at all," answered Marcia, laughing rather nervously; "but I have been in places which I suppose you don't frequent—circuses and pantomimes, and so on. We have been making the most of our Christmas holidays, Willie and I."

"Poor you!" exclaimed Archdale. "How glad you must be that Christmas only comes once a year!"

It was scarcely a kind speech to make, but Marcia did not resent it because her own temperament enabled her to sympathise with the speaker and because the annoyance which she discerned in his face was not unflattering to her. Besides, he was justified in looking with jealous eyes upon the one and only formidable rival whom he had in the world. He retained the disengaged chair of which he had taken possession until the end of the performance, and she talked to him over her shoulder, and he said a few patronising words to the boy. Marcia was not sorry that an encounter which was probably inevitable had taken place, and it passed off, upon the whole, more smoothly

than she had ventured to anticipate. However, as Willie walked away with his mother he said decisively—

“I don’t like that fellow.”

“Oh, but you must try to like him,” Marcia answered anxiously, “because he is a great friend of mine, and he is really very nice. What is it that you dislike in him?”

“Isn’t he rather a conceited sort of chap?” Willie inquired.

“Oh, dear no! he thinks nothing of himself, although in reality he is one of the most famous artists living. I know what you mean, but it is only manner. It comes from being so run after and lionised. Anybody else would have been spoilt by all the adulation which has been showered upon him, but he isn’t in the least. If you knew him better you would find that he hardly ever mentions his pictures, and when he does it is only to depreciate them.”

“I expect he does that because he wants to be contradicted,” observed Willie, with what seemed to his mother to be abnormal precocity. She was not aware—and, for that matter, not many people are—that schoolboys can perceive the obvious quite as easily as full-grown men, and that the characters of men differ from those of boys only in a few comparatively unimportant particulars. As, however, she knew something of the peculiarities of the male sex as a whole, and as her researches had led her to the (possibly erroneous) conclusion that we are more prejudiced and more obstinate than women, she said nothing further on Archdale’s behalf. In truth, she did not greatly care whether the two beings whom she loved best on earth liked one another or not. It seemed improbable that they would ever be brought into close contact, and, as has already been said, she was not anxious that they should be.

During the remainder of Willie’s holidays she saw very little of Archdale. She did not seek occasions of meeting him, nor was she able to respond to certain imploring invitations from him which reached her through the post. Nevertheless she missed him; and it was with surprise and contrition that she found herself actually looking forward to the day when her boy should once more be taken away from her. This, more than anything else, brought home a sense of guilt and shame to her. It is not difficult to believe what all women situated as she was wish to believe, that love, which is in itself so beautiful and innocent an emotion, cannot be wrong and cannot be quenched; but as soon as the consequences of a love which it is impossible

to avow become apparent, self-deception becomes less easy. If Marcia was conscious of some relief when Willie departed for the station in his hansom, this was perhaps less by reason of a half-acknowledged longing for freedom than because she felt that, come what might, she could never bear to be despised by her son. And he was so clever and observant that possibly he would have found her out and despised her if he had stayed longer.

Her husband looked at her curiously after dinner that night and inquired whether she was feeling ill.

"No," answered Marcia, a sudden flush coming into her cheeks. "Why do you ask?"

"You have an appearance of feverishness and your appetite seems to have deserted you, that is all."

"Of course I am not in the best of spirits now that Willie has gone," answered Marcia irritably.

"Oh, is that it?" said Mr. Brett, in his customary cold tone; "I didn't know."

She suspected him of making an insinuation to which she could not reply, and she hated him for it. In assigning an ignoble part to her husband—which she was able to do without much insincerity—she found some justification for herself.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MR. BRETT GIVES IN.

Marcia was quite mistaken in supposing that her husband suspected her of contriving clandestine meetings with Archdale. He suspected nothing, being resolved to suspect nothing, and, as far as was possible, he had dismissed the obnoxious artist from his thoughts. To dismiss all that she had said to him from his thoughts was not possible, and the recollection of it gave him many hours of pain; but just as nine-tenths of us contrive to close our eyes to the certainty of death or the probability that we have in us the germs of some mortal disease, so he refused to contemplate a contingency which he nevertheless secretly dreaded. She did not love him, and she might love somebody else. The thing was conceivable; but he had not—or so he assured himself—any fair grounds for believing it to be a fact. Therefore he went on in the monotonous routine of his daily

life, asking no questions, and perhaps thanking Heaven that Caroline was not in London to supply him with answers to the queries which he so carefully left unuttered.

But such a state of things never lasts, and never can last long. When Mr. Brett was plodding homewards one evening, feeling weary and out of spirits, as he generally did in those days, he overtook a sauntering couple whom he could not help recognizing. As he stepped off the pavement to pass them the light of a gas lamp fell full upon the features of Archdale; so that there was nothing for it but to stop and say "How do you do?" Archdale seemed to be rather taken aback and confused. He explained, with somewhat unnecessary eagerness, that he had met Mrs. Brett in Oxford Street and had felt bound to insist upon seeing her home. Darkness came on so early now, and it was really not safe for a lady to be walking about alone in the less frequented parts of the town.

"We are very much indebted to you," Mr. Brett replied formally; "but we will not take you any farther out of your way now. I am glad I caught you up in time to spare you an excursion into the unfrequented district which we inhabit."

The remoteness of Cornwall Terrace, which was one of Marcia's constant subjects of complaints, was rather a sore point with him.

Archdale, who could scarcely do otherwise, accepted his dismissal, and after he had left them the husband and wife walked on, side by side, in silence. It was only when they reached their own door that Mr. Brett asked coldly, "Has this occurred before?"

"Has what occurred before? I don't know what you mean," returned Marcia.

"I merely wished to inquire whether you are in the habit of meeting, in the streets or elsewhere, a man whom I have been compelled to forbid your receiving."

"I have met him in the street, and I have met him at different people's houses, and I have no doubt that I shall meet him again," answered Marcia, in a tone of defiance. "When I asked you whether you wished me to cut him, I understood you to say that you did not. You have changed your mind perhaps?"

"Surely," said Mr. Brett, "it is possible to steer a middle course. Cutting an acquaintance is disagreeable; but I cannot think that it would be difficult to make him understand that his

intimacy was not desired. That is, supposing him to possess in any degree the feelings of a gentleman."

"I presume that I do not possess in any degree the feelings of a lady," observed Marcia; "for I certainly do not see my way to treating my friends as you order me to treat them. Why don't you lock me up in my bedroom? There would, at least, be some sense in that, since you don't seem to believe that I can conduct myself with ordinary decency when I am out of your sight; but there is no sense at all in allowing me a short tether and scolding me when I stretch it as far as it will go."

They had now entered Mr. Brett's study. He threw himself down in the chair which stood beside his writing-table and clasped his hands with a nervous gesture of despair. "Marcia!" he exclaimed, "this is becoming intolerable!"

"Yes," she returned; "it is intolerable. I told you so before, and I am glad that you acknowledge it. You are not quite in the wrong, nor am I; but we are neither of us quite in the right, and we never can be. It is a case of what people call 'faults on both sides,' I suppose, only there are some faults that can be forgiven and others that can't. You can't forgive mine and I can't forgive yours; so we had better part before we come to blows."

She ended with an unsteady sort of laugh which puzzled him. "I don't know to answer you," he said, shaking his head. "I have tried to consider this question dispassionately; I am honestly anxious that your life should be as happy as circumstances will permit——"

"My dear Eustace," interrupted Marcia, "you are honestly anxious to be rid of me, and I am honestly anxious to be rid of you. Why should we not speak the truth?"

"So far as I am concerned, that is not the truth," he answered—and his voice betrayed that her words had hurt him. "It is not true that I am anxious to be rid of you; only I so far agree with you that I think it would be better for us to live apart than to wrangle. Anything is better than wrangling."

"Yes; anything is better than that. I have been thinking it over too, and I see how impossible it is for us to continue living together. After all, it is not you who will suffer by the separation; in such cases the woman is always blamed."

"Exactly so; and that is just what makes me hesitate to comply with your request."

"You need not feel any scruples on my behalf. I know quite

well that many people will decline to receive me when I have set up an establishment of my own—and I don't care. All I ask for is that Willie shall be allowed to spend half of his holidays with me ; you won't have the heart to refuse me that, I suppose."

Mr. Brett made an undecided gesture. "As matters stand at present, that sounds a reasonable stipulation," said he. "Nevertheless, I am compelled to tell you that circumstances might arise which would render it inadmissible. While you remain with me I have some control over your actions ; I can say to you—and, as you know, I have had to say—that this or that person must not enter my house ; but if you had an establishment of your own, that power of mine would necessarily cease, and——"

He came to such a long pause that Marcia spoke again before he could finish his sentence. "Are you afraid that Willie will be contaminated by meeting Mr. Archdale?" she asked. "Well, I can assure you of this, Eustace—and perhaps, as I have never told you a lie, you will believe me—I would a thousand times rather be parted for ever from Mr. Archdale, much as I like him, than be parted from Willie. I would a thousand times rather stay where I am than be parted from Willie ; and anything stronger than that I could not say !"

"Then why should we be separated, Marcia?"

"You yourself have answered that question. Because the life that we lead is more than flesh and blood can endure ; because we haven't a thought or a wish or a taste in common ; because everything that I do exasperates you, and everything that you do exasperates me. I have tried to be forbearing, and I daresay you have tried too ; but all these efforts have been in vain, and we should have acknowledged it long ago if we hadn't both of us been rather more afraid of Mrs. Grundy than we ought to have been. Now we have reached a point at which we can't help acknowledging it."

Mr. Brett sighed, changed his position and cleared his voice. ("Oh," thought Marcia, "if I gained nothing else by leaving him, what a blessing it would be to know that I should never hear him clear his voice at me again!") Presently he said : "You may be aware that neither you nor I could obtain a legal separation. By private arrangement we might agree to live apart, and, as your money is your own, it would be comparatively easy for us to do so ; but there are obstacles in the way of our

taking that step which, to say the least of them, require consideration. I should be obliged, for instance, to give some sort of explanation to my family."

"In other words, you would like to consult George and Caroline. By all means consult them, then. You can tell them that I alone am to blame; but it will not be necessary for you to tell them that, because they will be quite convinced of it in advance. They will pretend to be shocked; but in reality they will be delighted to think that I have ruined myself socially, and that I shall be seen no more in the great houses to which they can't get invitations. You need not fear any serious opposition from them."

Mr. Brett winced. He could not deny that he was desirous of consulting his brother, nor could he help admitting that there was a certain degree of justification for Marcia's sarcasms. Finally he said: "We will speak of this again the day after tomorrow, if you please. I believe I understand what your wishes are, and if I find that I can conscientiously gratify them, I will do so."

That a man who was thoroughly straightforward and honest, should have appeared to her to be a canting hypocrite was not astonishing. Straightforward and honest men are not always happy in the phraseology which they see fit to adopt, and it is unlikely that Marcia's verdict upon her husband would have been modified if she could have overheard a conversation which took place in the City on the following day between him and Sir George Brett. The younger brother stated his case as impartially as it could be stated, and the elder listened to him with a lenient, but slightly contemptuous smile.

"I don't want to be rude, Eustace," was Sir George's comment upon what had been related to him; "but the long and the short of all this is that you can't make your wife obey you. Now I'm not going to give you a word of advice one way or the other. I don't choose to take a responsibility which doesn't properly belong to me; but if you ask me what I think, I don't mind telling you that in my opinion you have made an ass of yourself. It is very evident that your wife will get her own way—Caroline, I may tell you, foresaw long ago what the end of it would be—and I only hope that nothing more scandalous than an amicable separation will come of it. In the event of a separation being decided upon—which, mind you, I don't for one moment recommend—I should say that you had better



allow the boy to see his mother from time to time. Still, if I were in your place, I should reserve to myself a contingent right of withdrawing him from her altogether."

"Contingent upon what?" inquired Eustace, who did not quite like his brother's tone, and had not expected to meet with such ready acquiescence in that quarter.

Sir George drew down the corners of his mouth, raised his eyebrows, and jerked up his shoulders. "Upon her good behaviour, of course. Far be it from me to insinuate that there is a chance of her behaving badly, but in making arrangements of this kind it is always well to guard oneself against painful possibilities."

The younger brother went away sad and disheartened, nor were his spirits much raised by a very sympathetic letter from Caroline which reached him the next morning. Caroline took up something the same line as her husband had done. She could not advocate the severing of a tie so sacred as that of holy matrimony; yet she was bound to confess that if such a proceeding could be allowable in any case, it would be in this. For a long time she had seen with deep sorrow that Eustace's health was being undermined by the daily worries which he was called upon to endure, and that he should by some means or other be delivered from these was her earnest desire. She could only pray that he might be guided to do what was just and right, etc., etc.

"Evidently," thought Mr. Brett, "she thinks as George does, only she is too merciful to say so. A man who cannot make his wife obey him is like a man who cannot control his horse; the best thing he can do is to get out of his saddle."

The same afternoon he signified his renunciation to Marcia. "I may have failed in my duty to you," he said, "I can't feel certain about that; but what seems to me beyond question is that I have failed to make you happy and contented. There is no hope of my being more successful in the future than I have been in the past, so that, after full and careful consideration, I believe I shall be right in acceding to your wish that we should part. Your wish remains unchanged, I presume?"

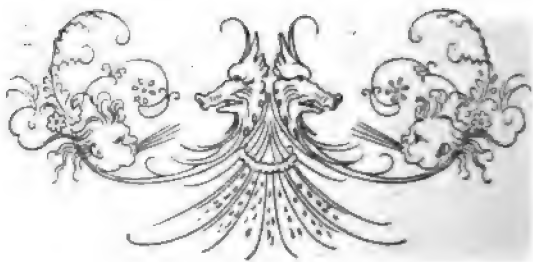
He had a faint hope that she might have thought better of it, but of this he was at once deprived. Marcia paid little attention to the matters of detail, pecuniary and other, which he submitted to her with punctilious exactitude; her only anxiety was with reference to Willie, and as soon as she heard that

no objection would be raised to the boy's spending at least half of his spare time with her, she declared herself abundantly satisfied.

"It would be absurd to say that we shall part friends, Eustace," she remarked ; "but at least we shall not be enemies now, and I should think that will be a relief to you as well as to me. You will be able to live your own life, and perhaps I shall be able, after a fashion, to live mine."

Mr. Brett made an inarticulate murmur which might be taken to imply assent. Marcia, he was thinking, had some reasonable prospect of a life as happy as that of the majority of human beings ; but, for his own part, he could look forward to nothing but work and solitude, and eventually death. And he could not help realising how greatly matters would be simplified, and how resigned to the will of Heaven everybody would be, if he were to drop down dead there and then.

(*To be continued.*)



## A Night with the Circulating Medium.

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WHEN I last sought to interest the sympathetic reader in my poor little history, I had no thought that I should ever return to it more.\*

In company with a sister-note for £10, I then lay a horrified witness of the mutilation which awaits the Issue of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England on their first return to their native home in Threadneedle Street.

Only one little batch of notes lay between us and the merciless hands of the operator, and I felt myself slowly sinking into space.

It was in a haze of stupor that I became conscious, after a time, that some one had come from somewhere, and arrested the work of mutilation. It came to me, in a dreamy way, that certain notes were "wanted" about a cheque which had been fraudulently tampered with, and somebody swindled. A cheque for eight pounds, some one said, had been raised to eighty, but what of that? the circumstance had no interest for me. What did anything matter!

But, when presently my ears caught—afar off, as it seemed—the words "Goldney—Silverton—Private Bank," my indifference vanished in a moment, and I was thoroughly awake.

My thoughts at once flew back to a cheque, the presenter of which, I well remembered, had gruffly refused payment in Goldney Notes and was paid in TENS, of which I was certainly one, and my companion-note another.

Was it possible, I put it to her eagerly, that this was the fraudulent cheque?

Her answer was that she neither knew nor cared.

Before I could frame a reply to this surprising avowal, it was

\*See "A Tale of a Ten Pound Note," 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE,' Sept. 1888.

announced that the note specially wanted was  $\frac{99}{2}00001$ —my own mark and number ! How I longed to cry aloud " Here I am : " but we LEGAL-TENDERS have the gift of speech only with each other, or with other members of the Circulating Medium. We cannot hold converse with the human species.

Other notes were described as wanted, particularly  $\frac{98}{Q}22022$  which I knew to be my companion's number : and, after what seemed to me a search of endless duration, most of the notes wanted were found, and finally placed in the hands of the Detective in charge of the case.

Placing my sister-note and myself in a secret compartment of his pocket-book, he left the Bank ; and the same afternoon we were speeding smoothly and swiftly westwards in a fast train from Paddington.

In a flush of elation, I confided to my friend that I was almost faint with happiness, to which she responded that her feelings were of an entirely opposite description.

I asked in amazement—" Was she not rejoiced at our escape ? "

" Certainly not," was the answer. " I want no reprieve. It is only putting the thing off a week or two, and having to go through the misery of it all a second time. I hate the very thought of going into society again."

Of course, in her dragged and hardly presentable condition, these sentiments were only natural—but I did not say so, as I had no wish to wound her feelings afresh.

On the contrary, just to change the subject, I remarked—" What a multitude of 2's, dear, there are in your number ! "

" Yes," she assented ; " I was known amongst our sisterhood in the Department of Issue as TOO-TOO."

I said I thought it a pretty name ; a little Canadian and squaw-like.

" Perhaps," she sneered, " you would have preferred TWOTLE-TUMS, which a particular friend of yours once called me in the hearing of every note in the till,—the odious little wretch ! "

In order to divert this turn in the conversation, I said, " We are off to Silvertown again, no doubt."

" No doubt," was all the rejoinder : but I was too happy to take offence, and went on :—

" I wonder," I said, " if the Goldney Notes will be glad to see us again ? "

"I am not aware that they were particularly glad to see us last time," was the response.

It was clear that my friend was not in a talkative mood ; and we relapsed into silence, which continued unbroken during the rest of the journey.

We were all in Court next day, and the trial ended in the conviction of the accused man : but it was dusk before we returned to the Bank, and nearly midnight before we were locked by Mr. Goldney in his private desk.

This was of great size, with a rolling top, under which we found ourselves in a spacious compartment with a dark mahogany floor in high polish.

A glance around showed us that we were in the society of a numerous party of Notes, Cheques and Coin—for, as I have said before, we LEGAL-TENDERS see as well in the dark as at noonday.

"Is that you, Nothing-cum-One?" presently enquired a familiar voice. It was that of the Goldney Note we had made acquaintance with at our former visit.

"We are rather a mixed lot," she explained, "just come in from a Rent-audit, but too late to go to the Cash-vault. How do you think I am looking?"

I said I thought she looked as handsome as ever.

"That is rather a doubtful compliment," she replied ; "but the fact is I am growing rather uneasy about my back."

I asked why.

She explained that she had been many times through the post of late, as a remittance, from which she invariably came back in halves.

"The youth who puts us together again," she continued, "has pasted so many slips of gum-paper, one above the other, in my case, that I am developing quite a back-bone, and shall soon be one of the vertebrata."

I expressed a hope that, whatever else happened, she would never have to adopt the family name.

"Oh no!" she said : "my name is Sylvia. I chose it because of our sylvan surroundings, you know."

"Pardon the intrusion, ladies," a voice broke in at this point, "but I should deem it an honour to be allowed to join your charming circle."

"And pray, who may you be?" enquired Too-too.

"I am a representative of the great family of BEARER-CHEQUES, a family which adjusts monetary transactions through the Clearing-House alone, to the extent of 7500 MILLIONS a year, without the use of a single Bank note."

"So much the worse for us poor notes, whose province you unrighteously usurp," observed Sylvia.

"Not at all," was the response; "we only march with the times. Of course," he continued, "you have your uses. You could settle an account for £5 or £10 for example, but when it comes to odd amounts—to pounds, shillings and pence, where are you?"

"We are exchangeable anywhere and always without question into the current coin of the realm," said Too-too, "which is more than you are."

"More than one-half of which said current coin of the realm," retorted the Cheque, "is below standard weight."

Here another voice interposed and said, "The true remedy for such a state of things would be to assimilate your currency to ours in Scotland."

The intruder was invited to declare his name and quality.

"I beg to say," was the answer, "that I am a One Pound Note of the premier Bank of Scotland, latest edition: and I make bold to add that we should be found an efficient substitute for a metallic currency. As for a name, you may call me Scotus."

"You ought to be somebody," remarked Sylvia, "with such an elaborate get-up. Are the other notes of your country all such swells as you?"

"Æsthetically speaking—no. They are not so artistic, I should say."

"Not so full of emblems and medals and things?" continued Sylvia.

"For my part," said Too-too, "I think it is the handsomest provincial Note I have ever seen."

"What is this animal," resumed Sylvia, "in your left margin, standing on his hind-legs, with his tail so very much up?"

"That is the Royal Lion of Scotland."

"He looks a feeble sort of beast to me," persisted Sylvia, "if that is a likeness."

"Maybe he'd not be found so feeble, if any one cared to try conclusions with him," replied Scotus.

"You claim to have been constituted by Act of Parliament in 1695," observed Too-too.

"Just so; exactly one year after your own concern, the

Governor and Company of the Bank of England, was established."

"Of course you have heard," remarked Sylvia, "that we are all going to be suppressed,—English, Scotch, and Irish notes in politic detail?"

"The Government never yet existed of sufficient power to suppress the One Pound Notes of Scotland," replied Scotus. "In resisting to the death such an invasion of our ancient rights, we should have a nation at our backs. But whom have we here?"

This was a gold coin, which, after circling round us twice, subsided with much ado and ceremony close to where we lay.

"Might we venture to ask," said Sylvia, "to whom we are indebted for the honour of this intrusion?"

"Certainly," was the reply; "I am one of the world-renowned family of the STERLING-GOLDS, the acknowledged SOVEREIGNS of the circulating medium. Personally, I belong to the famous Saint George and Dragon branch of our race; but you may call me Sir Dragon, if you like, for shortness."

"Would not Dragon Pen Dragon be more descriptive of your superb qualities, my lord?" asked Sylvia mockingly.

"I don't particularly mind," was the answer; "only I don't recollect exactly who that individual was, and I think I'd rather be plain Sir Dragon, thank you."

"And plain you are," remarked Too-too. "The old Spade Guinea was worth a million of you to look at."

"I have nothing to say against these antediluvian relatives of ours, except that most of them seem to end in being hung in chains."

"Which you will never be for your beauty," was the retort.

There was a short pause, and Sir Dragon resumed:—

"I have a general remark to make, which is this, that the entire brood of notes payable to Bearer on demand—English, Scotch, and Irish, alike—are, one and all, unmitigated impostors."

The audacity of this speech struck us all dumb. Even Sylvia was speechless for a moment, and Sir Dragon went on—

"Individually and collectively, I say, you are a swarm of impostors, pretending to be as good as gold, whereas your intrinsic value would be handsomely put at a penny three farthings apiece!"

"Anything else, your Highness?" enquired Sylvia quivering.

"I am only beginning," he said. "I admit, for one thing, that you are all a highly promising family—in fact, you are all promise. You ought to be known as the three P's—Paper, Promise, and Pretence."

"How dare you!" I exclaimed; but he took no heed.

"I say," he continued, "that you are a race of filibusters, reaping where you have not sown; and that, wherever you penetrate, you drive us from our rightful territories."

"He will claim the fee-simple of the universe next, for the family estate!" exclaimed Sylvia.

"Be content, Sir Dragon," said the Cheque, "to remain what alone you are fit for—the pocket-money of the community; and let the great wheel of commerce continue to turn on the axis of the Clearing."

Disregarding this observation, Sir Dragon went on:—

"Between our family and every tribe of Bearer-notes there lies an unbridgeable gulf. You are the paper coinage of individuals or Corporations or Companies; whereas we are the coinage, in sterling gold, of Her Gracious Majesty, whose image and superscription we proudly bear."

"Nevertheless, O Dragon of Gold!" cried Sylvia, "shams and impostors as you are pleased to style my sister-notes and me, I could exchange for five of you any day."

"I daresay," was the reply; "but wait till old Goldney bursts up, and then see how many of us you will exchange for."

"Mr. Goldney is ready to give security in Consols for his notes under issue at any moment, and is about as likely to burst up as the Bank of England."

"Glad to hear it," was the response:—"all the same, we alone, we, the Sterling-Golds, are the substance and base of the circulating medium, whilst you are its flams and shadows."

I said I would rather ten times be a flam and a shadow, than a boastful little thing like him, if he were fifty times a Dragon.

"You are severe, my fair Ten," was the insolent reply. "You are crisp and snowy white and beautiful to look upon, I admit; but you are only a Debt, after all—a mere vulgar Debt. Your perpetual condition is to owe somebody Ten Pounds."

"And if I do," I said, "the Governor and Company will probably be able to pay what I owe, when demanded."

"No doubt, no doubt—but, you see, they will require *Ten of*



US to do it with ; so that, in point of fact, your family depends on ours from day to day for its very existence."

"A couple of centuries ago," he went on, "there was not a Bearer-Note in existence, whereas we can trace our origin backwards to the Palæozoic period of Geological time. As a coinage, we stand ages ahead of all competitors."

Here the words—"Not so fast, Sir Dragon,"—came from somewhere near, in a shrill voice ; and presently a small silver coin wheeled briskly in front of us, and after throwing a tiny somerset, rang itself fussily to rest at the feet of Sylvia.

"Who in the name of all that is ridiculous is this ?" demanded Scotus.

"I have the honour to be one of Her Majesty's Three-penny bits," was the answer ; "and my name is Duodecimus, if you wish to know."

"Is not that a very big name for such a little fellow as you ?" said Sylvia. "Would not Duo be better ?"

"Or Silvermite ?" I suggested.

"From either of *you*—yes," said the imp, with the grown-up air of a crown-piece. "But, you see, I have a principle to uphold ;—I am a representative of the great Duodecimal system of money."

"A system doomed to extinction," observed Scotus. "The florin, I fear, has laid the foundation of the money of the future, and we shall have to think in decimals."

"But not go marketing with them," said Duo.

Asked why not ? he said :

"Because we make all our calculations in halves or quarters or thirds, and not in tenths or hundredths or millionths. Fancy your grocer quoting you two-decimal-seven-five pence as the price of his sugar, instead of two pence three-farthings, like a rational being."

"All the same," said Scotus, "I rather fear pounds, shillings and pence are doomed."

"You can divide a shilling of twelve pence," persisted the small coin, "four times without a remainder ; but make it a ten-penny piece, and it becomes divisible only twice,—except with a following of tenths, and hundredths, like a comet's tail. Moreover, I have a strong personal objection to the change :—it would reduce me to a two-penny-ha'penny Bit,—a degradation which I should abhor, and probably not survive."

"You are more likely to be abolished altogether," here inter-

posed the Cheque. "A vulgar little fraction like you would be an irreducible nuisance in a decimal coinage."

"When I have had it out with Sir Dragon," replied Duo, "I promise myself the satisfaction of a special round with you, Signor Cheque."

"Odsbodikins!" was the scoffing response, "we are threatened, are we, by the puissant Knight, Sir Threepenny Bits?"

"What a little bantam it is!" exclaimed Sylvia. "Fancy this atom of pluck going forth alone to meet the Dragon Royal! It is David and Goliath over again."

"And now, O valorous three-penn'orth of Knighthood," cried Sir Dragon, "come on!"

"You said just now, Sir Dragon, that your family stand ages ahead of all other coinage in point of antiquity."

"And, if I did, what then, thou moiety of sixpence?"

"Only this, that the fact happens to be exactly the reverse, O thou Dragon of Ignorance! We, the SILVER-COINS, are the premier race."

"Prove it, most learned aliquot of ninepence."

"That is easily done," replied Duo: "Abraham paid Ephron for the field of Machpelah 400 shekels of silver, 'current money with the merchant.'"

"He is pirating Adam Smith," observed the Cheque.

"Who pirated the Bible," retorted Duo,—"see Genesis xxiii. verse 16. Whereas there is no mention of gold money for ages afterwards—not till the time of David the King."

"I rather think," observed Scotus, "that there is earlier mention of gold than of silver in the sacred record;—for we read, in the very second chapter of Genesis, of the land of Havilah—where there is gold."

"Just so," replied Duo: "but the present point is about coin,—not nuggets."

"It is a pity," sneered the Cheque, "that, with such a knowledge of Scripture, this precious atom of currency should be so destitute of commercial honesty."

Challenged to explain, the Cheque continued:—"Because it allows itself to pass for threepence, whereas intrinsically it is worth about half the money."

"Go on: pray go on," cried Duo.

"I say," resumed the Cheque, "that this contemptible unit is not a coin at all, but a mere counter. It is trading under false pretences, like the rest of its audacious family, and wouldn't

pay 12s. 6d. in the pound, if put in the melting-pot to-morrow."

"Listen," cried Duo, "I beg of you all to listen to this paragon."

"By-the-bye," interposed Sir Dragon, "art thou a BI-METALLIST, my argentiferous molecule?"

"Assuredly yes," said Duo.

"You desire to be levelled up to our standard, eh?"

"Or level you down to ours, just as you please."

"Being worth in the markets of the world," continued Sir Dragon, "some three and sixpence an ounce, you wish that price to be raised, by Act of Parliament, to five shillings?"

"Coarsely put—yes; there or thereabouts. We intend to raise prices to their proper level."

"And practically denude every one," said the Cheque, "of about a fifth of his income from whatever source it came. To my mind, Bi-metallism is veiled robbery."

"When 'the horny-handed sons of toil,'" Sir Dragon resumed, "find that they have to give at the rate of five shillings for things instead of three and sixpence, does it not occur to you, Master Threepence, that you and your abettors would pretty soon find yourselves betwixt the Devil and the deep sea?"

"We will chance all that," replied Duo: "and, as for the principle of the thing, what is one man's loss, you know, is another man's gain."

"On an equal show of reason and morality," observed the Cheque, "one might take to picking pockets."

"And what are you but a pick-pocket?" Duo flamed out: and it seemed to me that the Cheque, which leant against a side of the desk, quivered a little at this sudden and dreadful charge.

"Look at him!" continued the little coin, "passing himself off for £80, his proper amount being £8 and no more."

We were all astounded. Sylvia, as usual, was the first to speak.

"Are we to understand," she said, in a dreadfully calm voice, "that this is the disgraceful instrument by means of which the Goldneys have been defrauded of £72?"

"Not the slightest doubt of it, the self-righteous impostor," asserted Duo; and the Cheque, after wavering for a moment, fell forward on its face.

"Let us all sit upon him!" cried Duo. Whereupon crowns,

half-crowns and florins came trooping from various points with much ringing and silvery clatter, and, following the example of Duo, cast themselves, one after the other, on the prostrate Cheque.

The racket was at its height, when a heavy something was bumped upon the top of the desk : and there was an immediate hush.

"What do you mean," demanded an unearthly voice, "by all this squabbling and uproar ? Do you think it seemly or prudent, instruments of credit as you are, to vilify and discredit each other, as if you were so many human idiots ?"

"It is the Old Ledger," said Sylvia, in an awed whisper. "which they say 'walks' like a Banshee, whenever the Goldneys make a bad debt, until it is written off."

She was asked why.

"Because he cannot balance himself without reckoning the bad debt as good, which goes against his conscience and makes him restless."

"How am I to take you down and post you up, and carry you out, and find your interest products to the fifth decimal, in the hearing of all this babblement and noise ?"

"That is one of his delusions," said Sylvia. "He no more posts us up than I do. He is dreadfully old—nearly a hundred they say—and carries in his aged bosom the money secrets of half the county. We call him Old Custos."

"Have you no fear," continued the voice, "of being debited, in the midst of this riotous confusion, to wrong accounts, and had up for debts you never incurred, and I for fraudulent book-keeping ?"

"The poor old fellow," said Sylvia again, "is getting bulgy and out of shape, which gives him distorted views."

"Is it nothing to you that for hours I have been adding myself up without arriving twice at the same total, until half the figures are turning round or standing on their heads, and refuse to be summed any more ?"

"He was originally half-bound in russia," continued Sylvia, "and was once the top-swell of the book-safe ; but he is now in a brown holland cover with bands like a blouse."

"He doesn't seem to me to have a very amiable temper," observed Scotus.

"Neither would you," retorted Sylvia, "if you had nothing in your inside but sums."

"You want BI-METALLISM and a double-legged standard, do you?" the voice resumed after a pause, with scornful emphasis. "Why not an optional yard-measure, a flexible foot-rule, or an elastic multiplication table?"

"The old fool," remarked Duo, "is quite off his head!"

"On the contrary," replied Scotus, "his head, if he has one, seems to me to be fairly well screwed on."

"Why should there for ever go twenty shillings to the pound sterling, and not fifteen and sixpence, or more or less?" the voice continued. "Are we never to emancipate ourselves from the monotony and thralldom of a single standard?"

"As mad as a hatter!" persisted Duo.

"When you have by force and compulsion wedded nimble-footed gold to a bride in silver 15½ times his own weight," the voice went on, "how long do you give the precious couple to exist side by side before they fall out?"

Scotus said that if the question were left to him to answer he should say about four-and-twenty hours.

The coupling of gold and silver, Sir Dragon admitted, was somewhat suggestive of a greyhound in leash with a cow.

"The cow would win in the end, all the same," affirmed Duo. "Our family has immense staying power."

"No doubt," replied Sir Dragon—"your 'staying' capacity anywhere, once you get a foothold, is beyond controversy."

"When your patent double-action standard becomes at variance with itself," resumed the voice, "how long do you give creditors and debtors to dwell together in unity, or price and value, and the daily millions of transactions which they govern, to reach the condition of things popularly known as 'sixes and sevens'?"

"Is no one about," cried Duo, "to lock the drivelling old imbecile up?" but, before any one could reply, the voice went on:—

"Do you imagine that the owners of the 600 MILLIONS deposited in our banks, and payable in gold, will be dolts enough to await the setting up and working of your double-faced standard, until they can virtually be paid off at fifteen and sixpence in the pound?"

"Absolute rubbish!" asserted Duo.

"I fail to see the matter in that light," replied Scotus. "A man, for example, entitled in payment of a deposit to receive 100 sovereigns, with which he could buy 54 ounces of silver in

the open market to-day, would hardly wait until he could purchase only 40 ounces with the same money."

Sylvia at this point asked me if I had formed any idea of what the wrangle was about.

I said I thought it had reference to a proposal to double our present standard by adding another to it of silver, whereby the money in circulation would be doubled, and every one benefited: whereas others said that such a change would bring about a ruinous upset and confusion, and reduce everything to fifteen and sixpence in the pound, bank notes included.

Sylvia said the standard of value of the richest country in the world ought to be what it is,—of GOLD, and not a bi-metallic, or bi-legged compound, part gold, part silver, like an article of uncertain value in silver-gilt; for which views, she added, she was entirely indebted to Mr. Goldney.

"I have heard one of our cashiers say," remarked Too-too, "that bi-metallism was unavoidably two-legged, because it hadn't a single leg to stand upon."

"When depositors and the holders of bank notes payable in gold to bearer on demand," the voice resumed, "bear down upon the banks, in justifiable panic for once, and demand their money in gold, how long do you give the Bank of England to maintain specie payments?"

"Does the old lunatic imagine," sneered Duo, "that depositors are such nincompoops as to encumber themselves with hundreds of millions of gold to hide away in cupboards, or desks, or under their pillows?"

"There would be no need of a run for hundreds of millions," replied Scotus.

A demand for even twenty or thirty millions of gold, he added, would suffice, he ventured to say, to bring about a catastrophe in this country without parallel in monetary history.

"And pray how long," Duo demanded, "would you give the hoarders to endure the nightly recurring horror of burglary and murder before they took the money back to the banks?"

"Possibly not very long," answered Scotus, "provided any banks were left standing; but I incline to the belief that our banking system would have become a total wreck."

"And what if it had?" responded Duo. "It would soon come to rights again, and adapt itself to the new order of things."

At this point the voice broke in again, and said, "To give

stability to your double standard, you would combine with certain foreign countries to establish an international 'corner' in silver, compared with which the late corner in copper would be a paltry and harmless gamble."

I asked what a corner in copper was.

Too-too said that a corner in copper, or in anything else, was the combination of a few to drive the many into a corner and make them pay double for everything.

"Until the many," added Sylvia, "turn upon the few and double them up instead."

"When, by means of this silver corner of all nations," the voice continued, "the value of the silver held by your astute co-partners has been raised, according to Bi-metallic faith and expectation, several hundred millions beyond its intrinsic value and market price; how long do you think they will abstain from utilising the prodigious bonus thus accorded them to drain away your gold?"

"And why not?" demanded Duo. "If they take our gold, I presume they will give us their silver instead?"

"No doubt they would do so with alacrity and pleasure," answered Scotus; "but for a country like England, the monetary centre of the world, to associate with its present unrivalled medium of exchange another of twenty times its bulk and weight, would surely be to take a financial stride backwards of amazing length, and suicidal folly."

Duo not deigning to reply, Sir Dragon remarked that of course portability was of the first consideration in a coinage.

"For example," he continued, "a gentleman could carry twenty of US about his person without detriment to his figure; but if he had to be content with the same amount in silver—say in four packets of £5 each—his outline would be rendered uneven, not to say knobby."

"A detriment," observed Scotus, "that wouldn't arise if England had a circulation of one pound notes."

"Such a circulation," asserted Sir Dragon, "or at all events the portion of it issued against 'securities,' would drive us out of the country as effectually as would bi-metallism itself;" whereupon Scotus declared his readiness to discuss the question there and then at proper length, but Sir Dragon went on:

"As the great bi-metallic flood of silver sets in, we SOVEREIGNS must, of course, set out, in our millions, on an extended course of foreign travel."

"Never to come back," Scotus affirmed.

"Probably not," was the reply:—"but life, they say, is quite worth living in Paris or New York, as well as in other gay and festive capitals."

"It may be a laughing matter for you, Sir Dragon," remarked Scotus; "but I am disposed to think that Lombard Street would hardly see anything comic in the situation."

"I have heard Mr. Goldney say," remarked Sylvia, "that Bi-metallism would be a good thing in a 'run.'"

Invited to explain, she said, "Because he could then pay either in silver or gold; and it would probably be a solace to his feelings, under the circumstances, to pay everything in shillings."

"The thing would be ridiculous and impossible," said Scotus.

"Not at all," replied Sylvia. "It would be perfectly lawful and right. A depositor running for, let us say £1000, could legally be paid in twenty thousand shillings."

"Why, Miss Sylvia," protested Scotus, "it would take several hours merely to count the money!"

"So much the better for the parties running," replied Sylvia. "It would give them time to reflect and get cool."

"Have you thought of the mere weight of such a sum in shillings?" persisted Scotus. "Are you aware that it would be three hundred pounds Troy weight? What ordinary man could carry such a weight, even if he were all pockets?"

"Mr. Goldney is of opinion," said Sylvia, "that under bi-metallism the business of deposit banking would be largely carried on in Gladstone bags."

"What a paradise for porters!" remarked Too-too.

Here there was an impatient rap on the top of the desk, as if to demand attention.

"Now listen!" the voice resumed, almost in a hiss. "I demand silence that I may work. Any further outbreak, and down I crash through this rotten old top to trample the nonsense out of you!"

This dreadful threat was followed by a pause of the deepest silence, and even Sylvia seemed cowed:—when suddenly, to the consternation of all, Duo cried at the top of his shrill voice, "Go to bed, you cantankerous old fossil!"

That instant there was a crash, as if some heavy body had cast itself with all its might on the lid of the desk.

"He'll be through next time for a certainty," said Scotus; "and, if so, I should hardly care to stand in Master Duo's shoes."



The words were barely spoken, when another crash and bang overhead more furious than before shook the desk, and there was a slight pause :—but presently there sounded a dreadful gasp and gurgle immediately above us.

"The raving maniac," exclaimed Duo, "will be amongst us in another second athirst for blood."

Whereupon the coins, that had prostrated themselves on the Cheque, stealthily arose, one after another, and, headed by the nimble Duo, wheeled noiselessly back to the recesses they had emerged from.

"Why not follow the rest, Sir Dragon?" Sylvia enquired.

"To swell the Bi-metallic rout?" he answered.. "Not quite, thank you. Our function is to arrest and allay panic, not to foment and inflame it."

A short interval of silence followed, and then Scotus remarked that things had become strangely quiet overhead.

"Perhaps," he added, "our ghostly friend is meditating an entrance by the key-hole."

"Oh no!" said Sylvia; "The foolish old man had a fall with that last caper of his on the desk-lid, and is now on his back, wide open, waiting for strength to pull himself together again."

As she spoke, the old Office Clock, after something like a rattle in its throat, struck the hour of One; and, as the sound died away, there was a faint shuffling as of something in movement on the carpet.

"Old Custos, no doubt, in sullen retreat," observed Scotus: "but how he manages to work himself along passes my comprehension."

"They say he uses his leaves as feet or propellers," explained Sylvia, "and thus gets along like a monstrous centipede of human design."

Here there came to us a far-off sound, as of a great volume angrily closed.

"He has shut himself up for the night, poor old chap!" said Sylvia, "and I think we had best do the same."

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It was forenoon of the next day when Mr. Goldney rolled back the top of the desk, and proceeded to arrange us into something like order. When it came to my turn to be placed, he put me on one side, a little apart from the others, but still close to Sylvia.

"Well, my pretty," she said, "I fear it must really be good-bye between you and me this time—for good."

I said I sincerely hoped not, but that we might have many a pleasant time together yet.

"Your wish is kind, dear," she answered, "but the hope is vain. Did you notice how Mr. Goldney examined my back just now, and the peculiar shake of his head afterwards?"

I said I had observed no change in the usual placid expression of his countenance.

"Perhaps not.—I don't suppose it gave him anything like spasms to conclude that I was no longer good enough for circulation, but must—like other unissuables—be conflagrated."

I was about to express my sympathy, when a clerk entered, carrying an enormous ledger, which he deposited on the desk in front of Mr. Goldney.

"It is Old Custos!" whispered Sylvia; but I had already realized the fact with a shudder.

Mr. Goldney proceeded to open the book at an old account, saying to the clerk, as he did so:—"Let the notes lent us for the trial be sent back, all except this one, to which we really owe the verdict of yesterday;" and he laid me gently on the open page of the dreadful old book.

"You are in favour, my child," observed Sylvia, "and will have a place in the Goldney Museum at least."

I said I felt sure she was mistaken this time, as museums were only for stuffed birds or bottled vipers and things.

"No doubt, as a rule, that is so," she replied; "but the Goldney Museum is different. It contains all the flash notes, brass sovereigns, zinc half-crowns, pewter shillings and other curiosities, by which the Goldneys have lost money any time the last hundred years."

I said I did not think the companionship at all inviting.

"Perhaps not," she admitted: "but possibly the old man may intend you for his favourite marker. His book-markers thus far, they say, consist exclusively of celebrated forgeries of the Goldney Note; but the position of marker to the Family Bible, I have heard, is still vacant."

Before I could reply, a client was announced; and, Mr. Goldney carelessly closing the ledger, I became completely hidden between its leaves.

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Words cannot express the terror which thrilled through me,

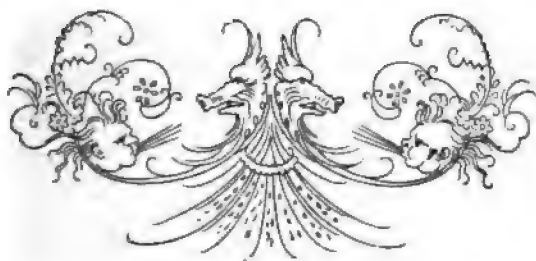
as I found myself locked in the embrace, so to speak, of the dreaded "Custos:" but, happily, my fears proved groundless, for, since I accidentally became his prisoner—now many months ago, my privacy has never been intruded upon for a moment.

Mr. Goldney has once or twice sent for the aged volume to look at old accounts; but he has never, thus far, returned to folio 270, against the faded entries in which—pale figures of five-and-twenty years ago—I lie face to face and hid from the sight of men.

Indeed, the belief is gaining upon me that the old gentleman has forgotten my existence; in which case it may happen that, when the time comes for the old ledger to be reduced to pulp, I shall probably suffer at the same time and in like manner; but any fate is preferable to that which awaits us Legal-tenders, when once we return to the cradle of our race.

As regards my guardian, the aged Custos, I have to say that, ever since I fortuitously became his ward, he has neither "walked" nor left his appointed shelf for a single moment by night or by day, except when carried; so that I begin to wonder to myself at times whether the sleep-walking and Sylvia, and Sir Dragon and Duo, and all the wrangling and noise of that eventful night were not, after all, the mere vagaries of a Monetary Night's Dream.

GEORGE RAE.



## Mary Howitt—Quaker and Catholic.

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THAT seems an impossibility—a contradiction in terms ; yet in this wonderful nineteenth century even a Catholic Quaker became a possibility—became an actual fact. That Mary Howitt,\* the author of the book that suggested to me the above phenomenon, and her beautiful sister Anna, the original of the charming sketch on page 75 of the first volume, were essentially and innately Quakeresses all their lives long, no one who had the privilege of knowing them could for a moment doubt. Yet Mary Howitt died a Roman Catholic, and partial believer in Spiritualism ; and Anna Harrison—her sister—a Confirmed Churchwoman !

In her later years I had the close personal acquaintance of Anna Harrison that only a near relative ever obtains of any one, and what I affirm of that charming and beautiful old lady, I believe is equally true of her younger sister, Mary Howitt.

In exquisite neatness of thought as well as action : in snowy purity of idea and motive, showing even in her delicately graceful simplicity of dress and person in an age when florid artistic untidiness was the prevailing mode : in an all-embracing toleration, that valued peace above conformity : in systematic, noiseless accomplishment of all work they undertook, and in unflinching uprightness and power of clear truth-speaking where matters of right and wrong were concerned, these two sisters were Quakers of the Quakers.

Carlyle says, that his religion is the chiefly important thing about any man ; or as he, with insight into meanings, puts it, "What he believes." While heartily agreeing with Carlyle in this, I yet venture to say that the religion, *i.e.* the form of

\* 'Mary Howitt : an Autobiography.' Isbister : London, 1889.

religion any man or woman holds, matters little or nothing, and but little indicates what he or she is.

Mary Howitt might attend mass and kiss the Pope's sacred foot with fervour, yet she was for all that a Quaker; a Friend, not a Romanist. She elected to worship with and as the Romanists, yet her belief was of Quaker simplicity; and her intelligent, freehearted toleration for peace sake, as far removed from Catholicism as light is from darkness.

Then why did [she become a Catholic? is a most natural enquiry, and the answer points to a reason equally natural. She was an artist. Mary Howitt was not a genius, but she was most decidedly an artist. She had the true artist's eye to see, and the vivid artist's imagination to feel. And with these two—the eye that sees truly, and the imagination that feels strongly—comes always, often as curse to the poor artist soul that owns them, the keen sense of need, that his artistic perceptions be fed; and the equally keen power to suffer when they are not fed, but starved.

There is a paragraph in one of Charles Lamb's most perfect Essays that one might fancy Mary Howitt about her middle life, and most active period of thought and work, saying, almost word for word. Here it is: "I love Quaker ways and Quaker worship. I venerate the Quaker principles . . . But I cannot like the Quakers (as Desdemona would say) 'to live with them.' I am all over sophisticated with humours, fancies, craving hourly sympathy. I must have books, pictures, theatres, chit-chat, scandal, jokes, ambiguities, and a thousand whim-whams, which their simple tastes can do without. I should starve at their primitive banquet." Possibly the chit-chat and ambiguities, and certainly the scandal, Mary Howitt could have done without; but for the "books," "pictures," and many other goods and exercises, needed by the healthy artist's soul and body, she was, all her life, conscious of craving. She says so, over and over again, in her Autobiography, even while she still clung to the outward forms of Quakerism.

The old Quaker teachings and modes of thought were strong in Mary Howitt. She was even dimly conscious this was so, when in 1873 she wrote (speaking of High Church ceremonies), "I suppose the educational bias is strong in me; and though I love what is beautiful, and am sure that the beautiful belongs to Heaven, *yet the more devotional part of my being is called forth by a simpler style of worship.*" She felt even then, with Lamb,

(ten years only before she joined the Church of Rome), "The Abbey Church of Westminster hath nothing so solemn, so spirit soothing, as the naked walls and benches of a Quaker's meeting." She had herself experienced that "feeding of the mind," of which he speaks further on, and had heard that "Sermon, not made with hands."

Hers was one of those "gentle Quaker spirits" that could value the "bathing in stillness," where "tranquil, as in a pasture," the forty feeding like one, waited and received the Revelation of the Most High; not in the ecstatic trance or frenzy of the fanatic, but with souls consciously devoting their highest powers to the comprehension and worship of their Creator in the quiet calm, befitting those who "wait" upon the Lord. There is a grandeur in the Friends' form of worship that seems to lift it high above all others. Beside it the methods of the various churches show but as elaborate and faulty contrivances for getting worship done—as species of machinery,—and the "services" of these are but "machine-made imitations" of the utterances and postures of adoration. The Quakers alone have the real thing—adoration itself.

There is something grandly primeval about this waiting in silence of the highest of intellectual and spiritual creation for the informing action of the God of spirits, that reminds us strangely of the attitude of the material universe, wrapped in silence and darkness, 'neath the brooding of the Spirit of Creation in the vast dimness of the eternal ages till the fulness of time was come, and Creating Light flashed forth at the command, "Let there be Light."

Realizing this strongly (and because it is my proudest boast that I have a large tide of Quaker blood in my veins), I somewhat resent hearing Friends, as they call themselves, spoken of as Dissenters. Technically perhaps they may be so called, but Dissent is the last expression that any one who knows them would use to describe their gently expressed belief. Of their two permitted words, "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay," they make far more use of a gently firm "Yea," than of any dogmatic "Nay," such as seems essential to the idea of Dissent.

It has always struck me as a pity that Carlyle, the great preacher of silence and solid work, should not have known more of the Society of Friends than from his books we gather he did.

Perhaps he would have seen but one more sign of the degeneracy of the age in the fact that Quakers, the only com-

munity who are noted for their honest works and temperate speech, are rapidly dying out.

Even individual Friends seem unable to hold to their beautiful simple faith to the end. On every side we see and hear of "Friends turning," as they phrase it, to other communions before they die.

Perhaps their teaching embodies too high an ideal, and demands a thoroughness of practice too hard, for fallen humanity. Perhaps carrying out Friends' doctrines requires too marked a position of minority and loneliness in those who do so.

Whatever the cause, the fact remains; Quakers are ceasing from off the face of the earth. "'Tis true, 'tis pity! Pity 'tis, 'tis true!" That few men or women in these days can stand the controlling bonds of a faith that makes so little allowance for human passion, tastes, and weaknesses, one can well understand. This is the age of intellectual and spiritual, and—one almost hesitates to say it, and yet it is but too true—of moral indulgence and luxury—as the time of the Stuarts was of bodily indulgence and luxury.

In the case of the sweet old Quakeress, whose blameless life we are reading, who in her extreme old age became a daughter of the Church of Rome, there could be no suggestion of a desire for greater freedom from obligation to simple, hardworking devout life. For eighty years and more, "simple hardworking and devout," exactly are the words to describe her life. Yet no one can read her *Memoirs* without feeling that in Mary Howitt's Quaker heart and blood the strong artistic love of vivid experience, wherever it came from, which all her life long, even while she deeply revered the faith of her fathers, and could fully appreciate its calm spiritual grandeur, made her dream of something more rapturous, more full of human colour and sentiment, and more picturesquely devotional, led her, in the end, into the Church of Rome. To her the attendances at gorgeously beautiful masses and the whole circle of Romish worship were precious and beloved, not for the pleasures of the eye and ear they present, but for their greater spiritual raptures, and more highly intricate spiritual sensation.

One is not surprised therefore that, clear-headed, liberal-minded woman that she was, Mary Howitt also embraced, to a certain extent, the doctrines of and faith in Spiritualism.

And yet, even after accustoming ourselves to the idea of the bright-minded Quakeress, with her power of graceful narrative, so true to nature in its wholesomest forms, as a Spiritualist; still it

comes as rather a shock to one to find her in the last years of her dignified old age,—a grandmother and great-grandmother,—describing herself as being almost unconscious with a “joy that filled my whole being, as I found myself on my knees before,”—the Pope of Rome!

From the silent adoration by the creature of its Creator, with dignified simplicity of bodily bearing that leaves the soul unhampered to commune with its God, to the prostration of an aged woman in ecstatic rapture, to embrace the feet and jewels of one of her fellow human beings, be he who he may, seems a very long step in the matter of religious worship as embodying religious belief! whether the step be up or down, is not for me to say.

However, it is not from the interest attaching to her change of faith that Mary Howitt's Autobiography will be found interesting; or herself, and some of her writings, be affectionately remembered.

The Autobiography will always charm because of its pictures of quiet middle-class life, as it existed nearly a hundred years ago for good and bright young women, such as the Mary and Anna Botham of the earlier half of the first volume, and for its delightful pictures of home-life that almost every page presents to us.

It carries us a long way back when we remember that Mary and Anne Botham were tall school-girls in their demure Quaker bonnets—whose plainness was such a “cross” to the beauty-loving Mary—when our Queen was a tiny baby in long clothes!

At the time of the Coronation, Mrs. Howitt, a gravely-attired, yet bright-witted matron, with a family of boys and girls springing up around her, was busily writing—with her husband and alone—books, which had all, more or less, success at the time of their publication.

Probably, however, it is as the author of the ‘Spider and the Fly,’ ‘Madame Fortescue and her Cat,’ and that most charming of children's books, ‘The Children's Year,’ that Mary Howitt will be remembered.

One does not often see the latter book, ‘The Children's Year,’ in nursery or schoolroom now: and yet it is as charming as any of Mrs. Ewing's books, and, to our thinking, it is truer to child nature than any of her beautiful stories of children's lives. We learn from the Autobiography that this book was a true account of the life led by Mrs. Howitt's two elder children, compiled from a journal of their doings kept for twelve months. The



companion volume of the 'Cousins in Ohio' is not quite so charming, though little ones find it entrancing. What a delightful book 'The Children's Year' would have been if illustrated by Caldecott! Meggy and Herbert, who, by the way, might be prototypes of George Eliot's "Tom and Maggie Tulliver," in their childhood, are a great deal too delightfully real and wholesome to be lost. Compared to the boys of Mrs. Howitt's stories, Cedric, Lord Fauntleroy, seems a goody-goody little prig.

Speaking of George Eliot reminds me of the curious fact, that though the Howitts were writing at the time her fame was growing, and that Mary Howitt, in her *Life and Letters*, mentions nearly all the prominent authors of the day, nowhere does she speak of George Eliot or her books.

For reasons one can easily guess at, one can understand that the strictly brought up Quakeress author might have neither opportunity nor desire to make the acquaintance of George Eliot herself. Yet I cannot but wonder that one who took so much interest in the books of her day, should either not have read, or at all events should have no word of praise and appreciation of such books as 'Silas Marner,' and the 'Scenes from Clerical Life!' Even, if by the time George Eliot's novels were in the full tide of their popularity, Mrs. Howitt's attention was occupied with the thoughts and interests that led to her conversion, yet the sympathetic picture of old Catholic life in 'Romola,' would, one thinks, have been full of interest to her.

Among the many interesting people mentioned in the *Autobiography* we find Mrs. Gaskell, who it appears began her literary work at the advice of William Howitt. She was already a married woman when, urged by him, she began her first famous novel, 'Mary Barton.' In a long work like this it is difficult to choose between the many interesting and amusing little sketches it contains, to offer a sample of the pleasure to be gained by reading it. In spite of the many notable names that occur in the second volume and the descriptions of foreign life, we fancy the first volume will be read with greater pleasure. The account of the early life of the young Quaker sisters Anna and Mary in the sleepy little town of Uttoxeter, is very freshly told. The quaint characters of the place, of a few of whom there are most cleverly drawn sketches in the book, and the strange old-world ways of the place, as watched by two girls in a Quaker home, who had never been inside the parish church and were taught to consider dancing and the wearing of feathers as sins un-

speakable, are most graphically painted by Mary Howitt, whose memory for picturesque details makes her story of her own early days life-like. One short extract, which shows us the two neat young Quaker Cinderellas at the time when, just stepping into womanhood, they looked on at the world and its ways in this queer little corner of it, with deep and wistful interest.

One can picture the two slim pretty girls of sixteen or so, in their plain, clinging grey gowns, with the folded muslin kerchief over their bosoms, and the quaint little white caps covering their girlish heads, sitting in their dainty little bedchamber by the open window, through which came the soft summer air, with its smell of hayfields and climbing roses, as they sewed and gossiped their girl's secrets in the old-fashioned Quaker speech.

"We had a feminine love of dress, to which we gave vent in a very innocent manner. We could not make pretty, fashionable gowns for ourselves, as we should have liked, for we had only one style cut from a permanent paper pattern. Our friend Miss Martha Astle, however, although poor, might wear a dress in the height of fashion; and, she being no needlewoman herself, —whilst sewing was to us second nature—we made two summer gowns for her in the privacy of our own chamber. We could not wear muslin collars, but we indulged in embroidering them for Martha. Once she went to the subscription ball. What interest we took in her attire!—a white muslin, and green satin bodice, which we thought elegance itself.

"Oh! those balls given at the White Hart, the chief inn of the town! What a trial they were to me! I confess to a jealous feeling of repining that we likewise, beautifully dressed, could not be conveyed in the one post-chaise of the town, which I heard rapidly careering from house to house, bearing the ladies to the ball. The wife of Squire Hodgson lent her private sedan-chair to her intimate female friends; but to *that* honour I did not aspire."

From this little sewing party in 1821 to the reception in the Throne room of Leo XIII. in 1888 is a very long way! The story of it is traced in the two large volumes of Mary Howitt's Autobiography, the first volume of which contains a sketch which may well have been taken of the Quakeress Cinderella of the first picture; and in the second volume is a fairly good portrait of the aged lady who, in spite of her reception at the Vatican, I maintain was a Quakeress still.

E. HARRISON CLUBBE.

## The Present Position of Electric Lighting.

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THE tearing up of the streets of London for the laying of the Electric Lighting Companies' conductors has brought the subject of electric lighting prominently into public notice, and among the wealthier section of the population the following questions are now matters of frequent discussion :—How soon will the new illuminant be within the reach of every one for domestic and general purposes? how, and from whom may it be obtained? is it quite safe and reliable, and how much will it cost?

Until a few months ago, when any one wished for electric light, whether in town or country, his only course was to put down a complete electric generating plant, consisting of steam or gas engine, dynamo machine and accessories, and manufacture the required electric current on his own premises. For theatres and public buildings, hotels, and very large town houses, this plan answered very well and has been largely adopted, and for country houses it still remains the only possible course; but the considerable initial expenditure required, the necessity for constant skilled attendance, and the difficulty of obtaining a suitable space for the plant where the engine will not prove a nuisance, has put such a plan entirely out of the question for general domestic purposes in towns.

It is satisfactory to know that so large a demand is no longer necessarily made upon private enterprise, and before the close of the present year, in all the more important districts of London, and in many provincial towns, electricity for lighting purposes will be obtainable from public supply stations through conductors laid beneath the streets, in precisely the same manner as gas. In many parts of London, and in portions of Glasgow, Liverpool, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Bradford, Sheffield, Brighton,

Bath, Eastbourne, Blackpool, Derby, Reading, and elsewhere, this system is already in successful operation ; while in other places, supply stations are either actually in course of erection or will shortly be so. The present activity in this direction may be gathered from the fact that the Board of Trade received no fewer than 161 applications for Provisional Orders granting public electric lighting powers during the past year, 45 of these being applied for by Corporations or other local authorities.

The convenience of a public supply of electricity to the smaller consumer is obvious. Any one wishing for electric light has merely to tap off the current from the nearest street main, all machinery and skilled attendance on the consumer's premises being entirely done away with ; and, although for very large buildings, where many hundreds of lamps require to be kept lighted for many hours daily, it may still in some cases be cheaper to employ a private generating plant, this is not so for all ordinary houses.

Each house that draws current from the public supply is provided with a meter which records the precise amount of current that is used, and the consumer pays for the number of electrical units consumed during the quarter, just as if they were thousands of cubic feet of gas. The absence of a really reliable electric meter has until quite lately been a considerable impediment to the extension of electric lighting from supply stations, but during the past year several very practical instruments have appeared, and recent tests made on one of these have shown a degree of accuracy far surpassing that of the best gas meters, the maximum error being less than  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The unit adopted by the Board of Trade, and now universally employed in electric lighting, is equal to about  $1\frac{1}{3}$ -horse power of electrical energy supplied for one hour, and represents an amount of electrical energy that will keep a commercial 8-candle power lamp burning for about 33 hours, or, what is the same thing, 33 such lamps for one hour.

In London the supply company's charge is in most cases  $7\frac{1}{2}d.$  per unit, which is therefore equivalent to rather less than  $\frac{1}{4}d.$  per hour for each 8-candle power lamp, while in some provincial towns the price is as low as  $4d.$ , so that an 8-candle power lamp can be burnt for 8 hours at a cost of one penny. This last-mentioned figure makes electric lighting approximately equivalent in price to gas at  $3s. 6d.$  per 1000 feet, but in making such a comparison it must be remembered that gas, though used

in passages and servants' quarters, is rarely used in English houses of the better class for lighting living-rooms, while the oil-lamps and candles employed for this purpose are, when the amount of attention and trouble that they require is taken into account, much more expensive than gas at the above rate. Again, merely on account of the trouble involved in lighting gas and oil lamps, these are frequently left burning for considerable periods when no light is required ; while with electricity, seeing that a lamp can be extinguished or lighted instantaneously by the mere turning of a button, the light need never be used except when actually wanted.

The electric supply companies, like the gas companies, merely bring the electricity to the doors of the consumers' houses. The consumers therefore, in addition to the above charges, have to bear the initial expenditure of fitting their houses with the necessary wires and mountings, and the cost of renewing the electric lamps or burners when they wear out. The expense of wiring necessarily varies to a large extent according to the nature and size of the building, the quality of the decoration and other circumstances ; but the cost of wiring ordinary houses in a thoroughly neat and substantial manner may be taken at about 35s. per light ; this price includes wires, casings, switches, lamps, lamp-holders, and other accessories, but does not include ornamental fittings, which may cost anything from 3s. or 4s. per light for perfectly simple pendants or brackets, to as many pounds for the more elaborate forms of ornamental chandeliers. Taking 10s. per light as a fair average figure, the total initial cost of fitting up a house comes to about 45s. per light, provided no very expensive fittings are used.

In addition to these items of cost of current and initial expenditure in wiring and fittings, there is the question of the renewals of the lamps. Up till recently each 16- or 8-candle power lamp cost 5s., but the price has now been reduced to 3s. 9d., and as the actual cost of manufacture probably does not exceed one shilling, and will fall as the demand increases, the price is likely to be still further reduced when the present monopoly ceases, as it will in a few years' time owing to the expiration of the patents. The durability, or as it is technically termed, the life of the lamps, at the present day may safely be taken on the average at 1500 hours burning, so the cost of lamp renewals comes to less than one thirty-third part of a penny per 16- or 8-candle power lamp per hour that the light is used.

In private houses the hours of lighting are very variable ; but assuming on an average that each lamp is used 750 hours per annum, in an installation of say 50 lights, of which 25 are of 16-candle power, and 25, 8-candle power, with electricity at the medium price of 6*d.* per unit, the following will give an approximate idea of the total expenditure required :—

## INITIAL COST.

|                                          | £     | s  | d |
|------------------------------------------|-------|----|---|
| Wiring 50 lamps @ 35 <i>s.</i> . . . . . | 87    | 10 | 0 |
| 50 Fittings @ say 10 <i>s.</i> . . . . . | 25    | 0  | 0 |
|                                          | <hr/> |    |   |
|                                          | £112  | 10 | 0 |

## ANNUAL COST.

|                                                         | £     | s  | d |
|---------------------------------------------------------|-------|----|---|
| Renewal of 25 Lamps @ 3 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i> . . . . . | 4     | 13 | 9 |
| 1688 Units electricity @ 6 <i>d.</i> . . . . .          | 42    | 4  | 0 |
|                                                         | <hr/> |    |   |
|                                                         | £46   | 17 | 9 |

or about 19*s.* per light per annum.

In the case of country houses, electric lighting necessarily stands upon a somewhat different footing from what it does in towns ; but it will possibly surprise many people to hear that the number of country houses in England and Scotland already fitted with complete electric lighting installations probably exceeds 200, with a total number of lights of over 35,000.

In the country, as there is no public supply of electricity, the consumer must become his own manufacturer, and have his own generating plant ; but this disadvantage is counterbalanced by the fact that he would be obliged to do the same thing if he wanted gas illumination, and a complete plant for manufacturing gas costs fully as much as a plant of equal capacity for generating electricity. Moreover, while on the one hand a gas generating plant is useful for no other purpose, the steam engine or other source of power required for generating electricity by night, can be turned to other uses during the day, and is frequently found very convenient for such purposes as pumping water, sawing wood, chaff cutting, laundry, dairy work, and so forth.

In some places, natural water power is available for electric lighting, and where obtainable is very economical both as regards first cost and in working ; but owing to the high fall or large volume of water required to light a sufficient number of lamps,

this is much rarer in England than would generally be supposed ; while water power obtained artificially, by making lakes or reservoirs, though a most efficient and convenient plan where the lie of the ground happens to be suitable, would in many cases require too large a capital expenditure to compete with other and simpler arrangements.

Where water power cannot be obtained, the choice lies between a steam engine, a gas engine, or a petroleum engine. For small installations, gas and petroleum engines are very convenient and are largely employed, the former if a supply of gas is at hand, the latter in other cases. Either requires but little attention and can be set to work at any moment.

For all considerable installations the steam engine is, however, the most satisfactory arrangement, and there is seldom much difficulty in finding a gardener or other man-servant with sufficient intelligence and mechanical aptitude, to enable him to learn how to take charge of the working of the engine, dynamo, and other machinery after a few practical lessons.

It is not necessary to keep the machinery constantly running, as by means of a set of storage batteries or accumulators a supply of electric energy can be stored up for the purpose of maintaining the light in the early morning, at night and on Sundays, when the engine is at rest. In fact for country houses, accumulators are a most necessary adjunct, as without them one of the chief advantages of electric illumination—that of being able to obtain a light at any hour of the day or night by merely turning a button—is lost.

The cost of lighting a country house by electricity is necessarily very variable, depending as it does upon a variety of circumstances ; but the following figures may be taken as roughly representing the total initial expenditure required under average conditions, including generating plant, accumulators, wiring, and all accessories :—

| No. of 16-candle power<br>lamps. |   |   |   |   |   | Cost of Installation<br>complete.<br>£ |
|----------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|----------------------------------------|
| 30                               | . | . | . | . | . | 325                                    |
| 50                               | . | . | . | . | . | 500                                    |
| 75                               | . | . | . | . | . | 700                                    |
| 100                              | . | . | . | . | . | 850                                    |
| 150                              | . | . | . | . | . | 1150                                   |
| 200                              | . | . | . | . | . | 1400                                   |

It should be mentioned that no provision is here made for  
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buildings, as space for the machinery can frequently be found in unused stables or outhouses.

The annual or working cost of country house installations is less easily given, as it is necessarily dependent upon the dimensions of the plant, the hours of lighting, the local prices of coal and labour, and other factors that effect the calculation enormously; but with all its advantages, electricity is in this respect found to compare most favourably with gas, oil, and other lighting agents, and where the plant is well designed and properly managed, the expenditure should be less than  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per 16-candle power lamp, or  $\frac{1}{4}$ d. per 8-candle power lamp for every hour that the light is used.

A great deal has recently been heard of fires and personal injuries said to be due to electric currents, and to have occurred in America, and some timid people have not unnaturally been considerably alarmed at the possibility of similar accidents happening in this country. Investigation has, however, shown that these reports have in many cases been either absolutely devoid of foundation, or gross exaggerations, propagated for commercial reasons by interested persons, and that in the comparatively small number of cases when accidents have actually occurred, they have been due, not to anything inherently dangerous in electric lighting, but to the extraordinary recklessness of American engineers (a recklessness proved by their numerous and terrible railway accidents), and to the exceedingly rough and unsubstantial manner in which overhead wires, carrying currents of dangerous intensity, have been run in all directions without proper insulation or supervision. Armed with the special provisions of the Electric Lighting Acts, the Board of Trade is quite strong enough to protect the public against dangers of these descriptions in our own country, and is fully alive to its duty in this respect.

As is now well known, low-pressure, or, as they are technically termed, low-tension currents, are quite harmless to human life, and it is only from very high-tension currents that a fatal shock can possibly be obtained or any danger is to be feared. Low-tension installations, such as are invariably used for country house lighting and elsewhere for incandescent lamps where the consumer has his own generating plant, are consequently absolutely safe so far as this is concerned, and the same thing is true of public supplies of electricity on the low-tension system. It is however practically impossible to distribute currents for electric



lighting over the extensive areas required in large towns without using a high tension, and with proper precautions the highest tension that is used can be made relatively quite as safe as railway travelling and many other similar results of modern progress. The distinction between the low and high tension systems of distribution is, that whereas with the former the electric tension is the same in the street mains as in the houses, and no one could be hurt by touching the naked conductors in either, with the latter the tension in the street mains is ten or twenty times as great as the pressure in the houses, an apparatus called a transformer being employed to effect the required reduction. In both cases the pressure in the houses, which is all with which the consumer has to deal, is the same, and being low is absolutely safe ; but on the high-tension system the pressure in the street mains is high, and if any incautious person should get at the conductors, dangerous. Under the provisions of the Board of Trade all mains are, however, now being placed underground, secure from any possibility of harm to the general public. The electricians employed by the supply companies must of course still have access to them for such purposes as repairs, but these electricians understand what is necessary to ensure their personal well-being, and may safely be permitted to look after themselves, their calling being after all not nearly as dangerous as many other industrial pursuits.

From the point of view of safety from fire all competent experts, including the Fire Insurance Companies, are agreed that, with proper precautions, electricity is a much less dangerous illuminant than gas, oil, or candles. There is no naked flame, matches are not required, electricity itself cannot explode.

It is true that in one or two instances sparks, originating from underground electric wires, are believed to have fired and caused explosions of gas that had leaked into the electric conduits, through defects in neighbouring gas-pipes. The explosions were thus gas explosions, not explosions of electricity, and the fault was clearly with the gas company, which was responsible for the defective pipes. In any case it is only necessary to ventilate the electric conduits to prevent the possibility of such accidents occurring.

Safety from fire is with electricity chiefly a matter of the employment of good materials, and of proper care in wiring. So far as this is concerned, the public have matters almost entirely in their own hands, as the supply companies leave it to the

individual consumers to employ whom they please to do the interior fitting of their houses, and although in some instances they exercise a certain amount of supervision, in the majority of cases they trouble themselves but little in the matter. This question is of very great importance, for now that electric lighting is becoming common, every plumber and decorator, gasfitter, and bell-hanger, is professing to understand electric-light wiring, and is ready, without the slightest practical experience or theoretical knowledge, to undertake contracts for wiring houses for electric light, often at prices that preclude the possibility of the employment of any but the cheapest and most inefficient materials. It is greatly to be hoped that the public will therefore either only employ experienced electrical firms to wire their houses, or have the work inspected both during the construction and on completion, before the light is turned on, by properly qualified electrical engineers. In fact in all cases where those in charge of an installation are not themselves thoroughly conversant and experienced in electrical matters, the proper plan is to have the whole inspected and tested by a competent expert at least once a year. The cost of having this done is comparatively quite trifling, and all risk of fire due to anything getting out of order is thereby avoided.

Important as is the employment of none but experienced firms in wiring town houses for connection to public supply companies' stations, it is still more so for country-house installations where generating plant has to be put down, and where thorough mechanical knowledge is absolutely necessary to ensure success.

So much has been published from time to time on the advantages of electricity over other forms of illumination, that it is scarcely necessary to do more than touch lightly on this part of the subject. The days have happily long gone by when the ghastly white glare of the arc form of lamp, most useful in its way for the illumination of large open spaces, workshops, &c., but entirely unsuited for domestic or general indoor use, was the only form of electric light known. The modern incandescent lamps, whether in the small and best known 8- and 16-candle power varieties, or in the more recent large sizes, which are of even as much as 1000-candle power, give a light which, when properly shaded, is quite undistinguishable, either as regards colour or general effect, from that of gas, oil, or candles; while in the matter of artistic treatment electricity has

paramount advantages, owing to the fact that the lamps can be placed in any position, and will not injure the most delicate fabrics, even when these are placed within a few inches of the source of light. Entire absence of all fumes or other noxious products of combustion leading to vitiated atmosphere, and the small amount of heat radiated, cause the electric light to be pre-eminently healthy, and absolute immunity from smoke or dirt render it admissible in picture galleries and libraries, the contents of which any other illuminant would quickly spoil.

It is certain that in the future electric lighting will become much cheaper than it is at present, but the reduction in cost will in all probability be brought about in a manner different from what most people imagine. Seeing that nothing very great in the way of improved efficiency is to be looked for in the steam engine, and that the dynamo machine which is used to convert the mechanical energy of the steam engine into electric energy already has an efficiency of over 90 per cent., no very great reduction in the cost of electricity per unit is at all probable, except such as may reasonably be expected, owing to manufacture on an increasingly large scale. Greater economy is rather to be looked for in the probability of lamps being obtainable of greater efficiency, so that the same amount of light will be procured with a much smaller consumption of electric energy. The existing monopoly in lamp manufacture will, moreover, come to an end before long, and with the increasing number manufactured, and the impetus of competition, the price is certain to be reduced to an enormous extent, while with a larger number of workers in the field, improvements in the way of increased durability are sure to follow.

These expectations need not, however, lead the public to refrain from electric lighting for the present, for but little is now likely to be gained by further waiting so far as wiring and generating plant is concerned, and every one can have the benefit of improvement in lamps or reduction in the cost of electricity per unit as these are introduced.

It may be safely said that electric lighting has passed the experimental stage of its existence, and its rapid introduction is now assured.

A. A. CAMPBELL SWINTON.

## Waiters and Restaurants.

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THE true waiter, one to the manner born, is by way of being an artist ; he has a method—and takes an elegant and refined interest in that method and the meals of his clients. Like a painter, he has no objection to exhibit his dexterity of technique, though it be in so humble a way as carrying four cups and saucers in one hand, a feat surprising to mere ordinary mortals, who watch for an impending catastrophe with the same feeling that a musical audience might look for the finale of a dexterously played and strange piece of music. He is proud of his strong right arm, and willingly displays its power in carrying a heavily loaded tray ; while a disaster, if it should come, is not only a pecuniary loss, it is a severe blow to his professional pride. To an outsider the destruction of a common dinner-plate is a matter of so many pence, but for the waiter it is much more ; he would rather lose the money through a hole in his pocket than have the bitter conviction forced upon him that in technical dexterity he is not the equal of his fellows and rivals.

Everybody cannot play the violin, every one cannot write verse. Both these facts suggest that there is some kindness in the nature which we are now so often taught is ruthless and cruel. But then, not every one can wait at table, and waiting is, unlike verse and the violin, both necessary and harmless. To one who lives, or boards, in ordinary London restaurants, it might seem that only foreigners possessed the art ; a patriotic countryman might come to the conclusion that it was a gift given to them universally, as Prometheus gave fire to “wretched mortals,” to compensate in some measure for having been born across the Channel. But the good waiter, foreign or English born, takes a pride in believing that not every one with the ordinary outfit of legs and arms is adapted for the task ; he knows that his powers were born in him, and that many years of

arduous toil might be wasted by an unfitted aspirant for the honourable insignia of the napkin. It is not sufficient in any profession to deserve success, and waiting is no exception.

A man may be proud of a profession to which no one but himself ever considered he belonged. There are painters and actors who, failing to secure any of the emoluments bestowed even on poor success, wrap themselves in their virtue, and pose as members of the guild of an art, from which they get nothing, and to which they are no ornament. But although there are actors who do not act, and writers like Mr. Snodgrass, who do not write, a waiter who does not wait would be an absurdity, since waiting in the abstract is not a means of fame. If a man gets the chance to show what is in him in that direction, he must have many natural qualifications to enable him to stay long enough in employment to add artistic merit to his natural gifts. It is a common occurrence for waiters to enter a big restaurant, after serving a novitiate in a small one, and to retire as abruptly from the scene as a "stickit minister" from the pulpit, or a *débutant* from the boards when overcome by stage fright. They smash limitless crockery ; they upset coffee and precious liquor ; they order dishes not on the *menu* ; they supply irate customers with less than they required, or with an astonishing overplus ; they neglect one altogether, and forget what the next man has already consumed. They become confused, and, charging too much, are bullied and reported ; or too little, are despised. Their powers of addition are subtracted, their intellects dispersed by the unaccustomed noise and racket ; they are so bewildered and divided that they are finally almost happy to receive the metaphorical "sack" which might be supposed to afford them a convenient receptacle in which to carry away the shattered fragments of their ill-founded confidence and self-esteem.

From any point of view it is no light task to cater for six or seven tables occupied by a hungry and clamorous crowd constantly coming and going. The strain on the memory is exceedingly great, and the attention must for ever be as much on the alert as though the waiter were a conjuror keeping sixteen balls going at once in the air. Yet there are men who never make a mistake of any kind ; none of their customers growls over a chop when he ordered a steak ; no one rejects with disdain a barbarous fried sole that comes in place of the more civilized grill ; nor does any man, having once found his change wrong, count it again and again with an air of distrust. This kind of

waiter would disdain to add the subtle item of "no bread, two-pence," in a rapid enumeration of articles devoured, he is not only a mere honest man, he is a gastronome of some merit as well, and can be trusted to recommend what is really good. He knows what the "regulars" want, he is aware of one man's idiosyncrasy with regard to sugar, and knows that another is luxuriously inclined to take two sauces with a simple chop; he greets them all with a subdued, chastened and respectful air of pleased familiarity, which endears him to many homeless bachelors and charms extra pence out of their pockets.

It is said that the best waiters in the world are Englishmen, but they do not succeed in the middle-class restaurants. For one thing the Swiss, Italian, or German proprietors prefer their own countrymen, but in addition to that I think they are not as a general rule so fitted for the task as foreigners. English waiters are usually kept in hotels, where they assume a grave air and are as solemn as butlers. They are quite as expensive too. Once in Cambridge I stayed at an hotel whose prices were as high as its reputation. The head waiter was an oppressively solemn man who so overawed my youthful spirit that even yet I have a kind of horror creep over me when I remember the last evening meal I ate under his superintendence. I felt as if I were eating my own funeral dinner. For that repast, and the waiter, I was charged nine and sixpence. I have always considered they charged me seven and sixpence for him whom I could so well have done without. That may be partly the reason why I prefer the brighter Swiss as an occasional attendant. He is suited to a restaurant which has plate-glass and gilding about it; the other should never leave an oak-panelled room with rusty armour high in the solemn shadows above the wax candles. When I quitted that Cambridge hotel I gave him half-a-crown, feeling deeply ashamed that it was not in my power to make it a physician's fee wrapped in decorous paper.

There is a class of English restaurant not commonly frequented by the more respectable classes in which the waiters are natives, and very miserable individuals indeed. In the windows of these places will be seen a curious collection of eatables, tempting only to the very hungry; there is probably a badly written, badly spelt *carte du jour* hanging on the door-post, while a printed board will ask the passer-by the question which so many find a difficulty in answering, "Where shall I dine to-day?" and instantly answers it with a gigantic "Here, of course." The attendants are ghostly

and wan, grimy and slipshod, their manners are subdued ; distinctly they have failed in life ; the eating-house or inn of which they dreamt in their youth is not to be realized in fact, and a dismal room in a three-pair back is probably where they spend the spare time of their life's slavery. Now and again we may see a specimen looking like a decayed butler or archbishop, with the remains of solemn grace about him, or chance upon an oddity in character who seems happy in his surroundings ; but for the most part they are slovenly, unkempt, greasy individuals who might sleep under or on the tables after their late closing time. Not far from Charing Cross in a restaurant of a rather better character is an Englishman with personal ways and manners which are very amusing. His method of ordering dishes is the extreme of brevity, it requires some previous knowledge or curious study to guess what he may mean, by such remarks as "roast two, under," and the like. His walk was described to me by a sculptor—who takes great notice of construction, as is customary with followers of the plastic and glyphic arts—as a kind of solemn rite, in which he carefully took his own feet out for an airing, planting them down soberly, flatly and securely, at a portentously wide angle.

Such waiters as these are only to be found by Bohemians apt to be impecunious and careless where they go, and have no interest as specimens of a great class. For the most part foreigners, Germans, Italians, and Swiss, wait on the increasing numbers of Englishmen who take at least one meal a day away from home. There are probably at least five thousand German waiters in London. The Swiss come greatly from the neighbourhood of Ticino. One native of that place fairly glowed with a curious patriotic pride as he dilated to me on the natural fitness of his countrymen and townsmen for waiting. For one thing they all know two languages, and some even three, before they come to England. This man spoke French, German, Italian, and English with perfect idiom and great fluency. Of course his knowledge of them was not deep and literary, probably it was about on a par with that needed of a courier, yet so far as accent went he could not be beaten. His English was that of a fairly educated Englishman, and, though learnt in London, without the atrocious cockney accent.

Nowadays, whatever they may have done in times past, these men do not come over here with any highly exalted notion of the wealth they are going to accumulate in rich England. They

do not look forward to returning in a few short years as millionaires: they know that the great days for establishing restaurants with a few pounds of capital have passed away for ever; and they are content with wages which give them a chance to save only a little. Most of the large foreign restaurants do not pay their waiters anything at all. At one well-known West-end establishment the men pay one-and-sixpence a day, or nine shillings a week, for the privilege of waiting, and their board. All that they make is given them by the customers, and this amounts on the average to twenty-five or thirty shillings a week. There seems to be a general tendency for wages to keep to this level in many callings. Sometimes, of course, they make more, and here and there an old well-known waiter in a good restaurant, with many regular customers, may make as much as two pounds or even two pounds ten.

The system of checks now universally adopted by restaurant owners ensures their getting every penny due to them from the waiter. Each man in starting to work is furnished with so many bone checks, each marked with a value corresponding to ordinary silver. As they take a dish past the counter they pay for it in these checks and are then responsible. Should they have any left at closing time, they go with the real cash towards balancing the account, which is made up each night. Anything like fraud is exceedingly difficult under these conditions. Frequenters of restaurants will have noticed that under no conditions will a waiter refill a cup of coffee. He has to bring a clean cup, and pay for it as though it were an eatable. There is very little loss to owners on this score.

Yet the waiter himself has always to suffer a certain liability to loss. A man may come in, order his dinner, eat it, and depart coolly while the attendant is at the end of the room. If this occurs he loses the money, not the employer. Still they do not complain. The Swiss employers and their men are on very good terms on the whole. The former are not, as a rule, harsh or severe, and will overlook involuntary faults to a far greater extent than German masters.

During the last Swiss elections such of the waiters as had votes, and could go, were sent to take part in them by the owners of two great restaurants, who were of opposite opinions in politics.

Some of the best and cheapest restaurants in London are absolutely unknown to the average Londoner. Even if he were



acquainted with them he might scorn them on account of their lack of any pretensions to be considered highly respectable. A few painters who have lived in Paris, and haunted the Quartier Latin, an odd journalist or so who has been overtaken with sudden hunger in De Quincey's neighbourhood, and here and there a de-Anglicised cosmopolitan, may know and rejoice in their foreign cookery combined with foreign prices, but to others they are repellent. If they should be discovered and advertised, the result would be as disastrous to lovers of peace as the exploiting of a quiet nook by the sea. In both cases the builders go to work at once ; here gaudy terraces and huge hotels dominate the spots sacred to art and contemplation and there plate-glass and red-velvet seats scare away the poorer Bohemian from his accustomed gastronomic haunt. There have been many examples of this in London.

But I know a little French house which has not yet been discovered by the public. It is in Bohemia which still exists outside Murger's masterpiece, and it is known only by Bohemians or French workers. Its frequenters are mostly Gauls, or Englishmen whom long residence in Paris has changed in character : now and again quite a rough fellow enters, reassuring us with a most civilized "Bon soir, messieurs," and is instantly balanced by a man in a high hat, who may be a teacher of languages, restoring the general average. The *menu* is written fairly on a slate ; it hangs by a string on a nail in the dingy papered wall ; above it is the clock, when it has not gone to be repaired leaving a circle of fairer paper to mark its position ; the windows are draped with red bunting on a brass rail, and against them leans a regiment of French loaves keeping watch over a dish of ripe tomatoes. The proprietor of this house is a tall, pleasant, somewhat sombre-looking man of about forty, who knows but little English, and devotes most of dinner-time to the reading of *La Lanterne*, or *L'Intransigeant*. His wife is chief cook in a mysterious retreat behind a dingy glass door ; sometimes when times are slack she issues forth, hot and smiling, to receive and answer our respectful salutations in either language ; while their little boy, who apparently knows both Paris *argot* and London slang, toddles round confidently to such of the customers as he looks upon as friends. The man who does most of the waiting is, I fancy, a partner in this simple, almost primitive concern ; he is amiable, talks fair English, is inclined to love "Le Sport," backing horses occasionally ; he takes a decided interest in those

of us whom he knows to be artists of one kind or another, and willingly gives good advice as to the eatables. He and I sometimes discuss the translation of an out-of-the-way French or English word ; I like him because he takes directions like a man, without a touch of that servility which is so displeasing to a mind of a democratic bent. I like the place and the people.

If I were to give the name of this "Café Murger," as I may call it, it would be destroyed for ever, the charm of its half-domestic kindness would be dissipated in the uproar of a new crowd ; I should be wholly a stranger and, departing, should inevitably regret that I had not left it in its original humble obscurity. For assuredly if they but knew where they might obtain a better meal for one shilling than for three or four at some well-known places, many more than simple Bohemians would turn down that little street and enter its dingy unremarkable portals to be treated like a friend, being neither overwhelmed with servility for a reasonable tip, nor scowled at ferociously for a moderately small one.

It is certainly a pleasure not to be obliged to listen to the crescendo thanks of an average waiter. Such an one has a certain scale of civility, a tariff of politeness, a *menu* of manners at "fixed price." A penny is often pocketed in contemptuous silence; double the amount draws forth, after a slight pause, a reluctant "thank you ;" threepence adds thereto a smiling "sir ;" fourpence is recompensed with an additional "very much," and an offer to help you on with your overcoat ; while for fivepence or sixpence you are bespattered with servility and bowed gratefully to the opened door. If for any reason yet more should be bestowed on them, they even go so far as to take it for granted that the donor is too rich to walk, and offer to call him a hansom. I have an intuition, an inward conviction, that the sudden gift of a whole half-crown would kill the waiter with apoplexy, he would be so overcome with gratitude, unless, indeed, he were embittered by previous misfortune, and then his cynicism would lead him to suspect that the giver was intoxicated and incapable of counting money.

In America, if one may, by any chance, believe the comic papers, seeing that it is impossible to credit the political ones, waiting is one of the methods of earning a living adopted as a temporary affair by such young men as have been too ambitious and flighty in Wall Street or its analogues in other great cities. I never saw any waiters in North America who came up to

Mr. Edward Bellamy's ideal, but from what I have noticed in other callings it may well be so. There was, to adopt the odd Transatlantic use of the word, quite a "lovely" story told of a young speculator who had come to utter grief, and entered into the service of one of these restaurants in New York which give a dinner for the humble sum of ten cents, or fivepence. I can vouch for it from personal experience that there are such places, and that the quantity, if not the quality, of the food given for the money is remarkably good. To this waiter's table came a broken-down, seedy-looking individual, of an aristocratic, Fifth Avenue, brownstone-front type, sneaking in with every sign of being very much ashamed of himself. When the waiter arrived to take his order there was mutual recognition, and the new-comer murmured "Great Scott, Thompson! you here?" The attendant showed no sympathy at all, but drawing himself up haughtily, drily replied, "Yes, Jones, I wait here, but I don't *dine* here." He evidently had not fallen so low as his poor friend.

When I was in San Francisco I remember that the waiters were a proud, well-organized body of men, who seemed to have it very much their own way. One noon on going to dine, for fifteen cents, by the way, at the well-known historic Miner's Restaurant, I found all the staff of attendants, cooks included, standing about the "side-walk" on strike. The owners had put up some notice which was by common consent interpreted as reflecting publicly on their honesty. Next day it was withdrawn, and I dined there in peace.

In England, every now and again, some one starts a discussion as to the advisability of waiters dressing as they do. Apparently the complaint arises from irritation at being taken for a waiter. I wonder whether it occurs to the complainants that there is another side to the question, for hard as it may be to suffer so in their pride, they might reflect that the waiters could reasonably object to be mistaken for a specimen of the genus "dude," or "masher." I have even heard that such an answer has been returned. Certainly as by far the easiest way to provoke a cabman is, for some occult undiscoverable reason, to call his horse a "camel," so the combative instincts of a waiter may overcome his patient trained civility, if by any chance or intention he be mistaken for any one of the above-mentioned order. It would certainly be cruel to attach, even for a moment, such a stigma to a useful and hard-working man.

Although I never came across any instance in America of a

gentleman or a man of previously good position taking to waiting—in the technical sense, I mean—for a living, yet a curious case was not long ago reported in the London papers in which a waiter, formerly of good position, thrashed two men on whom he was attending. The explanation he gave of his conduct was extremely curious. It appears that these two men had been mixed up with him in some sporting or financial matters, and, owing him no goodwill, came to the place where they knew he was employed to gloat over his misfortunes. Without appearing to recognize him, they turned their conversation on the circumstances which had led to his financial ruin, and finally commenced canvassing his family. It was an awkward situation for the unfortunate fellow to be placed in, for his enemies were busily malicious, and contrived to give him as little chance as possible of remaining away from their table. The result was fairly certain, and it was not long in coming, for they finally took to discussing his female relatives in a light and airy way, thus adopting the easiest known method of making a man angry. It was coarse and clumsy of them, and they met their reward, for he whipped the two of them very soundly before he was dragged off by the proprietor of the restaurant and the other waiters, who doubtless thought he had taken leave of his senses.

In spite of constant activity, there is a certain monotony in a waiter's existence. To watch for lifted hands or other signs, to handle food for ever, to count cash and give change, becomes wearisome, and perhaps this is why waiters seem to hail with delight the chance of putting out any noisy or ill-conducted person. They cannot restrain themselves, and go for the unfortunate individual, if he shows fight, in a compact and organized mass. Not very long ago I came into a large West-end restaurant just too late to witness, or take part in, what I believe is technically known in pugilistic circles as a "knock-down and drag out." An ill-conditioned, somewhat intoxicated individual, who, of course, was traditionally reported to be a medical student, had struck a waiter. Four of his companions came to the assistance of their fellow-worker; there was a crash of glass, a capsized table, a wild vision of flying arms and legs, and down went the visitor with a thump that shook the room. The waiters gallantly seized him, being five to one, and dragged him out, while one of them bumped his head on the flooring at frequent intervals during his progress to the entrance. It is to

be hoped that he was attached to a hospital, for in that case repairs would not cost him anything.

Formerly one well-known part of Bohemian London was the Chess Corner in Gatti's Adelaide Gallery in the Strand. Though now its glory dwines and dwindles, perishing by slow degrees, being deprived of the former favour and protection accorded it by the proprietors, yet on Saturday afternoons and evenings it makes a brave attempt to be cheerful even in its present etiolated anæmic state. Ten years ago, long before the Gallery had a Strand entrance, the Corner was at the far end in a mist of tobacco smoke, clamorous with many strange tongues, and prolific in odd personalities which gave it a character hardly to be matched since the days when Thackeray's Acherontic "Hoskins, bird of the night," warbled his queer lyrics to young Pendennis. We, its frequenters, were almost personal friends of the waiters; some of them even took a strong interest in our matches and battles; they were quick and ready with the coffee, and never scored an extra one to us, though we sat from four in the afternoon till midnight was chimed above us by the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Some of them began, by intimate contact with the board and chessmen, to imbibe a little knowledge of play, gaining by slow degrees some faint insight into the attractive mysteries of a game which kept its venerable devotees from their families, and inoculated with a kind of divine unaccountable frenzy, only to be calmed by much tobacco, such unwary youngsters as came to look on for a moment and remained for hours. In that Corner I have played with all sorts and conditions of men, with French, Germans, Poles, Hungarians, Austrians, Swiss, Italians, Greeks, Americans; with many men who knew many languages better than their own Slavonic dialect, and with some that spoke with words that no polyglottist of the crowd could translate. But chess, like love, has a universal language; gambits and openings explain themselves, and one might play it, as a friend I made there did, with pieces of melon-rind on the marked ground under a Syrian palm-tree with a dusky Oriental. Most of us in those days had nicknames as familiar to the waiters as ourselves; indeed it was as a rule vain to inquire after any missing member of that free club by his hereditary title; the attendants knew him not unless one asked for Napoleon, or Blucher, or Garibaldi, or Vienna; there was one even dubbed most mysteriously Law and Righteousness; there were the Two

Brothers, the Poet, and the Doctor. Many of these have now departed, whither I know not, for if one died he simply dropped out and was heard of no more. He had given up coming, we said. Often we did not ask each other why; it might have made us a little melancholy if we had known. In his stead we admitted tacitly some newer, younger man, looking on him at first with perhaps a little natural jealousy, yet finally, though gradually, allowing him the customary privileges and freedoms of our nook of Bohemia.

Now the glory of it is fading; only on the last day of the week there seems a resurgent life in what one is loath to let die. Whatever our politics may be, we are at least all conservative of our pleasant memories; and yet when Fate changed its place there was a subtle loss of ancient atmosphere. The new gilt and fresh paint have destroyed the smoke-tint on the walls; the great glass now but rarely reflects the bent heads of many amateurs eagerly watching for the master's next move, speculating curiously as to the final result. And the old waiter is gone too; he who brought us our own men, or made up extra sets from odd pieces supplemented as to missing pawns with lumps of sugar which, cannibal like, were eaten when captured; who produced boards miraculously from hidden and searched places. He was the first acquaintance I met when I returned to England from America, and every time we meet—for I know where he works—he reminds me of that with a smile. In many ways he was the best waiter I ever knew; ready, kind, quick, accurate, an admirable untiring worker; strong, prodigiously endowed with memory, many-linguaged, and most unfailingly good-tempered.

It was from this man that I first learnt of the existence of the various waiters' clubs in London—the Helvetia Club, the Geneva Union, &c. The Geneva Union has very extensive ramifications about the whole world in cities and towns of importance. Some of them appear to be admirably organized, and seem from the inspection of a casual visitor to flourish in an extreme degree. A waiter who belongs to one of them is almost always assured of work; if he leaves London and goes abroad he still gets the advantages of fees paid here in the foreign branches. The managers see to it, as far as possible, that no black sheep are in their select fold. They give their members characters, and affix their stamp as a security to the hirer that he is not being defrauded into bestowing employment on an undeserving man.

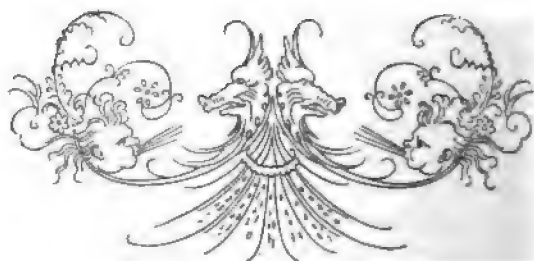
These unions do not have on their books any of the other sex. As in so many other callings, girls and women now compete largely with waiters. To say nothing of the neat uniformed girls who wait on one at a restaurant not far from the Law Courts, there are the shops of the Aërated Bread Company and their rivals for public favour. It was in one of these that an incident occurred which for four-square solid meanness could not be equalled by the manager of the mine in Mark Twain's story, who docked the time of a miner while he was compulsorily absent in the empyrean after an explosion. A notice in these shops says that any attendant who takes a gratuity will be discharged. One day a shareholder, whose name has not been handed down to infamy, had some refreshment and offered the waitress twopence. It was a deliberate temptation, worthy of the worst police traditions, and the poor girl succumbed to the coppers. She was subsequently discharged on the complaint of this individual, beside whom a spy would appear an estimable character, and an *agent provocateur* a desirable acquaintance.

This leads naturally to the question, the much-debated question of tipping. Whatever we call it, the institution is an ancient one, whether we term it tip, vail, baksheesh, or wages. As matters stand with the waiter, it is mostly the last, and for this the public has only itself to blame; unthinking generosity, or selfishness, which is ready to pay to be better served than other people, has shifted the burden of the attendants' wages from the shoulders of the proprietors to its own. And it certainly is no light burden. In a restaurant with fifty waiters, the customers pay a weekly sum of nearly £75, or a yearly one of £3900. This tax in food amounts to a penny in the shilling, or  $8\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. Taking the calculation of a penny in the shilling as correct, the gross annual takings of such an establishment should be £46,800. What the net profits are it is wholly impossible to say, though probably the proprietors expect at least 15 per cent. There certainly is a tremendous amount of unavoidable waste in such places, although many of them minimise the actual destruction by giving away the spoilt, surplus, and broken victuals to the poor every morning. Crowds of half-starved children testify by their presence at the door morning after morning to the kindly feeling of many restaurant keepers who have made fortunes in London, but are not spoilt by wealth. What is of no use to these children is often taken away by the

Little Sisters of the Poor, who do not disdain tea-leaves and kitchen refuse of all kinds.

In America there is no question of feeing waiters. The custom is to pay wages. In the democratic air of the States there is something antipathetic to tipping. The average American working-man considers it below his dignity to take any coin which is not a silver one of some considerable value. Wages being higher as a rule, there is not so much need of supplementing them by any system of recognized extortion. I do not deny that tipping may be largely practised in America, but the native American does not desire that it should obtain. Our system is assuredly bad, but the root of the matter lies too deep to be cut out by complaints or growls among the public. When the workers at last get really fair wages there may be a renaissance of the healthy manly feeling which looks on casual non-obligatory twopences as a degrading substitute for the proper payment of honest and necessary service.

MORLEY ROBERTS.





# Miss Blake of Monkshalton.

BY I. O. F.

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## CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Miss Blake returned to her hotel after her interview with Anne, she wrote to Emma, announcing her return next day by the train arriving about four o'clock in the afternoon at Halton, but she made no reference to Anne beyond the news that she was safe and well, though not returning to Monkshalton.

All day long Emma's nervousness and agitation steadily increased. She had received Anne's letter, but it contained no definite news, only incoherent protestations of affection, and plans for a distant future of happiness, which Emma and she were to share together, unclouded by Aunt Jane's presence, so that she still felt completely in the dark as to what had really happened and why Anne was not returning home. Her efforts to subdue her excitement, for she knew how annoyed Jane would be if she were not quite calm, only made it worse, till by five o'clock, when Jane was due, she felt really ill.

Henry, and Sarah, the head housemaid, were in Mrs. Wilton's room, discoursing over their tea upon Emma's restlessness, and admiring the superior class of mind to which Miss Blake belonged.

"Now you never see Missis flustered," said Mrs. Wilton, "never; only once do I remember such a thing, and that was when one of the Chelsea Shepherds was broken into small pieces by one of the housemaids. I shall never forget that as long as I live. It was before you came, Henry, and you may be thankful it was, for none of us had any peace day or night for a week afterwards. She seemed to be everywhere, seeing everything and hearing everything, you durstn't lift a finger lest Missis should be on you scolding about something. It was before Master died, and even he trembled that week, I fancy," she

concluded in a triumphant tone, for old Mr. Blake had never been beloved by his household, and any one who could make him tremble was consequently an object of admiration and respect.

"It's a pity that Miss Emma takes on so," said Henry, "it only makes Miss Blake all that harder on her. If she'd only stand up to her and have it out with her, things would go a deal more easily between 'em. At luncheon time, when I see Miss Emma's hand tremble so as she can hardly hold her knife, I wish as some one would tell her to be firm, and give as good as she gets. Miss Blake likes them best as stand up to her and aren't frightened of her domineering ways."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that, Mr. Johnson," interposed Sarah, "for she's a hard one is Missis, and she likes to be the head. It's a sad pity about poor Miss Anne, she's had a dull time of it here. Many's the time when there's been some fun going on at supper, down in the kitchen, I've thought as how that poor young thing would have liked some fun in her life too."

Sarah was of rather a romantic disposition like Coates, and, together with that lady, had long cherished secret hopes of obtaining Henry's affections; the rivalry between the two aspirants chiefly served as fuel to keep alive the flame which, owing to Henry's decided preference for Mrs. Wilton, would otherwise have died out. Sarah's sympathy therefore with Anne's seclusion at Monkshalton, and the rapid retreat from London and Cyril Stevens was deep and warm, though in Mrs. Wilton's presence she dared not say so openly, as that worthy person was very severe on any sort of "courting and nonsense," as she termed it. Mr. Wilton was a wholly imaginary person for she had never married, and was called Mrs. by courtesy.

"I must say though, Sarah, even you can hardly approve of Miss Anne's running away," said Mrs. Wilton in a reproving tone, "it seems a most extraordinary thing for a young lady to do, and I'm afraid Missis will never get over it, she's that proud."

Wilton's first thought was always for Missis, for whom she had a deep reverence.

A bell loudly ringing caused a general hurried breaking-up, for it was the announcement of Jane's return.

Emma heard it, sitting in the dark library, and her heart stood still and her legs trembled so that she could scarcely walk straight, across the hall, to meet her sister. She nervously

put up her cheek to receive Jane's salute, and was startled when she saw how pale and worn her sister looked. She longed to begin questioning her at once, for she felt sure something most terrible must have happened to make Jane look like that ; but she wisely forbore, knowing that questions asked immediately she arrived would only irritate her sister, and she would receive no answer but a reproof.

They walked solemnly into the sitting-room, flooded with afternoon sunshine, and through the open windows came the drowsy murmur of bees in the flower-garden.

"Well, really, Emma, you ought to have drawn those blinds down, the sun does so fade the carpet ; however, perhaps it does look rather nice to see the flowers"—and Jane sat down with a sigh in a large easy-chair facing the window.

Emma felt more alarmed than ever, for the softening clause about the flowers was an almost unprecedented thing. But Jane was thinking of the dreary little room in Hunter Street, and wondering more than ever how Anne could be so utterly lost to all common sense as deliberately to prefer it to this lovely scene. A great peacock walked slowly past the window with his tail well spread out.

"Well, you see the child has not come back with me. I went first to the Taylor's. What an ill-bred woman she is, to be sure ! But they knew nothing about her there. Mrs. Taylor was very inquisitive, but I soon let her understand she would learn nothing from me ! However, when I got to Camden Town, there was Anne with that woman Mrs. Turner—in Hunter Street."

Miss Blake paused to loosen her bonnet strings. Tea was brought in, and merely comparative remarks upon the weather in London and at Monkshalton were considered suitable whilst the men servants were in the room. A most useless precaution, since Coates was solemnly and tearfully holding forth in Mrs. Wilton's room, where Henry's return was anxiously expected.

"Well," said Emma, as the door closed and they were alone again, "how did she look ? was she well ?"

"Why, yes, I told you she was well in my letter—but she has behaved very wrongly—very wrongly. She declared she could never come home again ; she talked a great deal of nonsense about being stifled here ; I don't know what she means, I'm sure, nor what she wants ! However, I gave her the choice of coming back here with me, or living with those Turners. I

said, of course I should never receive any of them here, and at that she fired up and said her lot was with them ; very great nonsense I think it, and most unsuitable. I told her she would never have any of my property when I am gone. £100 a year is all she will ever get from me ; and when I got back to the hotel I sent for Pawson, and made him draw up a codicil then and there expressing my intentions with regard to her."

Emma's tears had been gathering slowly whilst Jane spoke, and when she paused for a moment, after the announcement about the codicil, to drink her tea, her strongest efforts could not hide them, or prevent Jane from hearing a little bitter sob.

"Emma, I'm really surprised at you," said Jane severely—few things embarrassed or annoyed her so much as tears—"I really believe you think Anne is quite right, and that I, as usual, am behaving like a tyrant. Do you not see how ungrateful, how inconsiderate her behaviour is, and how necessary it always was for her to be under strict control ? But all your life you have opposed me and tried to thwart me ; you always took Anne's part both secretly and before my face, so I suppose this is only what I must expect from you now——"

Jane's fatigue and disappointment that Anne had not come back with her made her tone intensely bitter.

"Jane, I will not bear it, I cannot, you have said such cruel, unjust things to me lately, things which you know are not true !"

Emma's voice was choked with tears, for all the weary restless waiting of the day had worn her out ; and she could say no more, but sat gazing at the sunshine with blinded eyes, and shaking with sobs. The future looked so hopeless, so hideously dreary to her. They two for breakfast, for luncheon ; they two for the solemn daily drive, no bright young face to come between them, no young arms to wrap themselves warmly round her neck.

Jane stirred her tea in grim silence. She would not answer Emma's petulant, hysterical accusations. Silence was more dignified and better suited to her position as older sister. Besides, there was no doubt she was in the right, and Emma must know that. She was always ready to dissolve into tears about nothing, and it was always best to be very severe with that sort of people, for it did them good ; so there was profound silence in the room. Outside, the birds were silent too, for it was still hot and oppressive, in spite of the thunder the day

before, and only the bees kept up their deep hum. Anne's cat suddenly leaped on to the window-sill and looked in cautiously, but, seeing no young mistress, jumped down again and sat curled up in the flower-beds.

"Even the animals don't love us like they love Anne!" exclaimed Emma involuntarily.

"Really, Emma, you talk great nonsense, and I consider, after all I have done for the child, gone up to town to bring her back and behaved with the greatest consideration so that people should not gossip about her, that your conduct to me is not what I have a right to expect. You don't seem to think the child's behaviour is a trial to me too. However, I shall know what to expect in the future!"

What was the use of saying anything to Jane? reflected Emma, she always turned anything the wrong way, and it was best to be silent. Still, there was more to learn about Anne, some more questions must be ventured on, however much they might irritate Jane.

"Did you see Mrs. Turner?" she said, in a conciliatory tone.

"Why, of course not; the woman's bed-ridden, and if she were not do you suppose I would have seen her? My business was with Anne, not with her, and, as Anne refused to come back with me, I could say no more and drove away. You see she will be twenty-one next week and can do as she likes then. I suppose she thought of that when she defied me so fiercely. It's a great pity our brother did not leave her under my guardianship till she was some years older! However, it's all settled now, and there's no use in discussing it any longer. Anne knows what to expect from me, and Pawson has drawn it all up and I have signed it."

"How much I wish I had some money of my own."

Emma's voice was passionate and eager, making Jane put down her cup so as to be able to look at her better. Emma really seemed to be coming out in an entirely new light, and would have to be treated in a different manner from what had been customary hitherto. The subject of their money had never been discussed between them before, being regarded as of much too delicate a nature, so that Emma's abrupt infringement of this unspoken rule was all the more startling.

"Yes, Jane, I do, for I should leave it all to that poor child. What have we ever done to make her love us? you don't love people simply because they feed and clothe you!

She was shut up here and made to lead a dreary, narrow existence. It may be enough for us, but it is not enough for a young growing girl and a bright active girl too like Anne is ; and now, when she has chosen a harder and less luxurious lot with people of whom she knows nothing, but feels she might help, you must go and cut down her future in this cruel manner."

"Well, Emma, you know it is not my fault that you have no share in the estate, I hardly think you ought to reproach *me* for it. I think, when you have reflected on your words, you will wish them unsaid."

There was a dead silence after Jane's words, which were spoken in a deep voice which went to Emma's heart and stirred in her again the old love for her sister which had been slowly dwindling during the last few weeks. She remembered the little roll of notes placed with such unfailing regularity on her dressing-table. No, she thought, it was no use saying anything more about Anne, for Jane had certain fixed ideas about the child and what was to be done for her, and it was useless trying to make her see things in a different light—besides—and again the old mistrust of herself and habitual deference to her sister's opinion returned to her mind, making her look timidly after Jane as she rose with a more stately step than usual, rang the bell, and began to collect her gloves and bonnet which she had laid down.

"Let me carry them for you, dear Jane, I should like to help you," said Emma tremulously.

"Thank you, no, I prefer to do it myself," said Jane in a cold voice. "Henry, tell Wilton I wish to see her in my room at once," she added as the men came in to remove the tea-things. She sailed out of the room with her usual firm rather heavy step, without another word or glance.

Well, this was a most terrible state of things, reflected Emma as the door closed and she was left quite alone. Jane was evidently most deeply offended ; during all the years they had lived together, the subject of Emma's pennilessness and the reason of it had never even been alluded to in the most distant manner, and now that it had thus suddenly leaped into notice, the breach it made was too deep, too dreadful ever to be bridged over again. Things would never settle back into their old grooves again, of that she felt sure, and now that there was no Anne left to relieve the close pressure of their minds, to relieve

the sensation of being stifled by each other's presence, the future was too miserable to be thought of or dwelt upon.

She sat in a kind of stupor till the sun glided away from the flower-beds and long shadows stole across the grass. The cat jumped up into the room with a little appealing mew, and crept up to Miss Emma's side, rubbing up against her dress. She raised herself up a little and mechanically stroked the animal's soft fur.

How tired and worn out she felt, what a long long day it had been ; what an immense time since she and Bernard Forbes had sat looking at Bradshaw in the library, and yet that was only yesterday. Would all the days seem so long she wondered. Perhaps if Jane knew how tired she always felt in this hot weather, and how difficult it was to get her breath properly, she would not be so hard upon her and would overlook her tiresome irritating ways. But then, of course, she could never tell her, Jane would only think she was making silly excuses. No, the wall they had involuntarily built between each other was too strong to be destroyed now, it was all too late.

The curtain swayed gently in the evening breeze which stole in at the window ; what was the gloomy shadow standing behind it she wondered ; it couldn't be only one of the tall backed chairs, it must be something living, for it seemed to move. Perhaps it was Jane's soul standing watching over her, and it would always be there, it would never leave her, and some day it would slowly slowly creep up to her and strangle her.

The cat jumped up on to her knee and its soft rubbing recalled her wandering senses. No, no, she murmured, of course it was nothing, she was alone, quite alone, why she could never be anything else now that Anne was gone

Oh, how tired she was ! she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes with a gentle sigh, it was really very nice to be in such a comfortable chair. The cat curled up comfortably on her knee and purred himself off to sleep, and soon Emma slept too.

The sunlight faded away altogether, and the evening breeze again stole in through the window laden with the scent of honeysuckle, but Miss Emma never stirred and the peaceful look on her face grew deeper, as the darkness increased.

## CHAPTER XII.

Bernard Forbes was walking home from the station by a short cut which led him through the Blakes' fields soon after seven o'clock that same evening, when it occurred to him that he would look in at Monkshalton, and tell Aunt Emma something of his interview with Anne. He could, at least, give her all the messages of love Anne had sent, which he knew would cheer and refresh her in her forlornness. "And then," he thought, "if they ask me to stay to dinner, it may make her first evening alone with Miss Blake less unbearable, for I fancy that lady must be in a most exasperated state of mind."

Just as he arrived at the door and rang the bell, he heard a terrible sound in the house, a terrible cry which rang out in the still evening air like the cry of a lost soul. It came from the open windows in the drawing-room he was sure, and without waiting for any one to answer the bell, he rushed round the house and leaped in through the window—a cat tore past him and fled far away into the woods.

Then he saw in the gathering gloom Emma lying still and white in an easy-chair, and, bending over her, Jane, with an expression of agony such as he had never thought he could see on any human being's face. The door into the hall was half open, and he could hear the servants collecting outside it, whispering together, uncertain, so great was their fear of Miss Blake, whether to come to her aid in that supreme moment, or not.

He heard afterwards that it was Henry who had found Emma lying motionless in her chair, and had rushed with the news to Miss Blake's room.

"Bernard," said Jane, in a hoarse voice, so different from her usual clear tones, that it made Forbes shiver, "what is it, what has happened—tell me—is she, is she, oh!" she burst out in a loud terrible tone, "is she dead? Anne said I should kill her. Anne said it—tell me, is it true?"

She seized his arm and looked into his face, but so terrible was her look that he could not meet it, and he turned instead to the peaceful face below him.

"Hush," he said, "hush, don't disturb her, she is quiet and happy—don't speak so loud; no; Anne didn't mean that, no, no; don't say that, don't—" for Jane had let go his arm and



was standing gazing at Emma, repeating, "killed her, I've killed her," in a low tone.

He hastily crossed the room and closed the door, lest any one should hear her words. What could he say, what could he do? His own sorrow seemed something not to be thought about now, in the presence of this terrible agony.

"Yes, Bernard, you think so too—I know it, I know it. You think I've killed her—I've seen her look at me with fear and terror in her face, and now, is this her, this, this"—and she laid her hand on Emma's cold forehead—"and is it my doing—don't leave me!" she shrieked, "don't—they've all left me, Anne and Emma, and now you're going too!"—as Forbes went to the door meaning to ask Wilton for some brandy, for Jane seemed as if she were half out of her mind; and he thought the old housekeeper's presence might calm her.

He came back to Jane's side and took her hand in his. How withered the stern old face looked, he thought, how forlorn in its stony despair; better to be Emma, and away from it all, than to be this iron soul whom no one could ever reach, and who must live on in complete absolute loneliness. How should he find any words with which to comfort her, when he had never in his life before spoken to her except with a feeling of an icy barrier between them; and now that the barrier was momentarily thrown down, and he could look at her soul face to face, how paralysed he felt at the terrible sight! For it was like gazing over a waste plain full of benumbed and frozen wrecks which once might have bloomed into love and happiness! Why, there was hardly a common language between them.

To Jane the air seemed full of a terrible kind of speech, terrible words; it was as if Emma's lips were moving, and saying again, "I cannot bear it—I cannot; you say such cruel things to me." She sat down, for the room seemed suddenly to reel and grow misty, and rocked herself backwards and forwards with her hands in her ears, and her eyes shut to keep out both sights and sounds.

Bernard bent down over her and, gently removing one of her hands, said in a husky voice—

"Dear Miss Blake, don't say that, don't think that. Aunt Emma loved you more, far more than you know; she always loved you, and never thought any one was so noble as you—she often said so, often; do be comforted—remember it was no one's doing, no one's, and that she is happy and peaceful now—look

how peaceful she is. Let me call Wilton, and she will take you upstairs ; and let me help you in this terrible trouble, and do all I can for you."

Jane rose from her chair and, taking his arm, which he held out, they walked to the door. Wilton was outside with her black silk apron over her face, sobbing and moaning ; but as soon as she caught sight of her mistress's haggard face, she checked her sobs, and, putting her arm round Miss Blake, began to lead her gently towards the staircase.

"Oh, my dear missis, come and lie down for a bit. You know she wouldn't have liked you to take on so for her ; why, it would have broke her heart to see you fretting so."

Bernard heard them slowly mount the stairs and reach Miss Blake's room, and the door softly close after them.

### CHAPTER XIII.

On the day of the funeral the sun shone with a scorching heat, the roads were thickly covered with white dust, and all the hedges by the roadside were powdered with it.

Bernard, as he sat in a large mourning coach with his father and Sir James Haughton, felt stifled both with the heat and the awful solemnity of the proceedings. Sir James was every now and then putting his head as far out of the window as he felt was consistent with propriety, in order to see as much as possible of the procession, and how it was forming, and then in an eager whisper informing his companions of what he had seen.

Jane had insisted on everything being done as it had always been done by the family for generations past—mourning coaches, plumes, mourners with long scarves, the school children drawn up in a solemn line through the village. She forgot nothing, not even the leaden lining to the coffin ; for, as she sternly remarked, "We have always been buried in lead." All the villagers had been "bidden" to the ceremony the evening before by a man with a long staff, who went round to each house, rapping with his staff and "bidding" the inmates, in a solemn voice, to Monkshalton next day at ten o'clock. As the Blakes were one of the oldest families in the county, all the neighbours had come or sent their carriages, so that an enormous train slowly wound through the lanes and the village to the little church, which was about a mile away from Monkshalton.

"Forbes, do you see all the blinds are down everywhere? Why, old Drake has even shut up his shop, and you know you told me Miss Blake had refused to renew his lease after Michaelmas! Bless my soul, if there isn't Thompson walking with the mourners in front, and he only told me last week that Miss Blake hadn't even bowed to him for the last ten years, ever since they quarrelled about the wood on Halton Point!"

Colonel Forbes received these and all such items of information with which Sir James every now and then favoured him with an impatient sigh and a face of immovable gravity. He was feeling profoundly moved by Miss Emma's death; another of the old friends of his youth was gone! How near it made it seem to his own turn, he thought, with a deep sigh, and unconsciously to himself that was the bitterest part of it in his mind.

Sir James began to feel that his remarks did not somehow please his companions, and tried to restrain his interest in the proceedings and settle his face into the same blank, almost vacant look that Bernard's wore. But when the carriages drew up at the church gate he could no longer resist the temptation to watch everything, and sat looking out of the window, gazing openly at the crowd and internally noting down who was there and who was not, of the neighbours, in order to pour it all out to Maria at tea-time.

Miss Blake had insisted on coming to the church. The terrible remorse which filled her made her determined to do everything and see everything, and in no wise to spare herself. Everything that could be done, must be, to show respect and honour to her sister, and to stifle the misery in her own soul.

Firmly she got out of the carriage, and upright as ever was her bearing as she took the arm of her cousin, an elderly man who was the next heir, after her death, to the property, and who never came to Monkshalton except on such occasions as the present one; for between his father and old Mr. Blake had been a lifelong quarrel, and in the Blake family a quarrel once begun lasted through several generations. He had consequently seldom seen Emma, and had no particular feeling either of pleasure or regret about her death, except that its extreme suddenness had rather shocked him; but he was very anxious to fulfill his post in the proceedings in the most correct and proper manner possible. He carefully handed Jane out, and

gave her his arm most respectfully, but even he could hardly help feeling surprised at the rigid stateliness and calmness of her demeanour.

"Dear me, I suppose she doesn't feel much sorrow about it, and still she was her only sister! it seems rather odd, but these Blakes are a hard set, and would sooner die than show any emotion," he reflected, as they slowly moved up the little pathway to the church.

Long afterwards the village people talked of Miss Blake and of her stern face and figure on that day: how she neither trembled nor moved, nor shed one tear, but walked stonily, rigidly, with no haste, but how, as the coach door closed on her when all was over, those nearest thought they heard a moan.

Wilton and Coates were at the door to receive her, and took her up to her room—the room which she never left again.

The next morning early, the village doctor—a stout man with an impressively bald head, on the strength of which Sir James always declared he had obtained his practice—was hurriedly sent for. Miss Blake was ill, very ill, and for two whole years she lay in her large sombre bedroom, waiting for the day when she would have to be carried downstairs and across the quiet little churchyard to Emma's side.

No one ever saw her but the servants, and nothing very definite was known about her illness; but Sir James, who always seemed to find out everything, and whose stories were generally built on a truthful foundation, declared she had had a stroke of paralysis which had affected her speech, and that she had lain during those two years silent and immovable on her bed. When Anne's name was mentioned to her, he declared that he heard she showed signs of horror—anyhow, her niece was never again admitted to her presence—and when Miss Blake died no forgiveness or relenting had induced her to alter her will in Anne's favour. Anne's words came true, she never lived with Aunt Jane again.

When Anne heard the news of Emma's sudden death, she instantly set off to Monkshalton, stricken with grief and full of a terrible fear that she would find that her flight had been the cause of it. When she reached the little railway station at Halton she found Bernard waiting for her with his dogcart. It was he who had written and told her the news, and he had guessed she would come by the earliest possible train and had

driven to meet her ; for he was very much afraid Miss Blake would refuse her admittance to Monkshalton, and he longed to be of some use to the poor child and comfort her if possible.

The great sorrow which overwhelmed them both swept away the remembrance of their last meeting, and there was no shade of embarrassment between them as they drove silently through the dusty lanes. As they drew near the lodge, Bernard slackened his horse's speed, and looking down at Anne laid one of his hands on hers for a moment to attract her attention. She looked up anxiously.

"What is it, Bernard ? is there something else which I don't know—some other trouble ?"

"Yes, dear Anne, I want to prepare you for what Miss Blake may do or say—she is not responsible I am sure for anything she may say, she is so much upset by grief that I fear she may refuse to see you. She won't see anyone nor speak to anyone except Wilton or Coates. All her orders she sends through them, and I fear she won't even see you. But I want you thoroughly to understand that it is because, as I consider, her mind is really unhinged by the shock, and you must not regard her behaviour as that of a responsible person."

He was silent, and watched Anne's face. She was looking straight before her, and never moved whilst he spoke.

"I understand, Bernard, and I understand how good you are to me, how you wish to spare me every new pang that may be—that is," she said in a lower voice, "in store for me. But as we drive nearer and nearer, I feel more and more sure that it is all my doing. I am to blame. I am a miserable, guilty wretch."

Her hands were tightly clasped together, and she still never neither stirred nor moved her glance.

"I knew you would feel that, so I went straight off to see the doctor, and he told me that he never expected her to live even as long as she has done. He used to wonder that she held up so long, for it seems she has been secretly under his care for some time—ever since last summer I believe—but she never allowed it to be known or mentioned, and no one knew anything at all about it ; so do not think you are to blame ; do not let that grieve you."

Anne's tears were falling fast now, and Bernard touched up his horse, leaving her time to recover herself before they reached the door.

As they passed through the lodge gates, Anne thought of the time she had driven through with both her aunts on their way home from London, and her heart had been so heavy. How trivial all the miseries of those days seemed to her now. How curious it was that she should have cared so much and felt so heart-broken about them.

The door was opened by Henry, who received Anne in a solemn, almost tearful manner. Bernard waited for her in the hall as she crept softly up the darkened staircase to Jane's room. He heard a whispered consultation going on between Anne and Coates, and Anne's voice gradually growing louder and more insistent, till it rose to a despairing cry of "Oh, Aunt Jane! Aunt Jane! let me in; forgive me and let me in! Dear Aunt Jane, I must come in! I must see you! oh, let me in!" He could even hear her rattling the handle of Jane's door in her despair. He could not bear it, and rushed up the staircase to the room. Anne was outside with Coates, and a clear firm voice inside was speaking. It was Jane's voice.

"Go away! go away! I will never see you again! You've made your bed, and you must lie on it. You said I should kill her, and it's done, it's done. Go away, go away!"

"Dear Miss Anne," said Coates, her face streaming with tears, don't mind her, don't, Miss Anne dear. Come downstairs and wait a bit; she's that upset she doesn't know a word of what she's saying. Come down and have a cup of tea, and perhaps she'll come round soon and see you."

But the door suddenly opened and Jane stood there, upright as ever, but with a dark flush on her usually pale face, and a dull look in her pale blue eyes.

"Go away, Anne, and don't wait downstairs one moment, but go away out of this house; go back to the Turners, and never darken my doors again. You yourself cut the bonds that joined us together, and now you must reap the consequences. It was you who made Emma hate me, and I can never forgive you—never! Do you think my forgiveness would bring Emma back? No! I can never forgive you either in this world or the next!"

"Aunt Emma never hated you. She loved you, as I want to love you, and care for you always, all my life."

"I don't want your love; what good will it do me, I should like to know? Go away, I tell you, go away!" The door was closed and locked, and they heard Jane walk across the room and drop into her great arm-chair with a heavy thud. Wilton

was inside, and she called out to them, "Go away, dear Miss Anne, you're making her ill, do go away for the present."

Bernard took Anne downstairs, but before they could reach the parlour, Coates came running down with a further message from Miss Blake that "Miss Anne was to leave the house instantly, and go back to London. She was not to stay in the neighbourhood, as Miss Blake didn't wish her to come and see her any more."

"Anne, dear, come down with me," said Bernard tenderly, leading her to the hall door, where Henry was holding his horse. Coates rushed after them, and, throwing her arms round Anne's neck, they kissed each other.

"Dear Miss Anne, you must let me come and live with you—I don't want any wages—and I'll bring Jemmie, for he'll fret without you."

"No, Coates," whispered Anne, "you must stay with her as long as ever she wants you, and you must nurse her and love her for my sake."

She could say no more, and Bernard helped her into the dog-cart, for she was trembling so much that she could hardly walk. Henry wrung her hand silently, and they drove away.

"Let me take you home; my father will welcome you with all his heart; you had better not go back to London to-day," said Forbes, as they drove through the park.

"No, Bernard, please take me to the station, oh! please do, I must go back at once—it is all I can do for her now; isn't there a train in an hour?"

"Yes; but, my dear child, you are so tired you are not fit to travel."

"Please don't say any more;" said Anne in a weary voice; "if you don't take me to the station I must get out and walk there."

It was useless to say any more, he felt, so to the station they drove. When the train came up Anne found Bernard had sent his cart home by some one, and had taken a ticket to London, and was going up with her. He put her into a carriage by herself, and she saw him get into a smoking compartment next to her own.

Silently, in the middle of the night, they drove to Mrs. Turner's house. He would not come inside the house, for he was obliged to return to Halton by the next train, and would barely have time to drive back to the station. He bent down as she gave him her hand, and kissed her forehead. "Remember,

dear, I am always ready to serve you in any way you wish, and at any moment."

Anne pressed his hand and tried to speak, but the words would not come ; she looked into his face, and then softly bent down her cheek against the hand she held.

A great tremor ran through him at that gentle touch, but no word was spoken, and Anne closed the door, leaving him staring at the place where she had stood, and feeling nothing but the soft pressure of her face against his hand.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

One afternoon in January, about a year after Miss Blake's death, Sir James Haughton was standing in Maria's sitting-room, with his back to the fire and a cup of tea in his hand, holding forth on some gossip that he had just heard at lunch that day.

They had been travelling abroad for the last two years, and were now staying at Mentone for the winter, and amidst the usual colony of English, he had found some one who knew the Blakes, and could give him fresh details concerning Monkshalton, and the cousin who had been living there since Jane's death.

"Do you know, Maria, they told me that that fellow who has the place now has actually done away with the peacocks, couldn't bear their noise, he said, it made him feel low-spirited ! Why, they've been there as long as the Blakes themselves ! and he's pulled out the black oak wainscoting in the hall, and done it up in modern style !" Sir James's voice trembled with disgust. "And he's cut a lot of the timber, to let in fresh air, he says. Fresh air indeed ! it makes me feel disgusted to think that a man can be such a fool as to destroy an old place like that, it won't be worth anything now. And by-the-bye, they gave me some more details about poor Miss Jane's funeral. All the old servants were there, and the housekeeper and Henry—you remember Henry, that solemn-looking old butler who had lived there for twenty years or more ; they both cried and sobbed like children, and who else do you think was there ?"

Maria did not speak, knowing no answer was needed, and Sir James went on in an excited tone—

"Why, Anne ! Anne Blake, who had been forbidden the house—turned out neck and crop I may say ! There she was,



all muffled up in a cloak, but her old maid saw her, and ran up to her, and they tried to make her come back to Monkshalton. She went up to the door, but she wouldn't go into the house, nothing they could say would make her cross the doorstep—she said she daren't disobey her aunt even now. They say she looked as white as a corpse, and much older than she did two years ago, and I'm sure I don't wonder! Living in Camden Town, of all places——”

“You forget, James dear,” said Maria's quiet voice, “you forget she doesn't live there now. She has got on so well with her singing—you remember she always had a lovely voice, and it had been carefully trained, even in her aunt's time, whenever they came up to town—that she earns a good deal by giving lessons, and can afford to live in a better part of London now. And I think Mrs. Turner is dead.”

“Do mean to say, Maria, that you have known all this and never told me? Why, you know I am always trying to find out news of that child, only we've been out of England so long. I never can hear anything, and that fellow Forbes never writes.”

“Well, James, I really thought you knew, you always seem to know everything; but tell me what else you have heard.”

“Gad, I had nearly forgotten the most important part of all, that it seems there is a report that Bernard Forbes and Anne are engaged to be married, though I can't make out that it's more than a report at present. Anne has been broken-hearted ever since Emma died, and says she was to blame; but I really can't see that she was, it was that nagging sister of hers that did it, I believe! However, if those two are making it up, I must get them a wedding present. Women like lace; don't you think that black——”

“My dear James, I do think you are a little premature, for we really don't know anything about it, and I hardly think it can be true, for I made Anne promise when we left England to tell me if such a thing should ever happen, and I haven't heard from her yet; she would not forget her promise, I am sure. I know Gervase was deeply in love with her, and I always wanted her to marry him.”

“Well, well,” said Sir James, putting down his cup; “what abominable tea one does get in these places! However, I am sure it would be much better for her to be safely married, than going about teaching and singing at concerts, as you say she does. I don't half like these new-fangled ways of women

earning their own livings. Why don't the men support them, I say? In my young days you never met a woman running up and down the country, working and supporting herself, as seems to be the fashion now; well, well, I think I'll go and have a cigar before dinner."

Maria, left to herself, leaned back in her easy chair and thought over Sir James's news. "I think James is wrong," she reflected, "the only thing for Anne to do was to take up some active occupation, otherwise she would perhaps have grown up like her Aunt Jane, for she had somewhat the same disposition, poor child; and I'm not sure too that it isn't a good thing to have, as James calls it, destroyed the old place—for cruel thoughts and cruel deeds seem to saturate the very walls of the places they inhabit——"

"Maria, Maria," she heard Sir James's voice eagerly calling, and he burst into the room, "those people tell me Anne is engaged; and the afternoon post has just come, and here's a letter for you with a black edge, which I believe is from her, so it will be to tell you all about it; well, now I can get her that lace I was telling you about!"

THE END.



## Notes of the Month.

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THE news that the Pope has given orders for a monument to be erected over his grave, and is much interested in the execution of the design, is a curious though by no means unprecedented example of the anticipatory attitude in regard to death. Swift wrote a long poem on his death and the way in which the news would be likely to affect his circle of friends and acquaintances. Of a much more practical turn of mind was the West-country gentleman who had a complete rehearsal of his funeral in his lifetime, at which he rated some of the performers very soundly for not sustaining their rôles with sufficient spirit. Many men have written their own epitaphs, amongst others Charles Lever, and as the lines have been incorrectly quoted, it may be worth while to give them in their proper form.

“ For sixty odd years he lived in the thick of it ;  
And now he is gone, not so much very sick of it,  
As because he believed he heard somebody say  
Harry Lorrequer’s hearse is stopping the way.”

This quatrain formed part of a letter written to a great friend of Lever’s about six weeks before the latter’s death. In it he had been discussing his approaching end rather in the *conviva satur* spirit, as a man *qui avait vécu* and felt that it was time to be off.

What courage the younger generation of artists have nowadays! Mr. Julian Corbett recently “consecrated”—as the French would say—an article in the pages of the *Universal Review* to the memory of the Jezebel whom he believes to have been a very brilliant and noble personage. There is, if we mistake not, a curiously perverse tendency afloat which induces people to admire and sympathise with what is morally detestable, because it is æsthetically or dramatically interesting. Hence we are confronted with the strange spectacle of persons of refinement and taste patronizing such plays as *Theodora* and *La Tosca*, in which there is not a single character on which the spectator can legitimately bestow his sympathy—plays which neither stimulate nor refresh, nor delight the beholder, but simply appal and horrify him. The most modern instance of this very modern spirit that we have encountered is to be found in the enterprise of a promising young English composer who has taken for the subject of his opera—Messalina! The

libretto is by an Italian author named Giuseppe Pompei, a name strikingly suggestive of volcanic verse.

Dr. Hubert Parry's lecture at the Royal Institution on "Evolution in Music" proved exceedingly interesting, and has excited, in those who heard it, pleasurable anticipations in regard to the work upon the same subject for the International Scientific Series on which Dr. Parry has been for some time engaged. The lecturer's attitude is midway between those who consider that music sprang into existence, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, fully developed and equipped some three hundred years ago, and those like Mr. Rowbotham who find the rudiments of the sonata form in Greek music, and trace back the development of the art to the pre-historic past. Dr. Parry holds that there were rudiments in the classical epochs, but that music retrograded under Roman rule to such an extent, that the revival between the tenth and sixteenth centuries was practically a mere recovery of what had been lost, while the innovations of Caccini Peri and Monteverde placed the art on a level which it had never reached before. In other words, music, as we understand the term, came into existence about 1600. Another significant point in the lecture was the forecast in which Dr. Parry indulged as to the future of his art. Premising that the more people set store on sheer beauty of tone, the less they were inclined to appreciate beauty of form, he admitted that it was quite open to question whether the modern taste for elaborate and intricate orchestral effects would not bring about a loss of regard for distinct design. And in that case we should undoubtedly enter on an era of disintegration and de-composition.

At a time when sheer restlessness too often passes current for philanthropy, it is pleasant to encounter a movement in which artistic, benevolent and practical tendencies are so pleasantly combined as the London Flower Girls' Guild, the active work of which is to commence on May the 1st. As the prospectus of the Society points out, an enormous increase has taken place of late years in the street trade in flowers. "Flowers have become almost a necessity of life to ladies of refined tastes, and there can be no doubt that the ample supplies provided by the street-sellers enable many to indulge their tastes who would have hesitated to incur the expense of dealing at the shops of the established florists." But hitherto two great obstacles have stood in the way of those who would otherwise have been willing to assist a class numbering in its ranks many respectable women and girls—the slatternly appearance of the street-sellers and the insanitary conditions of the lodging-houses in which their surplus stock is kept. To obviate these difficulties, suitable premises have been secured, where all the flowers remaining unsold will be deposited at the close of the

day by the members of the Guild in a well-ventilated store room, while in order to identify the members of the Guild, they will be provided with a distinctive uniform. As the promoters of the scheme wisely remark, "It is believed that this condition of appearing cleanly and neatly, and also picturesquely dressed, will have a most beneficial and elevating effect on the girls themselves." The best guarantee of the *bonâ fide* nature of the new scheme is to be found in the fact that many flower girls have volunteered to contribute one shilling *weekly* to the exchequer, a portion of which will be devoted to the establishment of a benefit fund in cases of sickness.

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We understand that Madame Schumann does not endorse certain statements in an article in our January number entitled "Madame Schumann and Natalie Janotha." We unfortunately learned this too late to insert anything on the subject in the present issue, but we hope that Madame Schumann may at some future time give our readers her own version of the circumstances in question, with a view to removing any incorrect impression the article may have produced.

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#### NOTES FROM EDINBURGH.

To speak of the completion of the Forth Bridge as the great event of the month, is to tell a twice-told tale. The ceremony of the opening, the driving in of the last rivet by the Prince of Wales, the crowds assembled at Queensferry, the banquet, the guests and the speeches, are they not told in every daily paper in the United Kingdom? To the inhabitants of Edinburgh and its neighbourhood, the completion of the bridge is almost of less interest than has been its growth from week to week, and month to month, during the last seven years. To them, as to others, the seven wonders of the world have been *faits accomplis*; but this eighth wonder has grown up among them. They have seen it in all its various stages, and now they have beheld its consummation—have seen Time and Space almost annihilated by the thought of Man and the labour of his hands, have witnessed the elements of Air and Water defied, and made as though they were not, and have realized that a monument has been raised in their midst at which the whole civilized world marvels. The world has been said "to advance by impossibilities achieved," and to our forefathers, this spanning with steel in mid-air a distance of a mile and a fifth, would indeed have seemed an impossibility. And what of our descendants? If we, wandering over the moorlands of Cumberland, pause and wonder at the mighty remains of the Roman wall, and all that it argues of enterprise, genius, and the infinite capacity of taking pains, will not distant ages, and the remote inheritors of Britain's

greatness, feel something of the same wonder, when they contemplate the remains or ruins of this, the greatest work of the Iron Age.

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In contrast to the light-heartedness and child-like enjoyment of small things and *menus plaisirs* of foreigners, it has been asked whether our cold climate is the cause of our being the only grown-up nation in Europe. But if there are moments when Jupiter nods, there are also times when the true-born Briton forgets his years and his dignity, and the fact that he has put away childish things. Such an occasion was the International Football Match, played on the Raeburn Place Cricket Ground on the 1st of March. In spite of the fact that an east wind was blowing, at which the inhabitants of Edinburgh (alas ! not ignorant of its asperities) shivered, 10,000 men, women, and children,

“Saxon, and Norman, and Dane were we,”

assembled to see the contest. Enthusiasm, we will hope, counteracted the effects of climate ; for seldom has a game been watched with greater warmth of interest and greater coldness of sensation. Owing to some dispute about the rules, it was some years since the two teams had met ; and the feeling of players and onlookers was that Bannockburn was to be avenged, or the memory of Flodden effaced. But throughout the game the race was to the swift, and the battle to the strong, and the English team won on its merits—by a goal and a try. All that the vanquished Scots could do was to give their victors a hearty ovation, and stifle their feelings in shouts of applause.

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The Scottish Academy of Pictures is certainly better than usual this season. The Hanging Committee may be congratulated on having adopted the principles of the minister who justified the smallness of his congregation by remarking that he “hated a crood.” There are fewer pictures than usual, as the top sky-line has been done away with, and the small side room has been converted into a tea-room. Nor can the change be thought to wrong the cause of Art, or to wound the susceptibilities of artists, as to be hung in the “chamber of horrors,” or “condemned cell,” as this side room has hitherto been called, was a tribute of appreciation, “more honoured in the breach than the observance.” The Hanging Committee have been fortunate in securing some fine pictures, which made a sensation in their day in London, notably one or two Orchardsons, and Swan’s “Prodigal Son.” There are some striking portraits by George Ried, the greatest of Scotch portrait painters ; two very interesting and characteristic small pictures by Marix ; a fairy-like group of children, with wind-tossed hair, playing on an opal-tinted beach at low water, by Hugh Cameron ; two pictures

by Lorimer, brisk in colour, and clever in design, though the subjects lack interest and suggestiveness ; and interesting both in itself and as a fresh example of heredity in Art, a portrait of Sir Noel Paton, by his son. Other striking portraits and landscapes there are, if space permitted us to mention them.

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## NOTES FROM PARIS.

The great sensation of the last month has been, naturally, the arrest and imprisonment of the young Duke of Orleans, a proceeding which is blamed by the sensible and moderate men of all parties. It is impossible to deny that the young Prince has behaved very well throughout ; and even those who would fain look upon the act of his sudden arrival in Paris as a mere boyish freak, admit that he has shown a brave spirit and the feelings of a true gentleman. In these days of prudent pretenders who issue manifestoes at a distance, and are satisfied with epistolary eloquence or magniloquent speeches, this spirited youth, scarcely more than a boy, who has of his own free will walked into the lion's jaws, enlists the sympathy of all. Boulanger ran away because he was afraid of a prison ; but this young heir of the Bourbons comes to seek one, notwithstanding the terrible lesson of the past, with all that the Conciergerie prison recalls. And why did he come, at all risk and hazard ? Not to disturb the peace of the country, but to claim his right as a French citizen to serve it !

"Soldat du drapeau tricolore,  
D'Orléans, toi qui l'as porté,  
Ton sang se mêlerait encore  
A celui qu'il nous a coûté !" \*

The military glory of the Orleans family is undeniable, as well as their devotion to their country ; proved even in the last war, when, without any external *prestige*, they served in disguise, under a Republican government, through pure patriotism.

In the present instance, the common sense of the lower classes finds vent in the very natural argument : "Here is a young fellow who has done no harm, and these government people thrust him into prison ('le fourrent en prison') merely because he wants to be a soldier ; and when our sons don't want to be soldiers, they get punished ! 'Qu'est-ce qu'il faut faire alors ?'"

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The question of cabs and cabmen causes as much controversy here as in London, and all kinds of proposals are brought forward in the vain

\* Casimir Delavigne.

hope of conciliating all the adverse interests. The case of Parisian cabmen is, it must be owned, a particularly hard one, as they are paid no more for a drive from one end of the city to another than for a drive to the next street. There may be some compensation in the too much of one case for the too little of the other ; the horse also usually becomes lame if a long *course* be proposed, and only recovers his powers if engaged by the hour. Still, as the fare has the law on his side he may force the cabman to take him anywhere he pleases, and the *pourboire*, or additional gratuity, which causes so much grumbling from foreign visitors, is often the poor cabman's only chance of getting any surplus for himself over what he is obliged to give the Company to which he belongs.

The cabmen are desirous of obtaining a new tariff, at one *sou* per minute, with fifty centimes for the hire of the vehicle on getting into it. It is objected that this would raise the price to 3 fr. 50 c. an hour (2s. 11d.), which is considered far too high ; it is probable, also, that a great many minutes would become necessary for going over the shortest distances !

The system which the Companies seem inclined to adopt is not at all to the taste of the cabmen, for it prevents cheating absolutely ; but the expense is a cause of hesitation. This is the establishment in every hired carriage of a clock turned towards the interior, and of a machine marking the distance by kilometres, which is set in motion by the vehicle itself. The speed is calculated at about six miles an hour ; when the vehicle stops anywhere the machine continues to work at the same rate ; but when it is empty, the reckoning machine is stopped by the insertion of a rod, which is withdrawn when a fare gets in. Inside the reckoning machine are strips of paper, which become stamped with the sums marked, for the guidance of the hirer, so that the owner of the vehicle cannot be deceived as to what has been really paid to the driver. All this seems extremely ingenious, but doubts are expressed as to the working of the system ; it is to become obligatory within eighteen months from the time of the definitive acceptance of the present plan, which is still under discussion, though likely to prevail.

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The cleanliness of the Paris streets, which, though inferior to what it was in the Empire days, is still sufficient to bear comparison, very favourably, with that of most large towns, is not entrusted to private enterprise, or to street-beggars, but is managed, like most things in France, by a regular official organization of what are solemnly called "Entrepreneurs de la Salubrité Publique," with a small army of workers, amounting in all to six thousand, including those employed in the public gardens, sewers, &c.

The regular street-sweepers number 2600 men and 600 women, who have to begin their work at four in the morning and continue without



interruption till eleven, when the work for women ceases; the men continue for ten hours, and are paid by the day; from 3 fr. 20 c. (2s. 8d.) to 3 fr. 70 c. (3s. 1d.). The women are paid 3d. an hour, and cannot earn more than 2 l. 10 c. (1s. 10d.) a day, for very hard work; all are obliged to provide their own brooms.

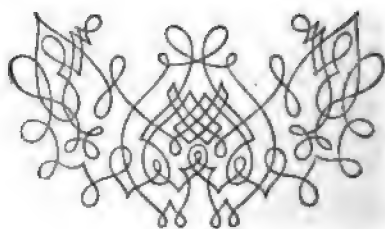
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At the present time, when so much is said about cooks, cookery, and training schools, a few words on Madame Paulin's exceedingly practical teaching, at her "École professionnelle" in the Rue Ganneron, may be useful. The girls are taught artistic trades of various kinds, such as painting on china and earthenware, fan-making, embroidery, tapestry work, &c. &c.; but each in turn is required also to learn domestic cookery of the most practical and homely kind, with the simple kitchen utensils found in small unpretending households. The city funds allow 5 f. a day to purchase the materials necessary for the plain dishes which are taught methodically; but the girls also bring their own dinners to be cooked by those of their number, usually four or five at a time, to whom the duty is assigned for the day. The food is laid out on the kitchen table, ticketed with the owners' names and their particular wishes as to the mode of cooking, which are carefully carried out by the young cooks for the day. Mutton-chops and beef-steaks (more or less done according to request), potatoes fried or boiled, eggs cooked in various ways, are thus carefully prepared for the pupils, as part of the day's duty, but there is always some plain dish intended expressly for the lesson, which is cooked in their presence, with the whole process carefully explained. The cooking is excellent, but strictly *plain*, without any elaborate preparation or complicated sauces; nothing is attempted that could not form a part of the daily fare of a very economical family. Great attention is given to the difficult art of serving up again, in a variety of appetizing forms, the remains left from the previous day.

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The ninth session of the famous "Concerts-Lamoureux" has just ended. The last concert of the season took place on March 16th, in the "Cirque" of the Champs-Élysées, which was crowded in every part; the heat was almost unendurable, and loud were the cries for open windows from occupants of the gallery. The powers of M. Lamoureux's orchestra are justly celebrated; besides being a conductor of European celebrity he has been the great leader in the production of classical music in Paris, and in introducing to the Parisians all that the law allows them to hear at present of Wagner's masterpieces. Judging by the reception of those given on the 16th, we feel sure the cultivated musical audience of Paris is ready and well prepared to receive them in their entirety, with a hearty welcome and able discrimination, whenever the authorities see fit to remove the ban under which Wagner's operas at present lie, owing to opinions expressed by him years ago in a

political pamphlet. The concert was more than usually interesting, owing to the appearance of Madame Materna, of the Vienna Opera-house, as vocalist—the devoted, and perhaps most celebrated exponent of Wagner's heroines. After the beautiful *Prélude* to "Tristan and Yseult" she sang Yseult's great scene in the last act, in which her marvellous dramatic power, even on the concert stage, and the extraordinary pathos she infused into Yseult's last words before her death, entirely carried away the audience. Her last appearance, in the final scene of the "*Crépuscule des Dieux*," where, as "*Brunnhilde*," she urges her horse into the flames barring the road to Walhalla, "*où repose ton maître, Siegfried, mon héros glorieux*," made a most profound impression; and her final words, "*Siegfried, Siegfried, ta femme t'envoie un salut suprême*," reached the utmost height of the dramatic appeal of Love and Genius. She received her just reward in tumults of applause from the audience, who rose as one man, amid enthusiasm and excitement that knew no bounds.



## Our Library List.

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AN ILLUSTRATED EDITION OF DARWIN'S VOYAGE OF A NATURALIST. WITH 100 VIEWS OF PLACES VISITED AND ANIMALS DESCRIBED. By R. T. PRITCHETT. (1 vol. 21s. *Murray*.) Most persons will be ready to admit that there is a great difference between an illustrated book and a book with illustrations. If ever a work deserved and called for an illustrated edition, that work is Darwin's 'Naturalist's Voyage.' The journal itself is beyond criticism at this time and in this place, but every one who has read it, and re-read it in the past, must have felt the crying need of illustrations to help him to bring vividly before his mind the scenes and objects described. The variety of the countries mentioned in the journal, and the difficulty of obtaining authentic views of the more inaccessible and less known places have rendered the work of illustration peculiarly difficult; but in Mr. Pritchett an artist has been found who followed in Mr. Darwin's footsteps, and visited, book in hand, almost all the spots which he describes. The illustrations have thus been made to illustrate, and not merely to adorn the book. They vary in quality, but combine to form a work which every admirer of Darwin ought to possess.

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THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE ON THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE CREED. (1 vol. 14s. *Murray*.) In these days of scientific research, and, if we may use the phrase, of scientific doubt, when the grounds of belief seem to be constantly shifting under our feet, and the old landmarks to be changing their position, there must be and is a constant craving amongst thinking men and women for some clear and sound exposition of the Christian Creed in its relation to modern development and modern ideas. 'Pearson on the Creed' and 'Butler's Analogy,' bulwarks as sound as ever against the attacks they were designed to repel, are not in all respects adequate to the needs of to-day. No man more suitable of erecting such a bulwark against nineteenth-century attacks than the Bishop of Carlisle could have been found: he takes the Apostles' Creed clause by clause, analyses the grounds on which each statement rests, whether of history, reason, or faith, indicates what special mode of attack each is liable to and wherein consists its defence. The book will be found a storehouse of clear and cogent reasoning in defence of Christianity.

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CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN WILLIAM PITT AND CHARLES, DUKE OF RUTLAND, 1781-1787. (1 vol. 7s. 6d. *Blackwood and Sons.*) If one must devote some time to the eternal Irish question, perhaps the least unpalatable form of swallowing the ungrateful dose is the historic. One might get a certificate, for instance, after reading the 187 pages of this correspondence, dispensing for a month from perusal of the daily papers. Probably a juster impression of the history of the Union would be thus acquired than by the most assiduous and impartial study of contemporary orators and journalists on both—or all sides. It is natural, from the position of the two correspondents, that the letters of the less famous Lord-Lieutenant should be more interesting and instructive than those of his great chief. The Duke was on the spot, and had to report fully to the Premier, and the strange dryness inseparable from the very name of Pitt always prevents the latter's letters, as his speeches, from being adequate to his fame. Of Irish affairs, if of any things under the sun, the preacher's saying is true. A few phrases from the Duke's letters may amuse our readers by their familiarity. "Mr. Fox, I am informed, says, 'He shall make his harvest from Ireland,' but I am persuaded he will find himself deceived. . . . He seems determined to stop at nothing which may tend to promote his personal success." "I am fully reconciled to the measure, because even supposing it not to produce these effects, it must be remembered that it is a liberty which Ireland has strongly solicited." "A decayed gentleman, and particularly if a Member of Parliament, is surely a proper object for such a provision." There is something touching at times, on the other hand, in Pitt's occasional expression of astonishment at the fixed and implacable resolve of the patriots of the independent Parliament to consent to no measure merely tending to the commercial advantage of their country.

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ENGLISH MEN OF ACTION: PETERBOROUGH. By WM. STEBBING. (1 vol. 2s. 6d. *Macmillan & Co.*) The biographer of the "Great Earl of Peterborough" has indeed a difficult subject. Belonging essentially to the class defined by Matthew Arnold as "half man of genius, half charlatan," Peterborough betrays the artist, who would give us his portrait, by features which refuse to be drawn, and almost demand to be over-coloured. Mr. Stebbing pursues the phantom with zeal and agility, but the reader who watches the chase finds himself murmuring, "You might as well try to catch a bandersnatch." It is needless to say that the view taken here is not that of Colonel Parnell. A biographer cannot stultify himself by the supposition that his hero never accomplished that by which his name lives in history. And whatever alterations of detail may have been effected by Colonel Parnell's arguments, Hallam's dictum will always apply to Peterborough as to Cromwell. "He who goes about to prove the world mistaken

in its estimate of a public character, has always a difficult cause to maintain." Mr. Stebbing is not perhaps at his best in the part of Peterborough's career, which is likewise a portion of general English history. He seems more at home in intrigue and diplomacy. The revolting Fenwick *tripotage* is very well described, and the reader will find a good deal in the description, which recalls very recent events. A more pleasing story, and quite as well told, is that of the Earl's serio-comic mission to his astute friend King Victor, during the latter's short tenure of Sicily.

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A NATURALIST AMONG THE HEAD HUNTERS. By CHAS. MORRIS WOODFORD. (*George Philip & Son.*) Mr. Woodford has a right to the title of martyr of science, if we adopt the familiar ecclesiastical category of "martyrs in will, though not in deed." His neighbours in the Solomon Islands were people of so homicidal a character, that a visitor of only ordinary constancy, if he survived three sojourns in their midst, might well consider it an ample account of his experiences to say with the survivors of the Reign of Terror, "I lived." But Mr. Woodford has much more to show for himself; he gives the result of his investigations of the Fauna, interspersed with notices of other peculiarities, of the islands and islanders. His condemnation of the forced-labour-traffic derives weight from its calmness of tone, and from the impartiality with which he notices the crimes of whites and of natives. He narrates some ghastly facts without the slightest inclination to hysterical comment. The Solomon Islands were, he thinks, never connected by land with other existing islands. A fact, which he is probably right in supposing unknown, is that Captain Cook brought the famous New Zealand pigs from Tahiti, not from England. The previous absence of pigs in New Zealand Mr. Woodford explains by the length of the canoe voyage, which they could not survive. In the Solomon Islands pigs and dogs were domesticated before the first visit of Europeans. Nothing can be more unpretentious than the author's style and language.

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THE STORY OF THE NATIONS: RUSSIA. By W. R. MORFILL. (1 vol. 5s. *Fisher Unwin.*) To tell in 381 crown-octavo pages the story of a nation so different from our own in character and policy in such manner as to interest the English reader is not a light task. Mr. Morfill has the qualifications of impartiality and sense of historical perspective. He does not waste any of his small space on merely personal details of court intrigue, but follows the main stream of history. Nor does he neglect the question of Russian literature, the preliminary study of which is perhaps the most likely avenue through which Russia may eventually succeed in making a real impression on the English mind. It would, however, be idle to assert that Mr. Morfill's book is exactly easy or attractive reading. There is nothing in its style to

counterbalance the natural heaviness of short summaries extending from the first appearance of the Russians in history to the death of Alexander II.

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**JOHN VALE'S GUARDIAN.** By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY. (3 vols. *Macmillan & Co.*) The scene of this story is, as usual, in the Midlands, but it is more than a mere sketch of ordinary rustic life and manners. A man attempts first to make imbecile and, then failing that, to kill his ward, whose heir-presumptive he is. Each step he takes harms himself instead of the intended victim, and he loses his life by his final attempt to undermine his young cousin's room. The imperfect work is completed by a drunken knave, who has watched him and supposed him to be unwalling a concealed treasure, just before the would-be murderer enters his ward's room to complete his preparations, and Robert Snelling is buried in the ruins. There is a strange colony of French people, who do not strike one as very like the general run of their compatriots. But the native Mercians are painted with the author's habitual skill, if not without some of his accustomed preciousness.

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**WITHOUT LOVE OR LICENCE.** By HAWLEY SMART. (3 vols. *Chatto & Windus.*) The alliterative title of this novel of course suggests cross-wooings and crooked weddings. The hero, who is perhaps a little unworthy of the heroine, is divided between the charms of a banker's daughter, the heroine, and those of a lady whose father's most reputable calling is that of a publican. The latter naturally has more facilities for prosecuting her suit than the former, and runs away with the hero, just before her parent's real occupation is discovered to be unlicensed distilling. Mrs. Hallaton is soon as tired of her husband as he is of her; they separate, and she marries and gets into "Society;" but unfortunately, as she has arranged the previous announcement of her decease to her husband's solicitors on too strictly economical principles, his enquiries on his return to England at once reveal much to his disgust, that she is alive after all. This is but a portion of the plot, which is throughout very ingenious. The most amusing character, however, is the Paul Pry who discovers the secret of the still. The author with great propriety makes him a Cockney, though the scene of his inquisitiveness is laid at Exmouth. There is, of course, nothing more strikingly Devonian than the avoidance of all direct question and answer. People in Devonshire don't ask, they "go about for to know" in much more subtle ways. This is a very lively book, and less weighted than some of the author's with sporting mysteries.



*Miss Greenleaf fund*

# MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1890.

## Mad Tipperary.

THE town of Tipperary, which has been the theatre of such extraordinary scenes during the past eight months, is situated almost in the centre of the Golden Vale, probably the most fertile tract of country in Ireland. Lying in the valley under the shadow of Galteemore, the highest peak of the Galtee mountains, it is scarcely seen by the traveller who speeds through Limerick Junction on his way to the south and west. It has long been one of the most prosperous and, for its size, most substantially built towns in the kingdom. The following description given of the district fifty years ago, though somewhat rhapsodical, might equally apply to the Golden Vale of to-day : " This gorgeous dale of almost perpetual soil is everywhere rich everywhere beautiful, everywhere picturesque and exultant ; yet it is specially sparkling and magnificent immediately around Tipperary — powdered with pleasant villas ; gemmed with garden, orchard, and mimic grove ; and, above all, powerfully and most picturesquely foiled, first by the verdant slopes and gentle lines of the Slievenamuck Hills, and next by the sublime escarpments of the Galtee mountains."

From the time of the Anglo-Norman conquest till the war of the Revolution the county played an important part in Irish history, and, although it was not involved in the rebellion of '98, it was subsequently the scene of many agrarian disturbances. It seems to have always possessed the elements of turbulence, which in later times have found vent in returning as members to the Imperial Parliament such men as John Mitchell and O'Donovan Rossa ; and in singing the praises of the Manchester

murderers, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, and John Daly, the dynamitard. It is not a little singular, in view of the present situation, that in the 14th century a certain Brien O'Brien, who was Prince of Thomond, ravaged the county, burned the town of Tipperary to the ground, and conducted a troublesome though petty war against the English authority. How history repeats itself!

Possessing a butter-market only second to that of Cork, as well as doing a considerable business in corn, flour, and agricultural produce generally, Tipperary presented all the appearances of a clean, thriving English market town. But the insane agitation which has been carried on there since last September has wrought a remarkable change. Its principal thoroughfares, with many of their shops and houses closed and tenantless, resemble streets in mourning. Its butter-market is deserted, and its cattle and pig fairs have been almost completely ruined. A state of unparalleled terrorism exists, and the sullenness of despair hangs like a pestilence over the once busy and prosperous town. Its population of 7000, living in a little more than 1000 houses, does not appear large, but it is essentially to its central position in the heart of a country remarkable for its fertility and richness that Tipperary owed its commercial activity. The town is almost entirely owned by two landlords, Mr. A. H. Smith-Barry, M.P., and Mr. H. Stafford O'Brien. It is on Mr. Stafford O'Brien's property that the League buildings have been erected, but it is understood that, owing to the tenure on which the land is held, he has no power in the matter. Inheriting the estate in 1856 on the death of his father, Mr. Smith-Barry was at the time a minor, and, although he came of age in 1864, he did not, under the provisions of the will, take up the management of his property till five years later. It is necessary to mention this circumstance, because attempts have been made to vilify him by raking up cases, to a great extent apocryphal, which were answered by his trustee exactly twenty years ago.

Since 1869, Mr. Smith-Barry has endeavoured to manage his property on the most enlightened principles for the general welfare of the town. He has erected a Town Hall at a cost of nearly £3000; he has enlarged the Butter Market and improved the Fair Green at very considerable expense; he has built a great number of cottages for the working classes, which at present are not a source of profit; he has laid out the town hills



as a place of public recreation for the people; and he has abolished certain street tolls which pressed heavily on the poor of the town. His agricultural property at Tipperary and Cashel, comprising 169 holdings, returned a net rental of about £8000; and his town property, which comprised 101 houses and 90 cottages held direct, and 194 houses held by middlemen, as well as the Court House and Bridewell, the workhouse, the Town Hall, a Presbyterian Church, and two schools, represented a rental of about £3000. On the whole property there has been expended, for the thirty-one years extending from 1858 to 1888, more than £87,000 for buildings, plantations, wages, annuities, and subscriptions; and in addition to this sum, allowances to the amount of £13,000 have been made during the same period to the town and country tenants for buildings, improvements, and voluntary abatements. It is the custom on the estate, and has been for several years, on the execution of a fresh lease, for the tenants to receive an allowance in the shape of a reduction on the rent which would otherwise be charged, for all unexhausted improvements. That Mr. Smith-Barry has been a large employer of labour, and that no inconsiderable part of the rental which he drew from his estate flowed back again into the town and district, these figures amply testify. That he is not an unimportant factor in the fiscal arrangements of the neighbourhood is shown by his annual contribution for the purposes of county and municipal taxation, which amounts to nearly £1000.

The fight which is now being carried on in Tipperary between the forces of law, on the one hand, and sheer lawlessness on the other, virtually began on the 3rd of July, 1889, when Mr. Smith-Barry picked up the gage which in a moment of rashness had been flung down by his tenants. But to describe their action in the language of the heroic period is perhaps a matter which may be left to Archbishop Croke and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P. The position of the tenants is much more analogous to that of the wretched negroes, who, during the bombardment of Alexandria, were chained by Arabi Pacha to the guns, and were thus made unwilling participants in a combat in which they had no concern. If the struggle in Tipperary has not excited the attention which its importance deserves, it is probably due to the Parnell Commission and the great strikes having monopolised the public mind for so long a time, and although since Parliament assembled the matter has several times been referred to in debate, it is questionable even now whether the grave and

momentous issues involved are fully appreciated. It is the latest and probably the most remarkable phase of the conspiracy for the purpose of impoverishing and expelling from the country the Irish landlords. It is one more link in the long chain of coercion and intimidation, of which the first was forged at Irishtown in April 1879, when Michael Davitt laid the foundation of the subsequent agrarian agitation. During the years which have since elapsed, this conspiracy has been carried on, with more or less vigour, by the Land League, until its suppression in October 1881; by the Ladies' Land League, which was in existence during part of 1881 and 1882; and by the National League, which was founded in October 1882, assisted since 1886 by its ally, the Plan of Campaign; and more recently by the new Tenants' Defence Association.

But what have the landlords done for their protection during this period of eleven years? It has repeatedly been declared that the new League had been formed for the protection of the tenant farmers, because the landlords had combined to defend their interests, and at the League conventions which were held during the past winter, the shareholders of the Land Corporation of Ireland, Limited, were held up to execration as the combination to be fought. Yet the Land Corporation was founded by the late Mr. A. M. Kavanagh as long ago as July 12, 1882, since which it has been doing good work all over Ireland, in aiding landlords to stock and work boycotted farms. It was the first attempt at combination by the Irish landlords on any large scale, for the defence of their common interests, and was the outcome of a speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone at Leeds in October 1881, when he accused them of not assisting his Government against the Land League by combining for their mutual support. Previous to the formation of the Land Corporation, a society having a more limited scope, and which is still doing valuable work, entitled the Property Defence Association, had been established in December 1880, more than a year after the foundation of the Land League; and two other associations were formed, whose operations have been confined to the county of Cork, entitled the Cork Defence Union, and the Cork Land-owners' Association, formed in 1885 and 1886 respectively. It will thus be seen that no attempt at combination was ever made by the landlords until they were attacked by the League, and to say that they were the first aggressors in this respect is entirely misleading. It is an Irish example of the familiar illustration

of the man and the barrow, in which the effect precedes the cause.

The history of the Ponsonby estate is already so well known, that only a brief reference to it will be necessary. It was on this property that, in 1886, the Plan of Campaign was first put into operation. It was known to be heavily mortgaged, and was regarded as a promising field upon which the Nationalists could experiment with their new scheme of plunder. Of the sums which have been spent in improving the estate, and of the liberal manner in which Mr. Ponsonby has treated his tenants, there is ample evidence to prove. Since the "Plan" was adopted, three and a half years ago, he has not received a penny of rent. He has made repeated endeavours to effect a settlement, but the demands made by the tenants have always been so exorbitant that he could not accede to them. Canon Keller, the tenants' clerical adviser, has stated that they have been notoriously rack-rented beyond the memory of living witnesses. Neither the generous abatements which were granted from 1880 to 1886, nor the reductions which were obtained in the Land Court, nor the results of the valuations made in 1872 and in 1882, lend any truth to this accusation. As Mr. Ponsonby's trustee could not advise him to accept the last offer of purchase which was made by the tenants, the negotiations were broken off in February 1889, at which date the arrears amounted to over £30,000. Mr. Smith-Barry, M.P., with Mr. Walter Morrison, M.P., and other gentlemen, having satisfied themselves of the justice of Mr. Ponsonby's claims, then came to his assistance to rescue him from the clutches of the League ; but they made it a condition precedent to their doing so that another offer of settlement should be made to the tenants. This was accordingly done ; but the tenants were not allowed to accept it, although the terms were subsequently referred to by Mr. Justice Gibson as almost extravagantly generous. They were such that they would have pressed far less onerously upon the tenants than the terms of the much vaunted arbitration of Sir Charles Russell on the Vandeleur estate.

Having briefly related the history of the Ponsonby estate, it is necessary to go back to the period which witnessed the initiation of the "Plan," to show how the conspiracy against the Irish landlords, which has culminated in the attack upon Mr. Smith-Barry, has been gradually worked up. On the passing of Mr. Gladstone's Land Act in 1881, which was hailed

by the Roman Catholic Bishops in Ireland with every sign of approval, Mr. Parnell endeavoured to persuade the farmers from availing themselves of its provisions. It was no part of the policy of the Nationalists that the country should settle down peaceably, and relegate Home Rule to the confines of Saturn. Their attitude towards the Act was emphasised by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., at St. Louis in 1882, when he declared that the reduction of rent they wanted was not a small or a petty or a legal reduction, but the total abolition of rent. That the policy inaugurated in 1879 had a certain amount of success no one will deny; but the Act of 1881 and Lord Ashbourne's Purchase Act of 1885 had effected a change in the attitude of the farmers, and it therefore became necessary to make another of those sordid and immoral appeals which have characterised the Parnellite movement throughout its whole career. The Plan of Campaign promulgated in *United Ireland*, October 23, 1886, was the result, and in announcing its objects to the Ponsonby tenants at Youghal, on the 7th of November, Mr. W. J. Lane, M.P., said that if it was carried out in its entirety, it would bring landlordism to its knees; while Mr. William O'Brien, M.P., a month later, told the same tenants that they would march on shoulder to shoulder, from victory to victory, until they had liberated the land from the two curses of landlordism and English rule.

The landowners of the county of Cork then decided to form an association for the purpose of assisting their brother landlords who should be attacked by the Plan of Campaign, and at a meeting which was held in Cork on the 11th of December, 1886, under the presidency of Mr. Smith-Barry, the Cork Landowners' Association was founded, and a resolution adopted to at once render every possible aid to Mr. Ponsonby. In taking this course the landlords were strengthened by the decisions which had just been given by Mr. Justice O'Brien and Chief Baron Palles—that the "Plan" was an illegal association. To be met by a counter-combination was not at all agreeable to Mr. William O'Brien, and in the following March he delivered a very violent harangue to the Ponsonby tenants at a place called Inchiquin. He said they had come there to throttle an atrocious conspiracy to exterminate the tenants, with Captain Sarsfield at the head of it, and Mr. Smith-Barry and Mr. Penrose Fitzgerald at the tail of it; that they had left them and their estates alone up to the present, but that if one of the homes on the

Ponsonby estate was unroofed, they would throttle them at their own rent-offices. And he continued: "I ask you here publicly, every man in this great county, to draw a ring of fire around every man of those—a circle of excommunication. Boycott them. Stop their hunting. Don't deal in the same shop with them." Early in 1888, Mr. Ponsonby's agent resigned, and he appointed as the managers of his estate the Land Corporation, which has since continued to act for him; and the Cork Defence Union, which had been conducting for some time such agricultural operations as were possible under the circumstances, subsequently withdrew.

On the 14th of February, 1889, a banquet was given to Mr. Smith-Barry, M.P., and Mr. Penrose Fitzgerald, M.P., in recognition of their services on behalf of the Union, but more particularly in regard to their position as the representatives in the House of Commons of the Loyalists of the South of Ireland, who, although they number many thousands, are virtually disfranchised. In thanking his hosts for the compliment they had paid him, Mr. Smith-Barry referred to the improved state of the country under the firm administration of Mr. Balfour and through the beneficent effects of Lord Ashbourne's Act. He said that the "Plan" was not succeeding, and that, with regard to the Ponsonby estate, he was confident that those who instituted it there were farther off from defeating Mr. Ponsonby than they were at the beginning. Following closely upon this speech came the announcement that a syndicate had been formed in London, with Mr. Smith-Barry at its head, to purchase from Mr. Ponsonby his estate, and so relieve him from all further difficulty in fighting the "Plan of Campaign." This report was put into circulation on the 6th of March, and from that date the agitation in Tipperary has gradually been worked up to the present crisis.

Attempts in previous years had been made to stir up Mr. Smith-Barry's tenants against him, but they had always signally failed. In fact, as recently as the previous November, at a meeting of the Tipperary National League, presided over by Canon Cahill, the parish priest of the town, the tenants were denounced as a pack of cowards because they discharged their liabilities like honest men. The agitation was set going by priests on the one side and by politicians on the other. It has been maintained by the National League, with the help of the Fenian element, which—no insignificant body itself in Tipperary

—has been largely recruited from Cork and Limerick. The most determined efforts were made by Mr. Lane, M.P., Mr. John O'Connor, M.P., and Dr. Tanner, M.P., to goad the tenants into taking some action, and that they were being supported by the priests transpired at a meeting of the Tipperary National League which was held on Sunday, the 5th of May, for the purpose of condemning Mr. Smith-Barry in regard to the Ponsonby estate. The meeting was held, as usual, in the Town Hall, the private property of Mr. Smith-Barry, and which by his courtesy had always been placed at the disposal of the Town Commissioners, the National League, and the Literary Society. Canon Cahill, who presided, said he had received a letter from Canon Keller of Youghal, from which he proceeded to read several extracts. Canon Keller wrote: "The tenants and their friends here believe that those in Tipperary who, by their industry, supply this gentleman (Mr. Smith-Barry) with the means of making war upon men who have done him no injury ought in some way to mark their disapproval of his conduct. Mr. Smith-Barry," he continued, "should be made to direct his attention to his own concerns, instead of conspiring, as he has repeatedly done, to keep alive the flame of dissension on the Ponsonby estate." Canon Cahill marked his approval of this letter by saying that Tipperary should express its opinion of such conduct, and pronounce its condemnation. Dr. Tanner does not appear to have been present at this meeting, and the League were therefore obliged to pass a resolution stating that they could not find words strong enough in which to express their condemnation of Mr. Smith-Barry's attitude, and that, if the evictions proceeded, it would become the duty of the people of Tipperary to afford Canon Keller every assistance and support they could.

During the following three weeks matters appeared to have proceeded very quietly, and it became necessary to make another appeal to Mr. Smith-Barry's tenantry. Accordingly, at a convention of the League branches held at Tipperary on the 30th of May, the Secretary of the Youghal branch appeared at the request of Canon Keller, and appealed to the tenants not to support Mr. Smith-Barry with their money to harass the Ponsonby tenants, and another condemnatory resolution was passed, calling upon the people of Tipperary in some way to mark their disapproval. Towards the end of June, some evictions took place on the Ponsonby estate, but still, notwith-

standing the many impassioned appeals which had been made to Tipperary, no notice had been taken of them in any practical manner. Thereupon the Irish tenantry were told by *United Ireland*, in a hysterical leader, that they deserved eternal bondage if they did not form a counter-combination to combat what was described as a secret landlord conspiracy to exterminate them. It was evident that a fresh cry must be raised in order to bring in some money for the depleted coffers of the National League. In the words of Artemus Ward, it was necessary to "fetch the public sumhow. Wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong." The fund raised for the defence of the Parnellites at the Special Commission had diverted a very large sum which would otherwise have flowed into the League exchequer. The various Plan of Campaign estates were a serious drain upon its resources, which had suffered considerably as regarded American contributions by the atrocious murder of Dr. Cronin, and the subsequent disgraceful attempts which were made to subvert the ends of justice. Moreover, the three League emissaries, Mr. John Dillon, Sir Thomas Esmonde, and Mr. Deasy, who had gone to the Antipodes on a begging expedition, had met with only a qualified success. It was absolutely necessary, if the country was not to be allowed to relapse into order and prosperity, that something should be done. But who was to do it? Mr. Dillon was in Australia. Mr. Parnell was busy with the Commission. There was only one other man capable of effectually stirring up the mob, and that man was William O'Brien.

On the 23rd of June, fresh from gaol, he went down to Tipperary and implored the Smith-Barry tenantry in frenzied accents to combine against their landlord. He said, "If the landlords of Cork and Tipperary can combine for hate, then I say the tenants of Cork and Tipperary can combine for love. They can, and I venture to promise they will, combine to warn Mr. Smith-Barry and Mr. Townsend that if they are determined to create desolate homes on the Ponsonby estate in Cork, their tenants may possibly be driven to leave them a desolate rent-office of their own in Tipperary." Mr. O'Brien then unfolded his plan of action. He asked that a deputation should be appointed in the name of the whole body of the tenantry to wait upon Mr. Smith-Barry and request him to withdraw from the Ponsonby estate syndicate. If he was determined to throw in his lot with the landlords, they should throw in theirs with the tenants, and, continued Mr. O'Brien, "having said so much, I don't think

that the deputation are bound to take Mr. Smith-Barry any further into their confidence as to what further course of action they may think it necessary to take. They can return to the body of the tenantry, and possibly upon some future day—some future rent-day—we may have an opportunity of consulting and of meeting here again, and of asking Mr. Smith-Barry once for all whether he has made up his mind to accept the same message from his Tipperary tenants that he is meting out to-day to the Ponsonby tenants." Yet in the face of this speech, Mr. O'Brien has had the cool effrontery to get up in his place in the House and declare that the action of the tenants was perfectly voluntary. The appointment of a deputation was agreed upon, and after Mr. Lane, M.P., and Mr. Flynn, M.P., had addressed the meeting, Mr. O'Brien, in thanking the Chairman, Canon Cahill, for presiding, said that he had been informed that Tipperary was an impregnable stronghold of Mr. Smith-Barry's. They had ceased to be terrified by trifles, and if he had a stronghold there, they had carried the first intrenchment that day, and they would live to carry the citadel with a wild Tipperary halloo.

The tenants having been worked up to the proper pitch, a memorial was drawn up which a great many of them signed. Mr. O'Brien, on his way to Tipperary with Mr. Flynn, broke his journey at Thurles, presumably to obtain for the new movement the archiepiscopal blessing ; but as Dr. Croke was absent from the palace, that interesting ceremony had to be delayed for a short time longer. Armed with a copy of the memorial, he called upon the town tenants of Mr. Smith-Barry to obtain their signatures to it. He was accompanied by Mr. P. O'Brien, M.P.; Mr. Ronayne, Chairman of the Town Commissioners; Mr. O'Brien Dalton, one of the leaders of the agitation, and a League organizer named Cullinane, who was subsequently committed to prison in default of giving bail for his good behaviour for intimidating the tenants of Mr. Smith-Barry when the subsequent evictions took place.

Besides his town and country property at Tipperary, Mr. Smith-Barry possesses a considerable amount of land near Cashel, distant about twelve miles, and Mr. Flynn, M.P., departed to stir up the tenants there. A meeting was held under the presidency of Dr. Laffan, the Chairman of the Town Commissioners, when further signatures were obtained to the memorial. In view of the charge of rack-renting which has now been brought against Mr. Smith-Barry, a very remarkable statement was



nade by the Chairman in introducing Mr. Flynn. He said that the Smith-Barry tenantry in the neighbourhood had no immediate need to raise up their strong shoulders against oppression, but if for that reason they would desert their suffering fellow-tenants in other parts of the country, he warned them that their own day might come. During the next few days, the memorial was taken round to the tenants who had not already signed it, and on the 27th of June, Mr. O'Brien, with Mr. Lane, M.P., and Mr. O'Hea, M.P., went to Youghal to communicate to the Ponsonby tenants the intelligence that Tipperary had at last been brought to the scratch.

Mr. Smith-Barry, it must be remembered, in opposing the Plan of Campaign, is fighting unaided, as far as the Irish landlords are concerned, their battle. What Mr. O'Brien is fighting for he stated in unequivocal language at Youghal. He said that they were enduring the last cannonade of the battle which was almost won; that they would give back to the tenants not only their fields, but to the nation her Parliament and her freedom. On leaving Tipperary, he again called upon the Archbishop of Cashel, and the result of his interview was seen in a letter which Dr. Croke sent to Canon Cahill. It was scarcely expressed in the tone which would naturally be expected from a minister of religion, much less from a prince of the Church. It was more like the intemperate and thoughtless effort of one of those undisciplined Roman Catholic curates who are the cause of half the agrarian troubles in Ireland. Canon Cahill had written to Dr. Croke for his opinion of Mr. Smith-Barry's action and of the attitude his Tipperary tenants had taken up, and which his tenants elsewhere in Ireland were presumably about to take. He replied that there could only be one opinion. That Mr. Smith-Barry's intervention in a landlord and tenant dispute that did not immediately concern him, proved beyond all manner of doubt that he was an aggressive busybody, and a virulent partisan. That he thought he could not only dictate terms to his own tenants in general and to those of Tipperary town in particular, but that he could lend a hand to bring other tenants into a similar state of fancied quietude and submissiveness. It was time to dissipate this dangerous delusion on his part, and the course taken by the bulk of his Tipperary tenants was very likely to produce that most desirable result. He expressed his approval of their intention to form what he called a "mutual defence association," to make common cause with each other in all agrarian emergencies; and in concluding his

letter he wrote that if Mr. Smith-Barry did not receive the deputation favourably, "then it may become the duty of his tenants to consider what further steps, if any, it would be right and advisable for them to take in order to prevent the continuance of his irritating interference in other people's affairs, and cause him to direct his attention in future solely or principally to the just and judicious management of his own property."

While the agitation had been pushed on in Tipperary, the Nationalists had not been idle in Cork, where Mr. Smith-Barry has a still larger estate. A monster demonstration had been advertised to take place on June 30th, in Cork Park, to register a protest against him. As the obvious intention of its promoters was to further the Plan of Campaign and intimidate the Cork tenantry, it was proclaimed, but several small meetings were alleged to have taken place in various parts of the city and the neighbourhood. Mr. O'Brien delivered a speech at Clonakilty, for which he was subsequently convicted and imprisoned, in which he told his audience that Archbishop Croke had blessed their banners. He called upon them to take their stand as soldiers in the ranks under that banner; and that the answer they must give Mr. Smith-Barry was in his rent-office. In this frantic eulogium of Dr. Croke's call to arms Mr. O'Brien no doubt found it convenient to forget that when Leo XIII. condemned boycotting and the Plan of Campaign, the Nationalists treated the Papal Rescript with the most profound contempt. But when his Grace of Thurles gave his benediction to the no-rent agitation, it was the one thing needed to lead them on to victory. Mr. O'Brien said:

"One blast upon his bugle-horn,  
Is worth ten thousand men."

The deputation, which was representative of the Tipperary and Clonakilty portion of his Cork estates, waited upon Mr. Smith-Barry in London, on July 3, 1889. It was introduced by Canon Cahill, and included the Chairman of the Town Commissioners and of the Board of Guardians of Tipperary, and the Chairman of the Town Commissioners of Clonakilty. The memorial already referred to was presented, and amongst those who supported it was Mr. Daniel O'Leary, J.P., the Chairman of the Clonakilty Town Commissioners. He said that he had been commissioned by the tenants in his district to say that they acknowledged that Mr. Smith-Barry had always been one of the kindest of landlords, and that his name had been a household

word among them. They wished him joy and happiness, that he might long reign over them, and that his good relations with his tenants might long continue.

In replying to the deputation, Mr. Smith Barry said that although he was glad to have an opportunity of meeting them that day, he did not admit their right for an explanation from him in regard to an estate with which he had some connection, but with which they had none. He might just as well be bound by the instructions of his English tenantry if, having paid their rents in full, they were to say no abatement was to be given to his Irish tenants. He said the object of the future owners of the Ponsonby estate was to bring about an equitable settlement, and save from ruin a landlord who had always endeavoured to deal fairly with his tenants. There was no wish to evict a single tenant if they would assent to reasonable terms. He explained to the deputation the very liberal offer which had been made to the tenants, and continued,

"You end by urging me to withdraw from the position I have taken up and I am clearly threatened with all sorts of consequences if I refuse. I should have hoped that, after twenty years' experience of me, you would have known that I was neither likely, on the one hand, to wish to act with injustice or inhumanity; nor, on the other, to abandon any course that I thought right by the fear of any threat or intimidation. I should feel very sorry to have any difference with my tenants, either in Tipperary or in Cork, and I do not think that, on reflection, they will seek to force on a condition of affairs which must lead to very serious consequences. The result of a contest between us would cause comparatively very slight trouble to me, while it would inevitably bring suffering and misfortune to all those of my tenants who might be so ill-judged as to listen to the selfish and vindictive advice of those who have themselves nothing to lose by such counsels."

Mr. Smith-Barry, in conclusion, said,

"Of this I can assure you, that even if you succeed in ruining me, the situation as regards the Ponsonby tenants would be absolutely unchanged. The future owners, while anxious that the tenants should reap every advantage of the legislation that has from time to time been passed in their favour, are absolutely determined and able to withstand to the uttermost the attempts that have been made to induce the tenants to dictate their own terms instead of applying to the proper tribunals. I earnestly hope that better counsels may even yet prevail, and that a settlement may be come to upon the Ponsonby estate without the necessity of further recourse to the hateful process of eviction."

Since the struggle in Tipperary assumed the form of open hostility to Mr. Smith-Barry he has been persistently denounced by the Nationalists as a rack-renting landlord, in order to afford some palliation for the insane attitude of his tenants. That he

was not so regarded at Clonakilty there is the evidence of his tenantry to prove through the mouth of their representative, Mr. O'Leary. That he was not so regarded at Queenstown, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne has testified. That in Cashel he was not looked upon as an oppressor, there is the evidence of Dr. Laffan, the Chairman of the Town Commissioners ; and that the general opinion of him as a landlord was of the most favourable character, it is only necessary to refer to the speech for the defence by Sir Charles Russell, M.P., at the Parnell Commission. He said, "When I speak of a good landlord, I wish your Lordships to understand that a good landlord according to the Irish acceptation of the expression, does not mean merely a landlord who is considerate in the matter of rent, but one who takes some interest in the position of the people, and shows some sympathy for them. I am glad to cite as an instance of a good landlord a member of the present Parliament, who sits on the same side of the House as the Attorney-General. I mean Mr. Smith-Barry." Even Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., declared in the House of Commons last August that, "He believed that the hon. member for South Hunts could not fairly be described as a rack-renter."

A moment's consideration should have satisfied the Tipperary tenantry that their landlord would not have gone to the assistance of Mr. Ponsonby if he had not been absolutely sure of the justice of his position. It is very probable that the majority felt this, but the course of events proved too strong for them. As the result of his refusal to be dictated to by his tenants, Mr. Smith-Barry has been lampooned in the pages of *United Ireland* unceasingly, and he has been made the object of the most scurrilous abuse by the whole of the National press. The branches of the National League throughout Ireland have vied with each other in vulgar invective with which to denounce him ; and if all the opprobrious epithets which have been hurled at him were collected together, they would form a formidable volume which it is quite probable that Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., would feel called upon to suppress in the interests of morality.

On the return of Canon Cahill to Tipperary, he laid before a meeting of the League the results of the deputation, and a resolution was passed that the tenants should take counsel together as to their future action. But still nothing definite was decided upon, so it became necessary for Mr. O'Brien to make another appeal to the tenantry, which he accordingly did on the

10th of July, the day selected being the rent-day on the Smith-Barry estate. He was met at the railway station on his arrival by a band, a circumstance which he appeared to have forgotten in his speech in the debate on the Address, and a procession was formed which marched through the town to the Town Hall. A convention of the tenants was held, at which Mr. O'Brien announced the formation of the Tenants' Defence League, which he declared was to make the last breach in the last ramparts of landlordism. He said they would have to choose whether they would go into the landlords' camp and live by the landlords, or go into the camp of the people and stand or fall by the people. A resolution was passed pledging the tenants to support the Ponsonby tenantry, and to take counsel with Archbishop Croke and Mr. Parnell as to the best measure for organising the tenantry of Ireland into one vast national combination for their mutual protection.

In regard to this announcement made by Mr. O'Brien, it is not a little curious that several months before the formation of the Ponsonby syndicate, Mr. John Dillon, M.P., had hinted at the formation of such a combination. In a speech which he delivered at Thurles in October 1888, when he presided at a convention of League branches, he said that, "If they had summoned to their aid the Irish race in every part of the globe, and asked them to engage with them in a great league and covenant for the final destruction and uprootal of landlordism in Ireland, what Irishman would dare to denounce their motives or their policy? Ever since 1879 they had been making it uncomfortable for the landlords in order to make them anxious to get rid of their property."

On the day after the delivery of Mr. O'Brien's speech, the *Freeman's Journal* announced that it was authorised by Mr. Parnell to say that a Tenant's League would be formed immediately in Ireland to protect the tenants against the combination of the landlords. This League would be the official act of the whole Irish party, and would be shortly established at a convention. It was declared to be "the natural and logical result of the arbitrary and autocratic action of Mr. Smith-Barry and his landlord syndicate," and the principle which was to guide them was contained in the letter of Archbishop Croke to Canon Cahill, which has already been referred to.

There can be little doubt that the demonstration on the 10th of July was intended to deter the tenants from paying their

rents, for, at a meeting which was held a few days later, Canon Cahill informed his hearers that they should avoid telling stories that this or that man had paid his rent, as it was injurious to the cause. A great many of the tenants, however, paid, in some instances secretly and in others without any attempt at concealment, as it was believed that the agitation would shortly collapse. In the meantime no public action appears to have been taken by the tenantry till the 9th of August, although several of them, including Mr. James O'Neill, the principal shopkeeper in Tipperary, had been served with writs. But on this date Mr. Wm. O'Brien paid another visit to the town, and attended a meeting of the tenants. A series of resolutions were passed, to the effect that if Mr. Smith-Barry did not withdraw from the syndicate they should demand an abatement of 25 per cent. on the gale of rent then due, to enable them to contribute 10 per cent. on the Poor Law valuation of their holdings for the support of the Ponsonby tenantry. As the utmost abatement any of the tenants would have received was  $12\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., as was generally known, this was a novel method of combining patriotism with profit. It would have enabled them to have fought Mr. Smith-Barry with his own money without any loss to themselves, and at the same time have put considerably more than 15 per cent. in their own pockets. In acknowledging a copy of the resolutions which were sent to him, Mr. Smith-Barry merely said that he regretted that his tenants should have been persuaded into adopting such a course by those who had nothing to lose by it.

A crisis having now arrived, it became necessary for Mr. Smith-Barry to take decisive action to recover his rents, and the interests in the holdings of five tenants were put up for sale by the Sub-Sheriff at Thurles on the 24th of August, with the result that four were bought in by the tenants for the full amount of their debt and costs, and the sale of the remaining one was adjourned. These proceedings had a very discouraging effect upon the League, as a resolution had previously been passed, pledging the tenants not to buy in their farms, and now there was every appearance of a schism. The tenants were called upon to show their appreciation of Mr. O'Brien's sufferings, by suffering something themselves, and they were told that if they did not do so, and if Mr. O'Brien should die in gaol or after coming out of it, his death would lay at the doors of the men of Tipperary. The now defunct *Tipperary Nationalist*, which has recently been condemned in £1500 damages for a most abominable libel on

Colonel Caddel, one of the resident magistrates at Tipperary, in referring to the action of these tenants, said, "We fear there will be to the end of time black and rotten sheep in every fold ; but it would be the biggest absurdity imaginable to think that because two or three spiritless seceders subordinate patriotism to pelf, the agitation is to subside and the conflict to collapse."

Another sale took place on the 4th of September, at which Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., Mr. Condon, M.P., and Mr. Gill, M.P., were present, having on the previous night attended a private meeting of the tenants at which it was resolved that they should allow their holdings to be sold. Notwithstanding this resolution, and despite the vehement appeals which had been made to them, thirteen of the tenants, out of the twenty whose holdings were to be put up for sale, met the Sub-Sheriff before the proceedings began, and paid in full the amount of the judgment and costs. Of the remainder, six were purchased on behalf of Mr. Smith-Barry, and the sale of one was adjourned. The net result of the two days' sales was therefore as follows: of twenty-five holdings offered for sale, seventeen were purchased by the tenants for the full amount due ; the sales of two were adjourned, and only six of the tenants allowed their interests to go to Mr. Smith-Barry. It is quite evident from this that the agitation was altogether a hollow affair, and was only kept going by the most strenuous exertions of the League emissaries ; that there was an overwhelming majority opposed to it, and that there was every danger that it would fall to pieces. The National League in general, and Mr. Wm. O'Brien in particular, were on the point of suffering an ignominious defeat.

The *Freeman's Journal*, in order to mitigate the serious aspect of the situation, said that in some instances tenants, whose cases were exceptional, were released by their comrades from the pledges of united action, and that they acted in pursuance of a well-considered policy. But what was the result? On the names of the tenants who had bought in their holdings becoming known in Tipperary, the mob at once took possession of the town. The windows of their houses and shops were smashed to atoms, and the plate-glass frontage of Mr. O'Neill's extensive drapery establishment was completely shattered. They were rigidly boycotted. Pickets were established near their shops to prevent any customers from entering. If any succeeded in doing so, their purchases were snatched from them and burnt. They were protected by constabulary with loaded rifles. They were

assaulted, and had to fly from the mob for their lives. Their names were published in the Nationalist papers under the heading "The Black List." Their action was denounced in the *Tipperary Nationalist* as being cowardly in the extreme, and every one of them was declared to be a traitor to the cause, a renegade to the professions they made, and a recreant to the resolutions they pledged themselves to abide by. Bombs were thrown into their houses. Bonfires were lighted in the streets, and an effigy, variously supposed to be intended for Mr. Smith-Barry, his agent, or one of the recalcitrant tenants, was publicly committed to the flames. The farmers in the district were warned to have no dealings with them. The necessities of life were even refused to them, and no one could be got to repair their broken windows. The police were compelled to fire on the mob during the riot which took place on the day after the sales, and a young man, who was struck on the ankle by a pellet, subsequently died from tetanus. In addition to what has been already described, the constabulary and the bailiffs were violently assaulted. A bomb was thrown into Mr. Smith-Barry's estate-office, which had to be placed under police protection. Mr. Townsend, his agent, could not appear in the streets of Tipperary unless accompanied by a car full of armed constables, and the authorities found it necessary to afford him constant protection, as well as to establish a police-station at Mr. Smith-Barry's farm at Cordangan Manor, which is about two miles from the town. And yet this is how, in the opinion of Archbishop Croke, Tipperary has realized the heroic; and how, according to Mr. O'Brien, the tenants had met Mr. Smith-Barry with a unanimity, with a crimelessness, with a patience, with a heroism that he believed would amaze and charm every honest-minded man in England!

The tenants who had bought in their holdings finding themselves in a fair way to be completely ruined, made the most extraordinary efforts to obtain the removal of the boycott, and a general pardon from the mob. The National League probably feared that matters were going too far, and a meeting was held in Tipperary, at which Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P., pleaded for their forgiveness, but his audience would scarcely listen to him. At a meeting subsequently held at Waterford, Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., also asked that, as they had confessed what he described as the error of their ways, the past might be forgotten. On the 14th of September, a conference of the tenantry was held at which



Mr. Healy and Mr. Redmond again asked that the recalcitrant tenants might be forgiven, and Mr. Condon, M.P., also spoke in their favour. The National League in Dublin became frightened at the Frankenstein that it had reared, and Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., its secretary, wrote a letter to the *Freeman's Journal*, in which he said that he was "sorry to learn from reports of recent proceedings in Tipperary that some of our friends there have fallen into a very serious error with reference to one at least of the town tenants on Smith-Barry's estate." He referred to the case of Mr. O'Neill, whose business was said to be worth from £10,000 to £11,000, and who, as he was a large employer of labour, was advised by him and several other members of the Parliamentary party, not to sacrifice his business, and it was expected that the tenants would acquiesce in this view. He concluded by hoping that their acceptance of the responsibility would prevent any further unpleasantness.

To this letter two of the leaders of the agitation replied by administering a snub to Mr. Harrington. They said that they went to seek Mr. Parnell's advice, and only called upon Mr. Harrington on the way. They very plainly intimated that they could not brook his dictation; that they had no mandate to bring back such advice to the tenants, and that, at a meeting held on the eve of the sales, it was resolved that every interest should go to Mr. Smith-Barry without exception. Mr. O'Neill, however, subsequently stated that at this meeting a resolution was drafted by Mr. Gill, M.P., which decided that an exception should be made in his favour; and in a letter in reference to the matter which Mr. Gill wrote to the *Freeman's Journal*, he also pleaded for the forgiveness of the tenants. No notice was taken of these appeals, and the sentence of ostracism was strictly enforced. In the meantime several of Mr. Smith-Barry's *employés* at Cordangan Manor were compelled by intimidation to throw up their situations, and the windows of several shopkeepers who had supplied the police were broken, and an explosive was thrown into the Bridewell.

At last, on October 17th, the boycotted tenants signed a recantation, expressing their regret for the action they had taken, and stating that on the next rent-day, November 1st, they would allow their interests to be sold, unless the reduction of 25 per cent. previously demanded was given to them. This was submitted to a meeting, which was attended by Mr. Redmond, Mr. Gill, Mr. Condon, and several priests, and it was agreed to

pardon the backsliders on November 1st, when they had sent in their demand to Mr. Smith-Barry. This was ultimately done, and the boycott which was placed upon them on September 4th was then removed. At this time Mr. Smith-Barry received an interesting letter from one of his tenants, an English Protestant farmer, who bought in his holding on the first day's sale. He describes himself as "a tenant who has opposed the withholding of rents, but sees the impossibility of carrying opposition further," but it was significant that he made no demand for the reduction of 25 per cent. required by the other tenants.

While the agitation had been thus carried on in Tipperary, Mr. Parnell in a letter to Mr. Sexton, M.P., then Lord Mayor of Dublin, announced the objects of the Tenants' Defence League, which, since it was referred to by Mr. O'Brien at Tipperary on July 10th had had its formation repeatedly postponed. Mr. Parnell did not intend to take part in its establishment, but deputed Mr. Sexton to act as his understudy. A series of county conventions were to be held, beginning with Tipperary. The authorities, however, proclaimed the National League in the parish of Tipperary, and it was therefore deemed advisable to inaugurate the new movement at Thurles. The first convention was held on October 28th, at St. Patrick's College, and was attended by several Nationalist members of Parliament, a great many priests, and Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P. Of the resolutions which were submitted, the most important was that a general levy should be made of threepence in the pound on the rateable value of the holdings of the tenants represented at the convention, it being understood that town tenants should subscribe according to their means. The speeches consisted principally of violent attacks upon Mr. Smith-Barry, and practically the same tone was adopted at the various conventions which were subsequently held throughout the country.

The new League, its promoters said, was to be strictly legal in its operation ; but the predictions of those who declared that no movement of the kind could be carried on in Ireland without the usual accompaniments of outrage and intimidation have been strikingly verified already. In Cork the ex-mayor called upon the shopkeepers of Munster to boycott every citizen who did not subscribe to the new League. The collections in many cases were made at the church doors, from which there was no escape ; and in one instance a notice was placed outside a Roman Catholic chapel, stating that a certain Protestant farmer had refused to subscribe,

and that any one who took his land would suffer. Two attacks have been made upon the house of Mr. Smith-Barry's clerk of the works, and the house of a land agent who is known to be opposed to the no-rent agitation, as well as the house of a farmer who was believed to have paid his rent, have been fired into. It has been proved that a National League official told the Cashel tenantry that if there were any dissentients among them they would be made to fight it out, whether they liked it or not. Every endeavour has been made to defraud Mr. Smith-Barry of the tolls and customs of the Tipperary fairs and markets, which he derives from a patent granted in 1610. In regard to this matter, an injunction has been granted against the Town Commissioners to restrain them from interfering with his rights pending the trial of an action which Mr. Smith-Barry is bringing against them. Another example of the legal methods of the new League has been the circulation of the following scurrilous boycotting notice, which, printed on green paper, has been sown broadcast in Tipperary :

“BOYCOTT! BOYCOTT!! BOYCOTT!!!

SMITH-BARRY,

The Bastard Head of the Exterminating Crew ;

HORACE TOWNSEND,

The Lying, Oily, Slippery, Paid Agent of the Syndicate ;

WALTER NOLAN,

The Emergency Attorney, from God-knows where ;

BEARDY PATESHALL,

The Plotting, Pliable Worker, from the Slums of an unknown English Town ;

SOUPER CALDWELL,

The Prostitution Tool of the Office ;

BUTTY HANRAHAN,

General Emergencyman ;

EX-PEELER MULQUEEN,

The News-Worm ;

EX-SOLDIER ENGLISH,

The Convicted Robber—The Grabber of Cooke's house ;

KENNEDY,

And all the Toll Collectors and Workers of Evicted Farms.

All who supply or associate with any of Smith-Barry's gang, or with the murderers of your Kith-and-Kin—Look out. More to follow !!!”

The object for which the Tenants' Defence League was formed was ostensibly to combat the Syndicate of which Mr. Smith-Barry was the head, but its real design is so to carry on

the war against the landlords as to clear them out of the country and thus pave the way for separation. This has been frequently stated at the various conventions, and it was laid down specifically by Mr. J. J. Clancy, M.P., at the Dublin meeting on Dec. 11th, although on the very same occasion the Archbishop of Dublin declared, that if the object of the new League had been a political one he should not have been present. But Mr. Clancy had very different views of the matter, for in following Archbishop Walsh he said: "As sure as we are here, the next election will see the rout of the meanest and most infamous Government that has ever ruled Ireland, and that being so, those who doubt and hesitate had better make up their minds without further delay. At any rate, with them or without them, we are determined to go on with the work we have in hand, and I for one believe that in meeting here to-day and acting as we are doing, we are taking a long and important step towards the goal at which we aim—the destruction of the twin systems of Irish landlordism and Dublin Castle misgovernment."

As the result of the refusal of the tenants to pay their rents, Mr. Smith-Barry has been compelled to assert his proprietary rights by seizures and ejectments, and also by every other means which the law allowed him. The first seizures were highly successful; but directly they became known, the tenants cleared their lands of all their stock. Some of them, who showed a disinclination to remove their cattle, in order that by seizure their rents might be paid, were forced to follow the example of their fellow-tenants. A great number of the town and country tenants have been ejected, and evictions are still being carried out. They have taken place quietly, and with very little exhibition of feeling or even curiosity on the part of the townspeople. The principal streets in Tipperary, with their tenantless shops and houses, are now a melancholy monument of Nationalist folly. It is a singular incident of the struggle that Archbishop Croke, who, by bestowing his benediction upon the agitation, is mainly responsible for the present deplorable state of affairs, has given his sanction for the payment of their rent by the nuns of the convent at Tipperary, who, through him, are Mr. Smith-Barry's tenants. With regard to Mr. O'Neill, as he was not ejected, he closed his premises voluntarily for fear of being boycotted, and has removed his business to another part of the town. But this proceeding can have afforded him very little satisfaction, as Mr. Smith-Barry has obtained a judgment

order in regard to some property which he possesses, and now occupies the position of mortgagee upon it. Mr. Smith-Barry has been able, very effectually, to checkmate the agitators in another direction. He has purchased the remainder of the lease, of which there are six years unexpired, of the plot of ground upon which the mart for the evicted shopkeepers has been erected, and the new League now finds itself in the unlooked-for position of having Mr. Smith-Barry as a landlord. He has also established a general store in one of the evicted premises for the convenience of the police, the bailiffs and other boycotted people, to whom it has proved an immense boon.

The Tenants' Defence League have collected nearly £60,000 ; but that sum, with the immense drains upon it, will not carry them very far in their present suicidal policy. The amount which they have to contribute for the support of the tenants of the Smith-Barry and Ponsonby estates must alone be very large. They have been spending for a long time about £600 a week in wages, and the mart is said to have cost them £4,000. It is built of brick and timber, with a glass and iron roof, and is 220 feet long by 85 feet wide. It is divided into twenty-six stalls, and also contains a butter market. The League have also built forty-two two-storied houses, of which the elevation is partly brick and partly wood, and about twenty-six labourers' wooden cottages, of a very flimsy description, some of which are roofed with slate, and some with iron, and seven wooden huts of a different design, to be used as shops. The mart and the houses and cottages constitute what is called by the agitators "New Tipperary," but it is probable that neither they nor their victims regard their shanty town with any idea of permanency. It was inaugurated on the 12th of April by Mr. Wm. O'Brien, in the presence of a crowd chiefly composed of strangers. He was assisted by Mr. Davitt, several Nationalist Members of Parliament, and a few obscure Gladstonian Radicals, who evidently braved the rigours of the Irish Channel in order that they might hear themselves described by the wily Celt as "distinguished English statesmen." It was only some days after that a letter in regard to the event was received in Tipperary from Mr. Parnell, who, it is obvious, never reads the Nationalist or any other newspapers. When everything was over, he appeared to have suddenly awoke to the fact that a good deal of champagne had been drunk in celebrating the destruction of a number of inoffensive people.

The strike against rent is not by any means universal, notwithstanding the terrorism and intimidation which exist. More than seventy tenants have shown the courage of their convictions, and, in spite of the threats of the League, have paid their rents. Amongst them is John O'Leary, one of the leaders of the Fenian movement, who has expressed himself as entirely opposed to the agitation in Tipperary; and two tradesmen in the town have, in letters to the press, stated that they will not leave their homes at the dictation of the League. The hostility which has been manifested towards these tenants is only too plainly shown in the case of Mr. Edward Phillips, a Protestant farmer of English descent. He has been publicly proclaimed at a meeting of the National League at Cashel. He is refused the common necessities of life, the local chemist even being afraid to make him up a prescription. The blacksmiths have declined to shoe his horses; his labourers have left him; he can neither buy nor sell farm-produce in the neighbourhood; and he cannot even take his family to church, as accommodation for his horse and carriage is refused at the Cashel hotels. But he stoutly affirms that nothing shall sever the long kindly feeling which has existed between his landlord and himself for twenty-five years. One other tenant on the Cashel estate, who is known to have paid his rent, is being subjected to the same abominable tyranny, and the windows of Dr. Nadin's house in Tipperary have been smashed for the same reason. They are both Englishmen and Protestants.

The boycotting of the police has not been restricted to the refusal of the necessities of life. The most vindictive animosity has been displayed towards them, and they have been subjected to treatment worthy only of savages. When the wife of a constable died in January, no woman in the town would lay her out, and the duty had to be undertaken by the wife of another constable. The husband, with the greatest difficulty, procured a coffin, and then only when the man who made it had first obtained leave from the local *vehmgericht* that he might supply it. No one in the town would send a hearse, and the body, which was buried at Cork, had to be taken to the railway station on a police car. In another case, while the funeral of a little girl, the daughter of a constable, was taking place, volleys of stones were thrown at the sorrowing relatives as they stood round the grave. But perhaps a more shocking instance still was the refusal of a midwife to attend a constable's wife in her confinement. She

said that she had been warned against doing so. If it had not been for the welcome, though unskilled, assistance of another constable's wife, she would have been left to herself in her hour of trial. These are some of the methods by which Tipperary maintains its proud claim to the title of "gallant."

Mr. William O'Brien, who was released from Galway Gaol at the end of December, has found it convenient since then only to visit Tipperary at rare intervals. Having ruined the town, he prefers to contemplate his handiwork from afar, while his victims can only bemoan the miserable situation into which his vanity has plunged them. It is true he has made a tour of several towns in England with Canon Keller for the purpose of relating, amongst other things, how the men of Tipperary had carried on the contest unaided; but it is doubtful whether two elderly gentlemen of Quixotic temperament ever undertook a more futile errand. The recent sentence of four months' imprisonment with hard labour, imposed upon a Dublin League organiser, and upon the secretary of a National League branch,\* for a criminal conspiracy to compel Mr. Smith-Barry's tenants to abstain from paying their rents, will hardly support Mr. O'Brien's contention, though it scarcely required this evidence to prove that the agitation has been raised, maintained, and supported almost entirely by outside influence.

What the result of the struggle will be for the tenants it is not easy to foretell. No doubt they anxiously hope for a settlement on the Ponsonby estate, which would also mean the collapse of the agitation in Tipperary. But if there is no settlement, are they prepared to ruin themselves and their children, and to abandon all liberty of thought, speech, and action to the Tipperary corner-boy, in order that William O'Brien may not die of a broken heart? They have been overawed, terrorised, and coerced by the mob, which, if they had only had the courage to combine at the outset, they could have swept before them. That Mr. Smith-Barry is thoroughly in earnest must have been evident to them long ago. He is fighting, not alone for the rights of property, but the battle of order against the forces of anarchy and disruption. That he will emerge from the combat scatheless is scarcely to be expected; but that he will gain the victory over the hosts of illegality and dishonesty, there can be very little doubt.

\* A case was stated for the Superior Courts, and the defendants were admitted to bail.

## The Poet's Apology.

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NO, the Muse has gone away,
Does not haunt me much to-day.
Everything she had to say
 Has been said !
'Twas not much at any time
All that she could hitch in rhyme,
Never was the Muse sublime
 Who has fled !

Any one who takes her in
May observe she's rather thin ;
Little more than bone and skin
 Is the Muse ;
Scanty sacrifice she won
When her very best she'd done,
And at her they poked their fun,
 In Reviews.

"Rhymes," in truth, "are stubborn things."
And to Rhyme she clung, and clings,
But whatever song she sings
 Scarcely sells.
If her tone be grave, they say
"Give us something rather gay."
If she's skittish, then they pray
 "Something else !"

So she's cut the whole concern—
Lute and Lyre, and Torch and Urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,
 Joys or woes.
For Parnassus is "too steep,"
And the only Muse I keep,
And that keeps me, writes a heap,
 But—it 's Prose !

ANDREW LANG.

Marcia.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

ARCHDALE IS INCONSIDERATE.

MARCIA had been determined to get her own way, but she had not expected to get it with quite so much ease and despatch, and when she sat down alone to think over her new position and prospects, her heart failed her a little. She had no feeling of compunction as regarded her husband, nor any doubt as to the wisdom—at all events, the necessity—of the step which had been taken; yet it was a prodigious step, entailing all sorts of uncertain consequences, so that her sensations were somewhat akin to those of an explorer who, after long marches, finds himself at last upon the shore towards which he has been toiling, and sees before him the broad ocean stretching away as far as his eye can reach. In what kind of craft was she about to commit herself to the perils and chances of the deep? One thing was obvious, that it would require careful and skilful handling. Henceforth strangers would fight shy of her; old acquaintances would happen to be looking at something interesting in the opposite direction when she approached; wherever she went she would be known as a woman who had been unfortunate in her domestic relations, which is almost as heavy a weight to carry as that of poverty, and a heavier one than that of personal uncomeliness.

Well, at any rate, she did not labour under either of the latter disadvantages, for she had £1,500 a year of her own, and her mirror still reflected the image of a young and beautiful woman. It reflected also the image of one who was sad and perplexed, and perhaps a trifle shamefaced. Why was she leaving her husband? Because he was hard and cold, because he did not care for her, and because he had insulted her by

unworthy suspicions? Marcia was not much in the habit of asking herself direct questions, or of returning straightforward answers when she did so, but now, for some reason or other, she put herself in the witness-box, and could not, or did not, blink the truth. Eustace might have treated her badly, and indeed she thought that he had ; but she had borne with him for many years, and could have gone on bearing with him to the end of the chapter if she had not lost her heart to another man. It was her love for Archdale that had rendered a rupture inevitable, and in this moment of candid introspection she acknowledged it. She resolved, however, that Archdale himself should never know this. It was absolutely necessary that she should break with him. Even if he had been no more to her than the friend that he ostensibly was, it would have been impossible for her, under the changed conditions of her life, to continue upon terms of friendship with him and avoid giving grounds for those scandalous rumours of which it must henceforth be her chief endeavour to steer clear. Cost her what it might, she must say farewell to him and to all that for some time past had made the world bright to her. As her plans for the future became more matured, she began to see how this might most easily be done. That evening she told Mr. Brett, who listened to her with frigid courtesy, that she did not contemplate setting up an establishment immediately in London or elsewhere.

"It will be less disagreeable for both of us," she said, "if I do things by degrees, and leave England for the present. People will soon forget us and stop talking about us. I thought of going to Italy for the rest of the winter, and perhaps spending next summer in Switzerland."

"I dare say that would be a good plan," Mr. Brett replied.

"My being abroad would not prevent Willie's coming to me for half of his holidays, would it? Of course I would gladly pay his travelling expenses."

"Thank you ; but if you will refer to the paper which I drew up for your guidance, you will see that I have preferred to undertake charges which, according to my view, belong more properly to me than to you. I can only relinquish control over my son to the extent agreed upon between us ; that is, that, so far as is found practicable, he shall be as much with you as with me. As regards the Easter holidays, it would, perhaps, be scarcely worth while for him to travel so far as to Italy. I would therefore suggest that he should pass that vacation

either in London or with his uncle and aunt, who have kindly intimated their readiness to receive him, and that, as a set-off, he should be left to you for the whole of the summer holidays. The bargain is, I think, not an unfair one ; but I merely put it forward for your approval. In this, as in all other particulars, you may rely upon my adhering to the strict letter of our agreement."

Marcia closed with the offer unhesitatingly. To have her boy with her for six clear weeks in the summer would be a great deal better than to catch a mere ten days' glimpse of him in April ; besides, she had a disinclination to face Willie just at first ; she wanted him and everybody to grow accustomed to the new order of things, and to accept it as a matter of course. In her weekly letter to him she only said that she was going abroad for a long time and could not be at home for Easter, but that it had been arranged that he should join her in Switzerland in July, "and then we will have a really good time together. I have got a little calendar, and I shall begin marking off the days at once. I haven't had the heart to count them, only I see that they fill six columns. But never mind ; the longer we have to wait the happier we shall be when all these weary weeks have been swept away into the past and are done with."

When Marcia had finished this letter she had a rather more difficult one to write ; but that also she accomplished, after wasting a good many sheets of paper over it.

"DEAR MR. ARCHDALE,

"I think I may venture to assume that you will be interested in hearing about something which is of very serious interest and importance to me ; but, in any case, I should have been obliged to write to you for reasons which I will explain presently. It will not be a surprise to you to be told that my husband and I have decided to live apart for the future. We could not have gone on much longer as we have been doing lately ; and although there is a great deal to be said against separations, there is still more to be said against chaining together two people who cannot speak to one another without disagreeing. Of course there has been a special cause which has brought matters to a climax in our case, and what that is you can easily guess. I would not allude to it if I did not feel that we are good friends enough to dispense with affectation, and if I did not think that I ought to give you a reason for the request which I am compelled to make. It is that you will not attempt to see me or speak to me again. I hope and believe that you will not misunderstand my motives. I shall probably miss you a great deal

more and for a much longer time than you will miss me ; but, after all that has passed, I could not dare to give my sister-in-law and others an excuse for saying horrid things about you and me ; so the best plan is to break off our friendship altogether. I am very sorry that it must be so.

"In a few days I shall start for Italy, and I think I shall most likely remain abroad for at least a year. Hoping that you will not quite forget me, and thanking you for all your kindness and sympathy with me in my troubles,

"I am,

"Very sincerely yours,

"MARCIA BRETT."

On reading over this composition, Marcia was by no means pleased with it ; but, as many other writers have to do in the case of their compositions, she made the best of it, because, unsatisfactory though it was, she did not see how it could be improved upon. For some reasons she could have wished it to be warmer, for others she would have preferred it to be colder ; unquestionably it might have been better expressed. She supposed, however, that it would serve its purpose. What that purpose was may not have been absolutely clear to her mind ; but if she knew anything of Archdale, she must surely have known that he would not submit to be banished from her presence for ever without a struggle.

And in fact the very next post brought her a positive assurance to that effect. Archdale's letter was brief, but eloquent, and although there was not a word of love in it, it breathed of nothing else. He did not protest very much against her declaration that their friendship must cease ; he seemed to look upon the idea as one so impossible of execution as to be hardly worth discussing. What he evidently dreaded was that she would hurry away from England without according him a farewell interview, and it was in appealing to her not to be guilty of such inhumanity that his most impassioned phrases were employed. He wound up by begging her to appoint some time and place of meeting.

Now, this was not a very easy request to refuse ; but perhaps refusal was rendered a shade more easy to Marcia by the writer's thinly-veiled anticipation that it would be granted. Although she could forgive Archdale anything, she was not desirous of letting him know how completely he had obtained the mastery over her heart, and she scarcely dared even to write to him again, lest she should betray what it was so essential to

conceal. Yet, feeling that absolute silence would be almost too cruel, she bethought her of a middle course, and despatched the following telegram: "Sorry I cannot do as you wish." That, surely, was curt enough and cold enough, without being downright brutal. He would understand now that any further attempt to break down her resolution would be useless; perhaps he would also understand what it had cost her to adhere to that resolution. Having thus burnt her ships, Marcia locked herself into her bedroom and cried for an hour.

Archdale was not a man of much strength of mind or perseverance; but for that very reason opposition to his wishes always aroused such determination as he possessed, and this unlooked-for obstinacy on Marcia's part had the effect of making him inwardly register a vow that he would see her before she left London, even though he should have to resort to the extreme measure of ringing her husband's door-bell for that purpose. But no such act of audacity proved to be required. It was growing dusk on the following evening when Marcia, who had been shopping and paying bills, was intercepted, as she alighted from her brougham in Cornwall Terrace, by a gentleman, who raised his hat and said, "May I speak to you for one moment, Mrs. Brett?"

"I cannot ask you to come in," she answered hurriedly. "I told you—I thought you would have understood——"

"Oh, I understood," answered Archdale; "but I did not acquiesce—how could I? I have been loitering up and down here for the best part of two hours upon the chance of seeing you," he added, "and I don't think you can be so cruel as to refuse me five minutes of your time. It isn't a great deal to ask."

The hall-door had been opened, and the light streamed out upon the pavement and upon Marcia's irresolute face. She made a quick movement up the steps, spoke a few words to the butler, who closed the door, and then returned to Archdale's side.

"I don't think this is very kind or very considerate of you," she said. "The servants are in a great state of excitement and curiosity, and they will draw their own conclusions from what they have seen. Servants' gossip is of no consequence to you; but it may be of great consequence to me."

"I can't help it," Archdale answered. "You wouldn't tell me of any place where I might meet you without exciting obser-

the war against the landlords as to clear them out of the country and thus pave the way for separation. This has been frequently stated at the various conventions, and it was laid down specifically by Mr. J. J. Clancy, M.P., at the Dublin meeting on Dec. 11th, although on the very same occasion the Archbishop of Dublin declared, that if the object of the new League had been a political one he should not have been present. But Mr. Clancy had very different views of the matter, for in following Archbishop Walsh he said: "As sure as we are here, the next election will see the rout of the meanest and most infamous Government that has ever ruled Ireland, and that being so, those who doubt and hesitate had better make up their minds without further delay. At any rate, with them or without them, we are determined to go on with the work we have in hand, and I for one believe that in meeting here to-day and acting as we are doing, we are taking a long and important step towards the goal at which we aim—the destruction of the twin systems of Irish landlordism and Dublin Castle misgovernment."

As the result of the refusal of the tenants to pay their rents, Mr. Smith-Barry has been compelled to assert his proprietary rights by seizures and ejectments, and also by every other means which the law allowed him. The first seizures were highly successful; but directly they became known, the tenants cleared their lands of all their stock. Some of them, who showed a disinclination to remove their cattle, in order that by seizure their rents might be paid, were forced to follow the example of their fellow-tenants. A great number of the town and country tenants have been ejected, and evictions are still being carried out. They have taken place quietly, and with very little exhibition of feeling or even curiosity on the part of the townspeople. The principal streets in Tipperary, with their tenantless shops and houses, are now a melancholy monument of Nationalist folly. It is a singular incident of the struggle that Archbishop Croke, who, by bestowing his benediction upon the agitation, is mainly responsible for the present deplorable state of affairs, has given his sanction for the payment of their rent by the nuns of the convent at Tipperary, who, through him, are Mr. Smith-Barry's tenants. With regard to Mr. O'Neill, as he was not ejected, he closed his premises voluntarily for fear of being boycotted, and has removed his business to another part of the town. But this proceeding can have afforded him very little satisfaction, as Mr. Smith-Barry has obtained a judgment

order in regard to some property which he possesses, and now occupies the position of mortgagee upon it. Mr. Smith-Barry has been able, very effectually, to checkmate the agitators in another direction. He has purchased the remainder of the lease, of which there are six years unexpired, of the plot of ground upon which the mart for the evicted shopkeepers has been erected, and the new League now finds itself in the unlooked-for position of having Mr. Smith-Barry as a landlord. He has also established a general store in one of the evicted premises for the convenience of the police, the bailiffs and other boycotted people, to whom it has proved an immense boon.

The Tenants' Defence League have collected nearly £60,000 ; but that sum, with the immense drains upon it, will not carry them very far in their present suicidal policy. The amount which they have to contribute for the support of the tenants of the Smith-Barry and Ponsonby estates must alone be very large. They have been spending for a long time about £600 a week in wages, and the mart is said to have cost them £4,000. It is built of brick and timber, with a glass and iron roof, and is 220 feet long by 85 feet wide. It is divided into twenty-six stalls, and also contains a butter market. The League have also built forty-two two-storied houses, of which the elevation is partly brick and partly wood, and about twenty-six labourers' wooden cottages, of a very flimsy description, some of which are roofed with slate, and some with iron, and seven wooden huts of a different design, to be used as shops. The mart and the houses and cottages constitute what is called by the agitators "New Tipperary," but it is probable that neither they nor their victims regard their shanty town with any idea of permanency. It was inaugurated on the 12th of April by Mr. Wm. O'Brien, in the presence of a crowd chiefly composed of strangers. He was assisted by Mr. Davitt, several Nationalist Members of Parliament, and a few obscure Gladstonian Radicals, who evidently braved the rigours of the Irish Channel in order that they might hear themselves described by the wily Celt as "distinguished English statesmen." It was only some days after that a letter in regard to the event was received in Tipperary from Mr. Parnell, who, it is obvious, never reads the Nationalist or any other newspapers. When everything was over, he appeared to have suddenly awoke to the fact that a good deal of champagne had been drunk in celebrating the destruction of a number of inoffensive people.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SWISS HOLIDAY.

An argument which has always been held to be a strong one in favour of some future state of existence is the difficulty of believing that the experience which we all buy upon such hard terms in this world can be destined to lead to nothing ; yet sceptics might urge that our experience, even as regards the affairs of this present life, is but an evanescent thing, that we very seldom utilize it for the benefit of others, and that nine-tenths of us, by the time that we have reached middle age, have clean forgotten what we were as children. But the few whose memory of childhood has remained really distinct ought to be aware that the senses of the young are far keener than those of their elders, and that among the daily absurdities which we commit none is greater than that of imagining that children neither see nor hear things of which it might be desirable that they should be kept in ignorance. Willie Brett's intelligence was in some respects above the average ; but a duller boy than he would have guessed the meaning of his mother's abrupt departure, and when he reached home at Easter he was fully prepared for a communication which Mr. Brett had been at some pains to think out and put into unexceptionable language.

In justice to poor Mr. Brett it must be admitted that if he did not acquit himself of his painful duty with marked felicity, he did so in a thoroughly magnanimous and conscientious spirit. He said :

"When you are older, Willie, you will be able to form your own opinion as to the causes which have led to this unhappy separation between your mother and myself. That opinion I shall not, either now or at any future time, endeavour to influence ; but it is necessary that I should inform you of the facts, and point out to you a few of the more immediate consequences as regards yourself. To begin with, I must tell you that I have decided to leave this house, which is too large and expensive a one for my present requirements, and that I have already found a tenant for the remainder of my lease. As I must at once begin moving my furniture to our new home in Keppel Street, Russell Square, I think that you would enjoy your holidays more if you were to spend them at Blaydon with

your uncle George, who has kindly sent me an invitation for you; but should you prefer to remain with me while the process of removal is going on, you will be at liberty to do so."

The rest of the harangue, which bore reference to the future disposition of Willie's spare time and to other matters of detail, was couched in terms of similar formality; and it is scarcely necessary to add that long before the speaker arrived at his peroration he had been judged and condemned. The boy did not say much; but he showed on which side his sympathies had been enlisted by declaring without any hesitation that he would like to spend his holidays with his uncle and aunt. Sharp though he was, he was not sharp enough to discover that this choice inflicted a keen pang of disappointment upon his father, who replied coldly:

"I had no doubt that that would be your wish. I will send a telegram to your uncle immediately, and you can leave after breakfast to-morrow morning."

Now, if there were two people in the world whom Willie disliked—but perhaps he did not really dislike them, for his heart was full of kindness and leniency towards humanity at large, as the hearts of some boys and even of a few men are—those exceptional persons were Sir George and Lady Brett. He had before this visited Blaydon Hall, their country place near Tunbridge Wells, and he knew what amount of enjoyment he might expect in that gloomy, imposing residence. It was a house in which punctuality was enforced to the point of a moral torture, a house where everything was always in its proper place, where the servants habitually walked on tiptoe, where there were no children and no dogs, and where anybody who stepped hastily into the hall without wiping his boots was pretty sure to be told of the injury that he had done to the carpets. As for its master and mistress, one of them was a bully and the other was a hypocrite. If Willie did not mentally describe them in such uncompromising terms, that was not because he had failed to take their measure; so that by preferring their society to that of his father, he signified with no slight emphasis what his view of his father's conduct was.

However, the conduct of Sir George and Lady Brett was not much, if it was at all, better; and although they scrupulously refrained from saying a word to the boy against his erring mother, they refrained in so pointed a manner that they might quite as well have given utterance to their thoughts. For the

rest, they endeavoured to be kind, and were in truth as kind as their respective natures would allow them to be. Willie's pony was accommodated in the stables; he was allowed to ride at such hours as the coachman could find time to escort him; he was not much scolded, though he was a good deal lectured, and when his visit came to an end, he received a sovereign from his uncle, and a volume of sermons, specially designed for the use of the young, from his aunt. Nevertheless, he carried away the perfectly correct impression that these people were his father's friends and his mother's enemies, and he was glad enough to turn his back upon them. "I don't want to go to Blaydon again," he wrote to Marcia, who had now temporarily established herself at an hotel in Florence; "it is awfully slow there, and every day feels like Sunday. I didn't get on much with any of them except Benson, the butler. He told me to send you his duty."

With the intuitive delicacy of his years, Willie abstained from alluding in his weekly letters to the revelation which had been made to him by his father. He wished to know no more than his mother might see fit to tell him; and she did not see fit—possibly she was a little ashamed—to write upon a topic which afforded scope for many awkward questions. There were plenty of other subjects to write about—her life at Florence, her plans for the summer, Willie's increasing proficiency at cricket, the excellent reports from the head-master which were periodically forwarded to her husband, and transmitted to her by him, without any accompanying comments. Gradually there had grown up in her mind a detestation of her husband so intense that she hated even to mention his name—a detestation which may have been in some part due to consciousness that if he had been unfair to her, she had also been unfair to him. So weeks and months passed away; and Willie, who had his own affairs to attend to (and how much more engrossing the affairs of boyhood are than those of mature age!) was satisfied with the knowledge that his mother was well and was enjoying herself, and was looking forward to the happy day when they should once more be together.

The day, when it came, was certainly happy enough to fulfil all the expectations of both mother and son. It was at Geneva that Marcia, after wandering for some weary weeks among the Italian lakes, had the joy of once more holding her boy in her arms, and scrutinizing with pride the development which had

taken place in his person during the period of their severance. He was not going to be strikingly handsome ; but he was going to be tall and strong, and although the childish outline of his face had not altered, there was a certain undefinable air of manliness about him which was new. His clear eyes met hers with a look which is only to be seen in the eyes of those who have nothing to conceal. Perhaps that is why she lowered her own after the first embraces were over, and the first questions and answers exchanged. Not even to Willie could she tell quite everything.

However, she told him a good deal, as they sat together in the *Jardin Anglais* after dinner, on that still, hot evening, and listened to the distant, continuous roar of the rushing Rhone. A tacit understanding had at once sprung up between them that accomplished facts must be accepted and had better not be discussed : what she had to say to him referred to the acquaintances that she had made at Florence, to her recently formed project of acquiring a permanent home in that southern city, and to her hope that at some future time her home would also be his. "Because of course, when you are of age, you will be able to do as you please," she said.

Willie laughed and shook his head. "Well, I don't know so much about that," he answered. "But I suppose, whatever becomes of me, I shall sometimes have holidays, and I shall always spend them with you."

"We are going to have some holidays together now, at all events," observed Marcia, turning an anxious sigh into one of contentment. "What place shall we make for first? I'll give you the map and the guide-book, and you shall choose. All places are the same to me, so long as I have you with me."

All places in Switzerland had, at any rate, the advantage of novelty for those unsophisticated tourists ; so that the grandeur of Chamounix and Zermatt was not marred in their eyes by melancholy but inevitable comparisons between the past and the present. Switzerland, doubtless, is not what it once was ; but in these days of cheap circular tickets, no corner of the earth where decent sleeping accommodation is to be found has escaped the inroads of the all-pervading *bourgeoisie*, and perhaps, after all, the benefits of the change outweigh its drawbacks. However that may be, happy people are seldom disposed to be critical, and neither Marcia nor Willie objected to dining at the *table-d'hôte* with the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker.

The quaint remarks and sentiments which they were thus privileged to overhear, and which they never could have had a chance of hearing under any other conditions, were part and parcel of the enjoyment of this leisurely and delightful journey. A dozen men will give a dozen different definitions of happiness, and the happiness of most of us consists, of course, either in retrospect or in anticipation ; but Marcia had now the rare satisfaction of knowing and declaring that she was happy in the present. Willie also was happy, although his request that he might be allowed to attempt the ascent of the Matterhorn (a request which sounds oddly enough to the ears of the middle-aged, yet is no longer to be called preposterous) was not granted. Feats of a less ambitious kind he was permitted to undertake, and his mother, who was not very fond of walking up-hill, was content to wile away the hot, cloudless days with a novel in the garden of the hotel while he scaled the neighbouring heights under the efficient protection of two guides and a porter.

But one evening, when he returned, tired out and triumphant and brimming over with the record of his adventures, it chilled him a little to discover that she was not, as usual, alone. By her side, sitting astride upon a chair, over the back of which he had folded his arms, was the artist whom Willie well remembered and of whom he had not formed a favourable opinion. And his prejudice was not removed by the manner in which this gentleman was pleased to greet him.

"Hullo! how are you?" Mr. Archdale said, holding out his left hand. "You've been up some spitz or horn or other, I hear. Well, different people have different ideas of pleasure. Personally, I prefer to remain at a lower elevation and talk to Mrs. Brett; so we shall not interfere with one another, I trust."

Willie extended his little brown hand and smiled, and moving away at once, without replying, seated himself upon the ground beside his mother, who had a hundred questions to put to him. The stranger, finding that he was thus ignored, rose deliberately, yawned, and said: "I suppose we shall meet at the *table-d'hôte*, shall we not, Mrs. Brett?" He then sauntered towards the hotel, while Marcia, with some symptoms of embarrassment, which were not lost upon her son, explained:

"Mr. Archdale arrived this afternoon with a friend of his. I was very much surprised to see him, because of course he did

not know that we were at Zermatt, and our meeting was purely accidental."

"I don't like that fellow," said Willie, with a boy's uncompromising candour. "Was he at Florence last winter?"

Marcia raised her eyebrows in astonishment; for the query struck her as being a strange one, and she doubted its having been prompted by mere curiosity. "Yes," she replied; "he was there in February and March, and I used to see him sometimes. Why don't you like him, Willie? Did your aunt Caroline say anything to you about him? If she did, I am sure it was no good, because he has snubbed her, and she hates him for it."

Willie shook his head. He had not heard Mr. Archdale's name mentioned by his aunt, nor could he give any abstract reason why Mr. Archdale should be disliked. Nevertheless, he did dislike the man, and wished that he would go away.

"Oh, well," said Marcia, laughing, "I daresay he will go away to-morrow or next day, and if he doesn't, we can. I wish you liked him, because he is one of the few friends whom I have in the world; but he isn't indispensable. We can get on very well without him—you and I—can't we?"

Willie thought so and said so; but neither on the morrow nor on the day following did Mr. Archdale leave Zermatt, while Marcia seemed quite contented to remain where she was. What had happened was, in fact, what had been certain to happen. Archdale had appeared at Florence in pursuance of a plan which he had announced long before Mrs. Brett had decided to leave her husband; he had called upon Marcia; he had been repulsed, at first somewhat vehemently, afterwards with more gentleness; eventually she had found herself unable to forego the pleasure of occasional meetings with him; and so by degrees their intimacy, which was an innocent one enough so far as words went, had been completely re-established. She had told him that she proposed to spend the summer in Switzerland, but she had not told him that she would be in any given part of Switzerland at any given time, nor had he mentioned his intention to visit that country at all. Consequently her conscience was as clear as the noonday, and when he and his friend Mr. Drake suddenly turned up at Zermatt she was a great deal more astonished to see them than they were to see her.

"Thank heaven," Mr. Drake observed to his travelling com-

panion, "we have run the woman to earth at last! Now, I trust, one will be allowed to rest for a day or two and get one's things washed. As you are paying all expenses, I suppose I have no right to complain; but I will go so far as to say that this desperate rushing about from pillar to post was rather more than I bargained for. Even as it is, my prospects don't look altogether rosy. Of course I shall have to entertain the small boy, and the worst of it is that I ain't much of a hand at entertaining small boys. I never know what the deuce to say to 'em!"

In that respect Mr. Drake was scarcely peculiar; but if he did not know what to say to Willie, Willie knew very well what to say to him; for in truth he was a good-humoured, unprincipled, amiable sort of creature, with whom most people could manage to get on. And the boy was quite clever enough to elicit some significant information from him. It appeared that Archdale had tried Bâle, Lucerne, Berne and Lausanne before hitting off Mrs. Brett's track at Geneva; it further transpired that he had pursued her to Chamounix, and from thence to Zermatt, at a rate of speed which had been found very trying by a middle-aged man. "So I really do hope," Mr. Drake observed in conclusion, "that your mother likes this place. I can't say that I particularly fancy it myself; still I would rather stay where I am and rest for a bit than scramble over interminable passes under a blazing sun upon the back of an ungroomed mule."

"You might walk," suggested Willie.

"Oh, yes, I might walk; and I might drop down dead of an apoplectic stroke. Why on earth can't people agree to meet in some decent level country like Holland? It isn't as if they wanted to admire the scenery."

These and other observations of a similar kind made Willie pensive. From Zermatt his mother, escorted by her two friends, proceeded over the Monte Moro to Macugnaga, whither he was permitted to make his way by the more adventurous passage of the Weiss Thor; then the whole party moved down to Baveno on the Lago Maggiore, which was a relief to Mr. Drake, who remarked that boating was at least some improvement upon mountaineering. But what was noticeable and disquieting was that not a word was said about the possible departure of these gentlemen. It seemed to be taken for granted that Mrs. Brett's route was their route, and that if they

had left England with any fixed intentions, these had been carried out when they encountered her.

It was seldom that Willie could now contrive to secure five minutes of uninterrupted conversation with his mother; but one evening after dinner he proposed to take her out upon the lake. "Just our two selves," he pleaded. "I've found a jolly little boat that won't hold more than a couple comfortably, and we can slip away while those fellows are smoking their cigars."

Marcia laughed and consented. A few minutes later she was seated in the stern of a somewhat dangerously light craft, and Willie, with vigorous strokes, was pulling away from the shore, upon which the gesticulating forms of Archdale and Drake could be descried.

"They may wave their arms till they're black in the face," said the boy gleefully. "We aren't going to turn back for them now. I wish we could go straight on to some other place and telegraph for our luggage, without letting them know our address!"

Marcia sighed. She was drawing her fingers through the water in accordance with what seems to be the instinctive habit of her sex—and a very disagreeable and unsafe habit it is. "I'm afraid there is no use in trying to make you like Mr. Archdale," she said. "He has been very kind to me, though, and I should be sorry to be rude to him. Most likely he will leave us of his own accord in a few days."

Willie made a sceptical grimace. However, he suspected that his mother's sentiments with regard to Mr. Archdale were as unalterable as his own, and he did not care to waste time in discussing that gentleman's good or bad qualities. There was not, in truth, much time to be wasted. Of this he became aware somewhat sooner than his mother, whose back was turned towards the quarter whence black thunderclouds were rolling up, and this, perhaps, had been the meaning of the excited beckonings of Archdale and Drake. Marcia, unconscious of approaching peril, was saying: "How well you row, Willie! You will have to be a wet-bob at Eton," when a sudden gust of wind swept past her, ruffling the calm surface of the lake, and immediately the sky became darkened. She started and glanced over her shoulder. "Good gracious!" she exclaimed; "there is a frightful storm coming. Let us get back at once."

"We should be caught before we had done half the distance,"

answered Willie ; "but it's all right. We'll shelter under the lee of one of these islands until it's over."

They were close to the Isola Madre, for the further shore of which he now made. Marcia and he were upon dry land, and had hauled their boat up the beach and ensconced themselves beneath the thick shade of an orange-grove before the first drops of the impending downpour fell. Then for about a quarter of an hour they were privileged to behold a scene which they rather enjoyed. The thunder was almost continuous ; the lake was lashed into an expanse of seething foam by the wind and the rain ; the trees above them swayed and groaned ; the jagged edges of the distant mountains were lit up by flashes of brilliant lightning, which made the succeeding darkness more intense ; and they congratulated themselves, as people who have narrowly escaped death often do, with a certain sense of having performed a decidedly clever feat. Of course they got a ducking, but they did not much mind that ; it would be a simple enough matter to change their clothes as soon as they returned to the hotel.

But when the storm had whirled away to the southwards, and the stars were shining in a clear sky, and these rash voyagers had safely traversed the space of still-heaving water which separated them from the mainland, they met with a reception which, to one of them at all events, was eminently offensive.

"You have given us a fine fright !" exclaimed Archdale, as he helped Marcia to get out of the boat. "I suppose you landed on one of the islands, didn't you ? These ruffians here swore that that was what you had done ; but neither they nor we could see what had become of you, and nothing would induce them to let us have a boat. Of course, we knew that that wretched little cockleshell of yours couldn't live for two minutes if the squall caught you."

His cheeks were pale, his hand trembled, and, his voice vibrated with an emotion in which the element of anger was obviously present. Some people cannot be frightened without getting angry about it, and that Archdale belonged to that species was shown by his next words, which were addressed to Willie.

"It's no thanks to you that your mother wasn't drowned," he said sharply. "Why didn't you come back when I called you ? You must have heard me plainly enough."

"Willie and I seem destined to get into a row when we go out boating together," struck in Marcia, before the boy could

make any reply. "Do you remember our sailing expedition last year, Willie, and how cross your father was because we kept him waiting for dinner?"

Willie nodded. He remembered the incident, and it struck him that his father had had a right to be cross, whereas Mr. Archdale had none whatsoever. But he held his peace, because he saw that his mother was afraid of his retorting upon her friend after some unpardonable fashion—which thing he was, in truth, sorely tempted to do. Only when she came into his bedroom an hour or so later to say good-night to him, he felt entitled to charge Mr. Archdale with "beastly cheek," and she did not dispute the justice of the charge.

"He had no business to scold us," she admitted; "but he had been very anxious, you see, and I suppose he didn't quite know what he was saying."

"Oh, bother his anxiety!" returned Willie, who was much incensed; "we can take care of ourselves without him, and we don't want him to be anxious about us. I wish you would tell him so!"

Marcia could not quite see her way to committing such a breach of good manners; but there was something in the mutual dislike of the two persons whom she loved best in the world which was not displeasing to her, and her inclination at the moment was to show favour to her son rather than to her admirer. "I'll tell you what we'll do, Willie," said she; "if you want to shake off Mr. Archdale, we'll give him the slip. There will be a steamer for Locarno to-morrow morning at a quarter to six—long before he will be awake. I'll pack up to-night, and we'll get back into Switzerland by the St. Gothard Railway. Even if he finds out where we have gone, he won't like to follow us after such a broad hint as that."

Willie was of opinion that it would be a simpler plan to inform Mr. Archdale in so many words that his company was no longer desired; but, as his mother declared that she would never dare to be so uncivil as that, he assented to her less dignified project of evasion.

Thus it came to pass that a very crestfallen Englishman sat down to breakfast at Baveno the next morning in company with an unsympathizing friend, who could scarcely eat for laughing.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. BRETT CONSULTS THE DOCTOR.

During this sultry summer season, while thousands of hard-working professional men were seeking relaxation among the pleasant places of the earth, Eustace Brett continued to plod daily to his police-court, and from the police-court to his club, and so home in the evening to his gloomy house in Keppel Street, without any thought of giving himself a holiday. It was not that he felt no need of one, for he was ill and weary and in desperately low spirits; but he did not see what difference a change of scene would make to him. Wherever he might go, he must needs be alone, and if his present work was distasteful and sometimes revolting to him, at least it kept him for a certain number of hours from brooding over his own miserable and hopeless affairs.

His troubles had lately become complicated and greatly increased by pecuniary anxiety. His wife's separation from him meant the loss of half the income which he had hitherto enjoyed, and although he had moved into a small house in an unfashionable quarter and had reduced his style of living, he had fallen into a state of morbid alarm, for which there was no real cause, lest he should be unable to make both ends meet. What would become of him if he should be compelled—as he might at any moment be compelled—to resign his appointment through ill-health? What would become of Willie, who, in pursuance of arrangements which had been made long before, was soon to be sent to Eton? The unfortunate man would lie awake at night, tormenting himself with such questions as these, until he reached a state of nervous distraction which was dangerously near lunacy.

In speculating upon Willie's future (because, after all, his own future was a very uninteresting subject to contemplate), it was natural enough that his mental vision should be turned longingly upon his wealthy elder brother. If Sir George would only decide to make the boy his heir, a useless and worn-out man might sing *Nunc dimittis* with resignation, if not with joy; but Sir George was always chary of committing himself, and for some months past Eustace had seen very little of him. He had,

it was true, received several invitations to spend a few days at Blaydon Hall ; but he had excused himself, pleading that he really was not fit for anybody's company save his own. Towards the end of August, however, he suddenly resolved to yield to an urgent entreaty which reached him from Caroline ; and deeply shocked Caroline was at her guest's aspect when he arrived.

"What *is* the matter with you, Eustace ?" she exclaimed. "You look at least twenty years older than you have any business to look, and you are the colour of—of—well, I never saw anybody such a colour. Have you consulted a doctor ?"

"I doubt whether any doctor could prescribe for me," Mr. Brett answered gravely. "I am not well ; but I am not aware that I have any definite complaint. That is to say that I have the complaint of worry, which I suppose kills a good many people every year. Unluckily, there is no cure for it."

"I had hoped that you would be free from worry now," Lady Brett said sympathetically, yet a trifle reproachfully, as though she thought it rather unreasonable of him to be worried after having been delivered from his wife. "Is there anything in particular that distresses you ?"

"There are many things that distress me," Mr. Brett replied in his cold, dry way. "My conscience for one ; my health for another ; the obscurity of the future for a third. I am not able to flatter myself that I have done my duty to my wife ; I hardly know how to do my duty to my son, and when I die I shall leave him almost unprovided for. I have reasons, as you see, for being worried and distressed."

Lady Brett did her best to reassure him. His conscience, she declared, ought to be perfectly clear, and from the well-stocked storehouse of her memory she produced sundry Biblical quotations in support of that view—which was really ingenious of her. As to his health, he must and should see Sir William Puffin. "That I insist upon, and you shall go to his house if I have to drag you there with my own hands." But with regard to the obscurity of the future she did not say much, because, as a matter of fact, she was ignorant of the provisions of her husband's will, and did not venture to make inquiries respecting them. Sir George, who, socially speaking, was easy to lead, never suffered a woman to interfere with him on matters of business.

That evening, however, she said a few words to her husband,

who, like herself, had been much struck by Eustace's deplorable looks. "Something must be done, George; he is simply dying. Of course he ought to have the best advice at once; but it seems to me that he is suffering more in mind than in body. Naturally his chief anxiety is that, if anything should happen to him, his son should be left independent of that horrid woman; and I suppose he has very little to leave."

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Sir George. "He was making a large income at one time; but probably 'that horrid woman,' as you call her, has spent all his savings. Well, I'll think it over and see whether I can be of some comfort to him; but, mind you, I won't bind myself down to any promises. If Eustace had chosen to enter the bank he would have been a rich man now: he didn't choose to see on which side his bread was buttered, and the consequence is that he is a poor man. That's no fault of mine."

When Sir George returned from the City on the following afternoon he did not fail to repeat these last observations to his brother, whom he had requested to walk with him as far as the home farm. "But," he was good enough to add, "there's no use in lamenting over the mistakes of past years: all we can do now is to make the best of things as they are. From what Caroline tells me, I gather that you are troubled about that lad of yours. Now, I know just what it is: you have fretted until you are altogether below par, and you think you're going to die. That's all stuff and nonsense; you have as sound a constitution as I have; and so Sir William Puffin will tell you when you consult him—which, by the way, you must do without delay. I know he is in town, because I met him the other day in the street. Still, I should be glad to relieve your mind with regard to the boy, if I could. Your wish, I assume, is that, in the event of your death, he should be placed under more desirable guardianship than that of his mother."

Mr. Brett stroked his chin, and replied, after a long pause, that that manner of describing his wishes was not entirely accurate. "I should be sorry," he said, "to imply directly or indirectly that I considered my wife unfit to take charge of her own child. In fact, I have no right to do so. But I cannot shut my eyes to the possibility that after my death she will marry again."

Sir George was unable to suppress a sound which was half a snort, half a laugh. Of course the woman would marry again if

he got the chance, and it was not very difficult to guess who her second husband would be.

"And should that come to pass," the younger brother went on calmly, "Willie's prospects would necessarily be precarious and—and unsatisfactory. I am more ill than you suppose, George; I have symptoms which I did not care to mention to Caroline, and which I dare say I should have mentioned to a doctor before now if I hadn't been afraid of his verdict. I am convinced that, even though things may not be so bad as I suspect, I cannot look forward to many more years of life; and therefore, as you truly say, I am troubled about my poor boy. As far as his own conduct goes, he has never given me a moment of trouble," added Mr. Brett, with a wistful look which somehow found its way to Sir George's not over-sensitive heart.

"Well, well," said the latter roughly, but not unkindly, "the long and the short of it is that you want me to adopt him, I suppose. Now, I'll tell you plainly what I'm prepared to do, Eustace: I'll give him a home, and I'll provide him with a suitable allowance when the time comes, and I'll leave him the half of my property, with the prospect of succeeding to the other half, in which Caroline will take a life interest. But all this must be subject to conditions. I must have authority; I must be constituted his sole guardian—you're a lawyer, and you know better than I do whether that can be legally done; finally, it must be understood that I retain the power to disinherit him at will. I myself am lawyer enough to know that that is a power of which I cannot be deprived; I merely wish to make it clear that, if I consent to stand *in loco parentis* to Willie, I must claim all a father's rights and privileges—including that of cutting him off with a sixpence."

"You relieve my mind of a great weight, George," Mr. Brett answered, sighing. "The conditions that you mention are quite reasonable, and such as any sensible man would exact. As regards the custody of children over seven years of age, a father has full power to appoint a guardian for them, and their mother cannot dispute the guardian's authority, although she may, by application to the Court of Chancery, obtain access to them. That, however, I should not wish to refuse in my wife's case."

"H'm! I'm not sure that I shouldn't wish to refuse it," said Sir George; "but I dare say it wouldn't be very often claimed. Well, now, Eustace, you must try to give up moping and vexing

yourself about calamities which are not in the least likely to occur. I won't tie my own hands ; but there's no harm in my saying to you, between ourselves, that my nephew will have to behave pretty badly before I shall disinherit him. You go and see Puffin as soon as you can. If he tells you to knock off work for a time, why, you'll have to knock off work, that's all. Her Majesty will allow you to take a furlough, I presume."

All this was very comforting to Mr. Brett, who made an appointment by post with Sir William Puffin the same evening and started on the following day to keep it. He had caused for unhappiness into which he knew that neither his brother nor his sister-in-law could enter, so he refrained from confiding these to them ; but he was grateful to them both for their substantial kindness. "I can bear to hear the worst now," he thought to himself, as he journeyed back to London. "After all, the prospect of death ought not to be particularly terrible to a man who has nothing left to live for."

But perhaps that prospect, by which we are all confronted, is inevitably terrible, and even if it be not, the prospect of a lingering and agonising death must needs be so. It was in reality the latter prospect that Eustace Brett dreaded. He dreaded it so much that in all his mournful self-communings he had not dared to put his fears into plain language.

Yet when he found himself face to face with the celebrated physician—a stiff, middle-aged man of few words, whose pale countenance betrayed no special interest in this patient—he could not avoid formulating the apprehension from which he implored with tacit pathos to be delivered. He had to name the malady with which it seemed possible that he might be afflicted, and he did so reluctantly and shudderingly.

Sir William, after making a thorough examination and writing down notes of the case, said : "I think your best course will be to consult a surgeon, Mr. Brett. Of course there are many surgeons who are well qualified to advise you as to the next step to be taken ; but I may mention that Mr. Ward has a high reputation."

Mr. Brett started ; for he well knew the class of operations by means of which the great surgeon in question had made his name. "But that is a death-warrant !" he exclaimed.

"Oh no," answered Sir William soothingly—"oh, dear, no ! As to the existence of mischief, I can speak with some certainty ; but there is nothing whatsoever to show that it is of

a malignant nature. Doubtless it might become so ; and that's why I should recommend you to lose no time in consulting Mr. Ward. I sincerely hope that he will be able to set your mind at rest and to convince you that if you will submit to an operation, which is not at all dangerous to life, you will be as well as ever again in a short time. Anyhow, nothing can be worse for you in your present state than mental anxiety. Perhaps you would like me to write a few lines to him and prepare him for your visit?"

Mr. Brett signified assent, paid his fee, and went his way. He had not quite heard the worst ; but he was sure that he was going to hear it, and that certainty agitated him to a degree which filled him with self-contempt. "Surely I am not a coward, in addition to all my other wretched failings," he ejaculated inwardly.

But who knows what constitutes cowardice?—and who can tell whether he possesses the physical courage of which no human being can bear to acknowledge himself devoid until a convincing test has been applied to him ?

CHAPTER XX.

THE CUTTING OF THE KNOT.

Mr. Ward had not yet returned from his annual holiday at the time of Eustace Brett's interview with Sir William Puffin ; so that the unfortunate patient had to live through ten days of sickening suspense as best he might. Yet, bad as uncertainty was, it was not so bad as the certainty which he acquired after undergoing an examination at the hands of the great surgeon, and hearing the latter's decisive opinion : "The sooner the operation is performed the better, Mr. Brett."

"Before I make up my mind to submit to an operation, I should like to know the precise nature of the disease," Mr. Brett answered, in a voice which, notwithstanding all his efforts, trembled a little.

The surgeon was a short, thick-set man, whose face was redeemed from insignificance by the brilliancy of his eyes. He had the mouth which is common amongst members of his profession and amongst schoolmasters—a large, thin-lipped mouth, slightly depressed at the corners, expressive of honesty and determination, but of very little tenderness. He said : "I don't

think that there is any occasion for you to hesitate on that ground. The operation must be performed ; and it will be attended with no risk, apart from that which has to be incurred even in the most trivial operations."

"But will the operation restore me to health?" Mr. Brett inquired.

"That I cannot venture to promise. It may do so. In any event, I believe that it will prolong your life."

A pause ensued which lasted nearly a minute. The condemned man looked round the four walls of the consulting-room as if he were seeking for some way of escape ; his restless eyes implored some word of hope and comfort, but obtained none. At length he said :

"In plain words, you have made up your mind as to the nature of my case."

"Unhappily, there can be no doubt about it," replied Mr. Ward at once.

Then came another long pause, which Mr. Brett terminated by saying : "I believe it is admitted that such cases are practically incurable."

"Well, that depends upon circumstances. In the majority of them, no doubt, the disease recurs ; but I have operated as long as ten years ago upon persons who are still living and, so far as I am aware, are in good health. It is my duty to tell you that, judging by the doctrine of averages, the chances are against you ; but it is also my duty to add that an operation may be the means of securing you many more years of life, whereas, in the absence of an operation, you cannot, humanly speaking, expect to survive another six months."

"Will this operation be a painful business?"

"Of course it will be performed under chloroform. Its after effects will entail a certain amount of pain, but nothing unendurable."

"And to let the disease take its course would, I suppose, involve unendurable pain?"

Mr. Ward shrugged his shoulders. "I ought not, perhaps, to have used the word 'unendurable,'" he answered. "Scarcely a day passes on which I do not see people bearing intense suffering because they are obliged to bear it. I would not voluntarily submit to such suffering myself, nor, I imagine, would any man voluntarily submit to it."

He seemed to be unfeeling ; but in truth it was his ex-

perience of human cowardice that made him appear so. He could be gentle and sympathizing enough when he had persuaded a patient to acquiesce in his merciful cruelty; only he knew that it was a very mistaken kindness to mince matters at the outset.

"Well," said Mr. Brett, rising, "I will think it over, and let you know my decision in a day or two. At my age it becomes a question whether life is worth preserving upon such conditions as you offer me."

The surgeon bowed gravely and held the door open for his departing visitor, who passed quickly through it and left the house. The fiat had gone forth, then; there was no appeal against it. On the one hand there was the certainty of a painful illness, culminating in a release which might be delayed through interminable months; on the other there was the remote possibility of a cure and the probability of a reprieve, neither of which, however, could be purchased save at the cost of an ordeal which flesh and blood shudder to contemplate. Eustace Brett, despite his outward coldness, had a highly-strung nervous organization, and this had of late been subjected to a strain greater than it was fitted to bear. When he regained the solitude of his study and sat down to think over the alternatives between which he had to choose, he felt convinced that it was out of his power to accept either of them. Death he could accept and even greet as a friend, but not suffering and all the horrors that in his case must accompany it. "Good God! haven't I suffered enough already?" he ejaculated aloud.

The truth was that he had suffered a great deal and for a long time, and had borne his burden manfully enough. He had been ambitious, and had seen the hopeless wreck of all his aspirations; he had loved his wife, as perhaps only men of his peculiar stamp can love, with unswerving fidelity, and had been forced to recognize the fact that she not only did not love him, but that he was positively hateful to her; latterly he had had physical as well as mental miseries to contend against; and now, as he sat in his arm-chair, recalling the past and trying to imagine the future, his feeling was that he was fairly beaten. When a man can fight no longer, when the limit of his endurance has been reached, he must give in. He is no more to be blamed for that than a horse who has tried his utmost is to be blamed for being beaten in a race by a better horse, or

than a garrison is to be blamed for surrendering when the last crust has been eaten and the last cartridge fired.

So Eustace Brett reasoned with himself ; but as he laboured under the disadvantage of being strictly honest, he could not admit in this hour of his extremity what he had all his life denied, that suicide may sometimes be justifiable. All that he could urge in extenuation of a sin which he had resolved to commit, was that at least it would harm no one but himself. Many men put an end to themselves in order to shirk the troubles which their removal necessarily brings down upon others ; but such was not his case. To those whom he loved best his death would be a blessing rather than a misfortune ; he would pass out of the world without causing the heart of a single fellow-creature to ache ; Marcia would marry again, and Willie would find a home much happier than Keppel Street could ever have been made for him.

Now, therefore, it only remained for him to set his affairs in order ; and this did not take very long. He had already made a will, in which he had bequeathed all that he possessed to his son, to be held in trust until the latter should come of age ; to this he added a formal appointment of his brother as the boy's sole guardian. Then he took a sheet of note-paper, and with much deliberation, studying each sentence carefully before he wrote it down, composed the following letter :

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“I have this day learnt that I am, in all human probability, within a stone's-throw of death. My life, I am told, may possibly be protracted by an operation to which I have not yet decided to submit, and from which, if I do submit to it, I may of course not recover. Should I prefer to let the disease take its course, there is the chance of my finding myself at any moment incapacitated. I think, therefore, that while I retain full possession of my faculties I should write a few words to you which I might have difficulty in saying if you were here.

“I want you to understand that, in my opinion, no blame attaches to my wife for the unhappy differences which have brought about our separation. The secret of it all is that she has never cared for me, while I have cared for her—I won't say too much ; but so much that life without her is an infinitely greater misery to me than life with her used to be. And that means a great deal. The way in which I chose to deal with her was probably most injudicious. I thought I would not claim anything from her that she could not freely give, and I suppose the inference that she drew from my behaviour—in fact, she has given me to understand that she drew that inference—was that I was cold and

indifferent, whereas I was nothing of the sort. As I said before, I do not think that the repugnance which she certainly feels for me is blameworthy, nor have I the right to bring any accusation against her. Nevertheless, I cannot wish that our son should be left under her care. I have many reasons for this, some of which you will guess, while others will most likely not occur to you. I merely desire to repeat that I gratefully accept your generous offer to take charge of the boy after my death, and that I do not doubt your willingness and Caroline's to replace his parents, in so far as that can be done. He is, I know, deeply attached to his mother, and I do not ask that they should be forbidden to meet from time to time ; but, looking forward into the future, as a moribund can, I think I can foresee that the affection which she now entertains for him will ere long be replaced by other and equally natural affections, and that he, being still a mere child, will be spared some subsequent pain by being at once and finally severed from the associations of his early years. I will, however, leave the matter to your judgment, in which I have full confidence. I have nearly done with this world, and perhaps it would scarcely become me to dictate with regard to affairs which nobody can be more painfully aware than I am that I have mismanaged while they were in my hands.

"I am, my dear George,

"Your grateful and affectionate Brother,

"EUSTACE BRETT."

It was growing dusk when Mr. Brett concluded this singularly ill-advised, yet thoroughly characteristic missive. He rose from his writing-table and, moving towards the window, gazed out into the dismal street. A long spell of sultry weather had been broken in the morning by a thunder-storm ; drizzling rain was now falling, and there was a chill in the air which made him shiver. "By this time to-morrow," he thought, "I shall have ceased to be. I shall have unlocked the door which millions of human beings have tried in vain to force, I shall have solved the enigma which is as complete an enigma to pious men and philosophers as it is to the most ignorant of savages. What happens after death? Isn't it an odd thing that nobody has the slightest idea. The Roman Church, perceiving that it was necessary to invent something, has invented purgatory ; our own Church speaks with a somewhat uncertain voice of paradise, but is silent upon the subject of suicides and other wicked persons, who can't expect to be admitted into that place of rest. I have always been taught that a suicide is an especially wicked person, because his last act is a sin of which it is impossible that he should repent ; but I am not sure that I

believe it. Suicide is a sin ; I don't dispute that. Only it seems to me that if there is mercy for those who have sinned all their lives long and repent upon their death-beds, there should be mercy for an unhappy wretch who has tried to do his duty to the very last, and only breaks down because the burden laid upon him is greater than he can bear."

He desisted from these reflections after a time, finding that they brought him neither conviction nor comfort. What it now behoved him to decide upon was the method in which his release was to be accomplished ; and this was a question which he spent a long time in debating. Everybody desires to die without pain, if that may be—indeed it was in order to escape pain that he had resolved to die—and of course an over-dose of chloral or some other anæsthetic would supply him with what he wanted. But there are Acts of Parliament which render the purchase of an over-dose of chloral a matter of some difficulty : added to which, he felt that it would be unpardonably selfish on his part to terminate his existence after a fashion which should preclude all doubt as to the deed having been intentional. For his wife's sake, and especially for his son's sake, he must contrive by some means or other to make sure of a verdict of "accidental death." It is not a man's fault that his father has hanged himself, or even that his father has been hanged ; but either event is like to prove prejudicial to him through life. "The very least that I can do," thought Mr. Brett, "is to abstain from inflicting an injury upon one whose natural protector I am and whom I am about to abandon."

It is needless to follow the unhappy man through all the schemes and doubts and hesitations which kept him awake during three-fourths of what he had determined should be his last night on earth. When he rose the next morning, he had made up his mind as to the plan which he meant to adopt, and although his blood ran cold when he thought about it, he did not doubt but that he would have courage enough to carry it out. He was, indeed, somewhat surprised at his own coolness and composure, which exempted him from any painful efforts at self-control. All that had hitherto agitated and distressed him seemed suddenly to have lost the power to do so, and the only emotion of which he was conscious was impatience. A good many hours still remained to be lived through before the supreme moment could come.

He employed them, as usual, at the police-court and at his

club. The latter establishment was almost empty, as it had been for some months past ; but he counted upon meeting one member of it, a barrister with a large family, who was spending the long vacation in London for economical reasons, and his expectation was not disappointed. This burly, jovial Mr. Robertson strolled into the reading-room between five and six o'clock, and, finding that it contained but one occupant, violated the club rules by beginning to talk in a loud voice.

"Well, Brett, how are you? Got the whole place to ourselves, eh? One of the many advantages of taking no holiday. I suppose you'll compare me to the tailless fox ; but, upon my word, I'd much rather be in my own comfortable house than in miserable seaside lodgings, and I suppose your being here is a proof that you think as I do."

"London suits me as well as any other place," Mr. Brett replied. "Perhaps I have to breathe a rather smokier atmosphere in Keppel Street than you do in West Kensington. By the way, I have some business which will take me to your neighbourhood presently ; we might go so far together if you are bound homewards. You generally make use of the underground railway, don't you?"

"Either of that or of the omnibus ; but I suppose you wouldn't like to be seen on a knifeboard? Come along, then ; we'll walk across to the St. James's Park Station, and take the first train to Earl's Court."

Mr. Robertson, who was blessed with robust health, and was disposed to take it for granted that other people were in the same happy case until he received convincing proof to the contrary, did not notice his friend's haggard appearance at first, but when they were out in the street he was struck by the feebleness and uncertainty of the latter's gait.

"I'll tell you what it is, Brett," said he ; "I believe you do want a holiday after all. Why you're walking like an old man of eighty."

"I have been out of health for some time," replied Mr. Brett, "and latterly I have been troubled with sudden fits of giddiness I suppose that is what makes me so shaky on my legs."

He changed the subject immediately, and introduced a professional one, which was perhaps more interesting to his companion. Whether the Lord Chief Justice had been technically right or wrong in a recent judgment was a matter of small consequence to Eustace Brett, but it was of considerable

consequence to him that Mr. Robertson's attention should be pleasantly engaged, so he argued in favour of the losing side with a good deal of ingenuity.

A warm discussion followed, which was maintained the whole way to the station, and was still full of vitality on the platform, up and down which the disputants paced while waiting for their train. Mr. Brett, who had been glancing furtively over his shoulder while the other laid down the law, came to an abrupt standstill, and was apparently upon the point of making some telling rejoinder, when a warning voice shouted, "Stand back, there!"

"Take care, Brett!" exclaimed Mr. Robertson; and for the rest of his life that innocent man accused himself of having brought about a sad disaster by his stupidity.

"One should never startle a man who is in a position of danger," he said penitently to his wife afterwards; "one should pull him out of it. Why I didn't catch hold of poor Brett I can't tell you; perhaps there wasn't time. I may have bewildered him by calling out or he may have been seized by one of the attacks of giddiness to which he had just told me that he was subject; anyhow, he staggered back instead of taking a step forward, and in a moment it was all over. He fell across the line just in front of the engine, and was simply cut to pieces. The most awful sight I ever saw in my life! One comfort is that death must have been instantaneous."

Death was unhesitatingly pronounced by the coroner's jury to have been accidental; and indeed the evidence submitted to them was not such as to justify any other verdict. Sir William Puffin and Mr. Ward may have had their own opinion; but, if so, they kept it to themselves, as sensible men should under such circumstances, and it was only Lady Brett who was indiscreet enough to say to her friends, "That wretched woman was the real cause of the tragedy. I don't condemn poor dear Eustace, because I am convinced that his mind was unhinged; but I do, and I always shall, condemn her!"

(To be continued.)



Passion=Players at Home, or Ober=Ammergau in Winter.



EARLY in one of the dark December mornings of last year we left Munich for a short stay in this little village of the Bavarian Highlands, which will soon be so great a centre of interest to the civilized world, with the view of making some preliminary acquaintance with the actors in the Passion-Drama, and of seeing a little of the preparations already being made for the event, which may be said to represent the dominant interest in the life of every man, woman, and we might almost add child, in the place.

Arriving at the little railway terminus of Oberau about mid-day, we transferred ourselves to the "Postwagen," and began the ascent of the road lately constructed in the place of the difficult and dangerous "Alte Strasse," which the driver pointed out to us, and which, with regard to the old saying that the way to the Passion-Play should be a hard one, could indeed have left little to desire. Below us lay the Valley of the Loisach, stretched out like a vast snow-field; dominating it on our left the odd outlines of the Krottenkopf, Rabenkopf, and Schafkopf; in front of us the Ettaller range, and just below the strange peak called, from its resemblance to the human figure, the Ettaller Mandl, the church and former Benedictine Monastery of Ettal, which, if not the actual cradle of the Passion-Play, was at least the school in which it was fostered from a very early period. We only stopped a few minutes before the little post-house of Ettal, dividing our contemplation between the copper-domed church and a flight of yellow-hammers as tame as pigeons about our heads, and were then driven on swiftly to Ober-Ammergau, over the Ammer-Brücke, below which the trout were languidly rising in the clear swift-flowing water, and under the

shadow of the cross-crowned Kofal, which stands like a guardian genius above the village.

When congealed and exhausted nature was somewhat revived, we prepared to pay a series of visits to various Passion-Players, in doing which we had rather exceptional facilities, as one of our party had lived much amongst these mountain folk, studied their idiosyncrasies, was perfectly *au fait* at their dialect, and like "Baumiller" in the characteristic people's play, "Der Herrgottschnitzer von Ammergau," could talk with the "Bauern" "exactly like one of themselves." On our way we stopped to look at the quaint frescoes with which the lower parts of many of the houses are adorned. Some of these are by Zwink, the eccentric "Luftmaler," as he was called, from the swiftness with which he worked ; and, in spite of having stood the test of more than a hundred years, look as fresh as if the colour had only been laid on yesterday. Our first call was upon Gregor Lechner, the "Judas" of so many years' reputation ; a genial old man of about seventy-two, with long grey hair, and eyes which twinkle humorously when he tells an anecdote, which he is fond of doing with many mannerisms and odd gestures. The room in which we found him surrounded by his family was low-ceiled and simply furnished, but upon the walls hung various stringed instruments, and prizes for "Turnerei" obtained by his son Anton, while in a pot in the window bloomed a white rose—a little sickly, but "one of King Ludwig's roses from Linderhof!" This same King Ludwig would seem to have been Lechner's ideal ; "Ja ! ja ! Er war ein Mann," he constantly repeated, when dilating upon the virtues and graces of his late sovereign, and he is especially fond of recurring to the relation of how he, with others of his fellow "players," was invited to visit his Majesty, and he (Lechner) was honoured with a special audience, while the others were received *en masse*. This mark of signal favour was in recognition of the fact that Lechner alone had obeyed the royal order that all should go in everyday costume, and more than made up to the recipient for any *gêne* he may have felt in being "singular" d'altri genti," and for the ill-concealed disgust of his companions, who had put on holiday attire under a mistaken notion that the king's command would be better honoured in the breach than in the observance.

Not only was Lechner's rendering of the Judas rôle the admiration of his sovereign and of various distinguished persons—Edward Devrient among the number,—but he also enjoyed

the rather rare privilege of being a prophet in his own country, which was on one occasion nearly costing him dear, when a party of zealous Christians lay in wait to fall upon and cudgel him for his too realistic presentation of the part of "The Betrayer." His histrionic successes are now only to be spoken of in the past tense, for the "Passions-Komité," twenty-four men strong, upon whom the choice of the players devolves, has decided that he is too old for his part, and a younger man is to take his place: a decision which is a source of infinite grief to him, though he tried to take a philosophical view of it to us, observing that he will not have to *hang* the whole summer through!

From Lechner's house to his "atelier" is only a step; and here we were shown specimens of wood-carving, executed by himself and his son, who is also a skilful "Schnitzer:" here too was the latter's violin, for he is an "all-round" man this young Lechner, and a great support in the music of the "Passionsspiel."

Space would fail to give anything like a detailed description of the other "Darsteller" and "Darstellerin" whose acquaintance we made; of the "Pilatus," whose short-cropped hair made him look almost remarkable in a village in which so many of the masculine inhabitants, as actual or possible participants in the Passion-Play, wear their hair long on their shoulders; of the "Heilige Mutter," the daughter of Lang the burgomeister; of Lang himself, the "Caiaphas;" of Detschler, the "Annas" of many years, who began his dramatic experience in 1830 as "Ein Judenknabe beim Volk," now also superseded. Detschler's daughter is the "Maria Magdalena" of 1890: a prepossessing young woman, with bright eyes and colouring, who, upon one of our party expressing surprise that a person of her attractions had reached the mature age of twenty-six and was still unmarried, rather naively explained, amid laughter and blushes, that want of money and vivacity had stood in the way of her establishment in life: against one of these drawbacks singly she might have made head, but the two combined were insuperable!

Leaving this by no means inconsolable victim of the want of taste of the Ober-Ammergau youth, we wended our way to the house of another faithful, if erring, disciple, the "Petrus," in the opinion of many judges the most *ähnlich* of the players, whom we found discussing Passion-Play business with the "Christus," Mayer. The contrast between the two men was as great as that between the "Petrus" and "Johannes" in Albrecht Dürer's "Vier Temperamente." The Guido-like head of the elder man,

with the smooth forehead, clear skin, and eyes bright and cheery as the song of the little "Canarienvogel" in the cage on the wall above him, was in the strongest opposition with the remarkably dark colouring, deep-set sombre eyes, and inscrutable expression of the "Christus," who, according to our preconceived ideas, did not seem exactly *ähnlich* to the part he plays in the drama. It is universally agreed, however, that in actual representation he is wonderful, and his delineation of the very difficult scenes which fall to his part is said to be marked by dignity and intense pathos.

Upon Mayer and the other burgomeister—for even this small village boasts its two—falls the task of conducting the rehearsals of the speaking-parts, the "Detailsproben," of which there are two weekly, as well as of those of all the parts together, when the time of performance is at hand. Besides this, he has had the task of choosing the costumes and superintending their making, which is exceptionally heavy this year, as, with a few exceptions, all are to be new. They are designed by the drawing-master of Ober-Ammergau after the Biblical illustrations of Gustave Doré, and we realized to some degree the magnitude of the undertaking when we visited the "Zeichnung und Modelliren Schule," and found Mayer surrounded by about twenty women and girls, all hard at work upon the new dresses. Bales of material in every shade of æsthetic colour, garments in every variety of antique or classical style, from the severe white robes with the golden borders of the "Schutzgeister," or "Guardian Angels," to the ephod of gold, blue, purple, and scarlet of the high priests, heaped the shelves, or hung from the walls in close juxtaposition with freehand drawings and plaster casts; here a lay figure was draped with a Roman toga; there, just below a skilfully carved crucifix, depended the green and gold turban of a Chaldean patriarch. A varied scene; but even more interesting were the two upper chambers, in which the costumes of former years—tangible ghosts of a dead past—hung, and rustled against us as we walked between their lines. Most of these garments are to be discarded, except a few made out of costly and durable materials, such as the tunic of Pilate, with its heavy metal ornaments, the mitre of the High Priest, &c.

This "Zeichnung und Modelliren Schule," of which we have just spoken, is entirely supported by the village, and has within the last few years done great things in the development of the

art of wood-carving, which in Ober-Ammergau stands, like its Passion-Play, upon a basis of several centuries, and seems, indeed, to have originated almost simultaneously with it. The capacity for the one art seems here to go generally with that for the other, and there is no doubt that the development of the two, side by side, with the addition in a minor degree of that of music, has made this village the unique one which we now find it. A large proportion of the inhabitants are "Schnitzer," among whom almost every variety of wood-carving is done; but the ambition of one and all of them is to achieve the dignity of a "Herrgottschnitzer,"—in other words, to carve crucifixes, just as to play the "Christus" is the highest dramatic aspiration. Mayer has happily attained to both.

If we look for the origin and first cause of the Passion-Play, we find it in the Roman Catholic Church, which, from the time of the Mystery Plays until the present day, has with its music and ceremonial been the great training-school for the Ober-Ammergau performances. The great festivals of Easter, Corpus Christi, Christmas, &c., are represented dramatically, so that what the people do in the decadal representation is only what they have been doing on a more limited scale in the intervening nine years. The music also, composed by Dedler, the Ober-Ammergau schoolmaster, is largely made up of masses, previously written for use in the Church.

The text of the Play, which was revised at the beginning of this century by an ex-conventual of Ettal, Ottmar Weiss by name, and still farther improved by the good old Geistlicher Rath Daisenberger of Ober-Ammergau, has been once more emended for the coming representation by the Munich Hof-Prediger, Ettmayer; the latter, however, contenting himself with rendering it into more literary German, and leaving the sense almost entirely untouched.

Before leaving Ober-Ammergau we paid a farewell visit to the theatre, which, like those of former years, is built after a classical model, with the roof open to the sky. For the first time, however, the orchestra is to be hidden, and the three-arched lodges on either side the proscenium are in the place of the insignificant little balconies from which Pilate and Annas addressed the populace, and from which much of the effect of their appearance was lost.

It is rumoured that the "Passion-Play" of 1890 is to be the last given in Ober-Ammergau, on the ground that the decadal

harvest demoralizes the people for the nine intervening years. This would be a severe blow, not only financially, but also to the love for and pride in the observance, cultured from the very earliest years in every inhabitant of the village, for it is, as a German writer expresses it, the "Puls" and "Athem" of the place; neither Reichstag nor district voting has anything like the same interest for the people as the choice of the "Passion-Players," and the maidens think more of playing the "Heilige Mutter" or the "Magdalena" than of marrying. The same writer speaks of them as "zealous, highly-gifted artists, presenting a basis of humanity hardly to be met with in any other village of the world;" and certainly, speaking from our short experience, we can truly say that a more law-abiding, self-respecting, contented community we have never met with. To their friendliness, kindly good-will, and simple, genial manners we can bear hearty testimony; many were the invitations we received to "call again" when we came for the "Spiel," and we felt, as we drove away in the "Postwagen," with the setting sun making rosy the bare peaks of the Zugspitze and his companions of the Wettersteiner range, and looked our last on the mysterious figures of the Ettaller Mandl, that behind that mountain barrier we had made acquaintance with a people whose like, taking them for all in all, we hardly expect to meet with again.

FLORENCE E. NORRIS.



The New Departure.



I.—FRANCE UNDER M. CONSTANS.

THE surprise undoubtedly caused on the 17th of March by the advent of the present French Ministry is of a curious nature, for it springs from the still greater surprise that the preceding Cabinet had not fallen at least four or five months before. But that the so-called *Ministère-Tirard* did not end its existence at the close of the Exhibition, which had been its creation, or at the close of the elections, which showed its victory, was explicable enough. The success of both had so surpassed all previous prevision, that it was hard to understand how the men who had been *à la peine*," as they say in France, should not be "*à l'honneur*."

The mistake then committed did not lie in reality where people supposed, nor was it as a matter of fact clearly recognized until much later. The mistake was what might be called a *denominational* error, it lay in the misapplication of a title ; the "*Ministère-Tirard*" never was the "*Ministère-Tirard*" at all, but was, from the very outset, the "*Ministère-Constans*." The "survival of the fittest" was hourly expected, and the "fittest" did not "survive," which resulted in trouble and confusion, for the moment M. Constans retired, the public mind was thoroughly convinced that he was the "fittest." Had but that one individual change been made in October 1889, after the outcome of the General Election, none of the hesitations and incoherencies that discouraged the national mind between October and March would have occurred. M. Tirard, with all his uprightness and all his luminous honesty, was merely the figure-head of the Cabinet. And, though a figure-head may often do—nay! frequently has done—excellent service in a government where only mediocrities are behind it, no government ever yet came to good when behind the figure-head existed a genuine

power, conscious of its own right to rule. Power once secured, once wielded, sometimes falls short of its own seemings, and is not so "*capax imperii*" as it was supposed; but the sense of power unsatisfied by attainment is a difficult thing to deal with, and rarely consents to inaction. Without effort it predominates, dispels the obstacles opposed to it, and, like the external atmosphere, presses in on men's minds, coercing them invisibly but irresistibly.

From the hour when M. Constans had been allowed to leave office (having, as some of his "friends" affirm, chosen the mode and moment of his secession!) it was felt that his return to authority was but a question of time. He had become an indispensable Minister.

For those who had left Paris in the autumn and come back for the meeting of Parliament before Christmas, the effect was a novel one; there was an unaccountable sensation of relief; they felt "governed," which, in the familiar political parlance of Gaul, means "taken care of!" apparently a source of great comfort to Continentals.

A prodigious "change" had no doubt come over the "spirit of their dream," for the first words heard on all lips, and from individuals of all classes and members of all parties, were: "Three men have saved France; the Home Minister, the *Garde des Sceaux*, and the *Procureur Général*. After a six months' absence in the Provinces or abroad, the danger averted had been recognized and seen to have been far too threatening not to be acknowledged.* The individual merits of the Home

* A much more general consequence than could have been anticipated was the constant repetition of the same phrase by different people: "Yes! I, even I, who so abused them all some months ago, am obliged to admit from what danger, from what degradation, we have been rescued. That much accused '*Haute Cour*' has, spite of all, saved the country, and we owe it to the energy of M. Constans, to his never flagging '*esprit de ressource*,' and to his determination never to neglect the political requirements of the hour." The Minister of Justice, M. Thévenet, would have oftener shared these praises of his colleague, for he also stood his ground through the whole struggle; but he subsequently deserted himself on the question of the Libel Laws on the 8th of March in the Chamber, giving in to the haughty dictates of M. Clemenceau. But the case most uneasy to solve was that of the *Procureur Général*, M. de Beaurepaire. From him in reality came the death blow. In his long and irrefutable "*requisitoire*" lay the evidence of indignity against which no one (unless prepared to forfeit every shadow of claim to respect) could dream of opposing the smallest resistance. But, curiously enough, the full weight of this was only felt with time, and is being daily now deeper graven on the public mind. Meanwhile the injustice had been too enormous, the calumnies too vile, for immediate atonement, and the

Minister have been backed by circumstance, and his *raison d'être* has been vouchsafed him by the strange conjunction of "the hour and the man," indispensable to whomsoever is in his turn to occupy the position of a statesman.

The English public has never sufficiently seized the extraordinary importance of Boulangism. Because the leaders of the movement were of so low a stamp, because their following consisted all but exclusively of what must be characterised as a "rabble rout," it was, for the sake of the past greatness of the country, sought to be proclaimed that a horde of roughs, fit only for the *Cour des Miracles*, could not by any charlatanism, by any amount of mere intrigue, or of the most barefaced corruption, attain to the import of a public peril in a State that had once numbered such capacities as Richelieu, Colbert, or Talleyrand ; or, in modern times, such noble characters as Duc Victor de Broglie, Royer Collard, Casimir Perier the elder, or General Foy. The excess of degradation shut out the conception of danger ; you had to choose between the two, and whosoever wished to uphold the public fame of the nation had indignantly to scoff at the peril ; but the fact that so long made it difficult for foreigners to understand the real state of the case was, that, far from *choosing*, you had at last to accept the *two*—both the degradation and the danger. The knee of the enemy was on the breast of the vanquished, and France, discouraged, inert, deprived of almost the desire to resist, was about not only to be strangled, but to be strangled by dirty hands.

Dates are eloquent. Let us consult them. It was neither by the so-called "Centenary" of 1789, nor even by the success of the World's Fair, that the peril was overcome ; for the true origin of all mischief must be placed at the hour when M. Clemenceau forced on the weakness of M. de Freycinet his relative, General Boulanger, as Minister of War ! General Boulanger *was in office* when he was able to begin his nefarious career, and the abettors of his first attempts at treason were, consciously or unconsciously, his colleagues ! But, till the spring of 1889, no actual

true private character too reserved in its proud dignity, to make any patent approaches to atonement an easy matter. And so it was easier to give M. Constans the entire benefit of the situation, and from his obvious "governing" qualities deduce the "capacities" required by a Prime Minister, which is, in the abstract, the part enacted by the existing "*Ministre de l'Intérieur*."

commencement of execution was entered upon, and ministry succeeded ministry without any patent indication of downright treason.

The Exhibition of 1889 was to be opened by the "People's Idol," declared the lieutenants of this "Hero," and 60 or 70 at least of the 600 odd Electoral Colleges of the country were to send him by an indirect *Plébiscite* to triumph eventually at the Elysée, where over a year before M. Carnot had been installed in recognition of his integrity. Very brave and very honest Ministers came and went, but they would not perceive the danger. M. Floquet, than whom none was braver, despised General Boulanger—the France of Lamartine and Tocqueville could not, in his mind, descend to "try a fall" with such a wrestler!—and M. Tirard became President of the Council. None more honest ever lived; but he, too, disdained the "Circus rider," counting for security on the genuine rectitude underlying the immense majority of the population. In short, the official guardians of public safety and public good repute remained comparatively indifferent, their sole attempts at resistance being confined to measures of professional precaution, such as the *mise en réserve*, &c., never venturing on the serious "*Halt! la!*" of a court-martial. Such commanders as Saussier, Février, Miribel, Galliffet and others, held another opinion: but here, again, the exceedingly stern contempt of the practical soldier acted, to a certain degree, against any over-strong repression to be wasted on such an *Insect!*

Pending this, M. Constans had become Minister of the Interior, and when the so-styled Ministère-Tirard had been formed, the hand of the former had already begun to make itself felt.

The "*moment psychologique*" had arrived, which M. Constans was in no way the man to let slip; it was neither his capacity nor even his resolution—though he was amply credited with both—that made him the "father of the hour," it was the "circumstance," the happy chance that furnished him with an adversary to overcome; an adversary who, in spite of his indignity, had grown into a public enemy, and whom the justice of the nation was at last called upon to denounce.

The real *raison d'être* of M. Constans was Boulangism, and the fact that placed him virtually at the head of the Government, dooming him to be its inspiring medium, was the convocation of the *Haute Cour de Justice*.

At the first moment, nevertheless, the stroke seemed so bold

a one that the timid mediocrity of the public was startled, and, instead of applauding, it cavilled and snarled, the *Intransigeants* of all shades (whether Jacobin or Jacobite) launching out into all but unmitigated abuse, and the wavering vulgar opining that such "strong measures" might be better left untried.

Another incident tended to augment the doubts of the irresolute "crowd," and to induce a kind of notion that the *Haute Cour* was incompetent, and the decree instituting it a proceeding of ambiguous legality, if not of absolute illegality itself. The then existing Procureur Général, M. Bouchez, who had become notorious from his Wilsonian proclivities, refused to obey the orders of his Chief, the new Minister of Justice. M. Thévenet had quite recently become Keeper of the Seals, and to him fell the lot of dealing with the recusant M. Bouchez. At that moment it became evident that M. Constans had not only well chosen the second member of the necessary Triumvirate, but that (at last!) a proceeding seemed inevitable, and once initiated was about to be persevered in: the *Garde des Sceaux*, without hesitation, set aside the disobedient functionary and commenced his quest for a fresh Procureur Général. Nor did this take long. M. Quesnay de Beaurepaire, Premier Avocat Général à la Cour d'Appel, was the next in the line of succession, and, in default of his titular superior, was the legitimate heir to the latter's rank. He accepted;—it may be in ignorance of what the price would be for such an unhesitating assumption of one of the noblest responsibilities ever incurred by a French civilian—but to dispute an obvious duty never occurred to him, and luckily the "three men" were at once forthcoming of whom it is *now* unanimously said that they "saved their country."

The "Réquisitoire" of the Procureur Général photographed General Boulanger; it was lengthy, for perforce it had to light up every nook and corner of his disgraceful career. But in its exhaustiveness and its ultimate aim, it stands best on a level with Sir A. Cockburn's miraculous achievement in the case of the "Claimant." At all events it did its work completely, and as time went by, the entire public, foregoing its hostile prejudices, came to acknowledge loudly from what a wretched adventurer's attempts the distraught and well-nigh helpless nation had been saved.

The definite effect, however, was not produced till later. The Decree of Convocation was signed on the 5th of April, 1889, but

the preliminaries of the *Procès* were opened publicly only on the 12th of July. The intervening three months had been taken up by the Exhibition, which captivated not only the attention of all France, but so fascinated the whole world, that for the moment no one had freedom of thought for anything save the wonders of the Champ de Mars, and in France there was, from Calais to Bordeaux and from Marseilles to Brest, no vagrant interest left to spend on the details of a State trial. The fact, nay, the very name of a State trial was regarded as an anachronism, and whilst it was going on, the daily accounts of its progress were, when not unnoticed, distinctly looked upon as a bore. They interrupted the noisy enjoyments of the "*big Fair*." The Eiffel Tower was triumphant, the *exotiques* of the famous Esplanade were entrancing, and the vile conspiracies of Boulanger and his gang were treated with indifference. It was even observed that if their utter contemptibility were proved, it obviously became more and more ridiculous to talk of such low "misdemeanants" as dangerous for France!

But the principal *accusé* suddenly took fright, and fled—thus tacitly implying that he did not esteem his chances of escape as at all clear. From the day of his disappearance to that of the sentence by the *Haute Cour*—on the 14th of August—condemning him to the extreme penalty of the law, General Boulanger dropped out of public estimation, and was as though he had never been. The *Exposition* was in the dazzling zenith of its splendour, the Eiffel Tower filled the universe with its notoriety, the calumnious inventions of the Boulangists of all colours had the field to themselves against all the Government authorities and all functionaries who had resolutely done their duty; the elections were a brilliant success; the Exhibition closed with a display of fireworks so magnificent that all else was thrown into the shade; the new Chamber was excellently well composed, and under the still enduring "*Ministère-Tirard*" France was prosperous and contented: the *Country* had vanquished the *Capital*; Paris was nearly as much condemned as the "Convict" of *la Haute Cour*, but the latter, with his plumes and his black charger, his red pinks and his *soupers fins*, his *calèches* and "belles dames," swords of honour, *chaunts* of glory, or Chansons Paulus and the rest of all the "properties" belonging to his Thespian cart, all, all had vanished—were out of remembrance, gone! for ever gone!

When the tumult was stilled, when autumn and its silence

began again to reign—then the nation settled down to reflect. Face to face with the past, tired of the excitements that had distracted it, the French people set to work to examine what had really occurred; and, with time to take minutely into account what, whilst it was doing they sought to ignore, they fixed a steadier attention on what had incontestably *been done*. They read the record then of what had so nearly been their indelible shame, and could not conceal from their conscience the horror of the battle so narrowly won. But when the truth came, it came amply, sufficiently: "Three men have saved France," was the unstinted acknowledgment, and the danger that was no more, but *had been*, was no longer gainsaid. The Ministry endured and went still by the name of "*le Ministère-Tirard*," when suddenly there rolled forth a rapid succession of events that, in no metaphorical sense, "took the nation's breath away."

An exchange of thought arose between France and Germany, and emphasized itself in M. Carnot's appeal to peace in his New Year's speech, and in a cry throughout Europe of "*Disarmament*," first bursting from Jules Simon's lips. The echo came from Berlin in Kaiser Wilhelm's *Rescripts*. Was France to attend the Conference? Yes! Thanks to an admirable discourse of M. Spuller's on the Debate, a majority was obtained by Government, which failed only by *four* Bonaparte-Boulangist votes of being positive unanimity! This was the turning-point of the situation. On the 6th of March, the Executive became responsible, and Parliament declared that all things relating to the direction of Foreign policy, and of the Berlin Conference, even to the alternation of Ministries, were to be exclusively dependent on the Executive authority.

Meanwhile, but a few days before, on a private quarrel at a Cabinet Council, M. Constans had insisted on resigning,* and M. Bourgeois, lately Under-Secretary in M. Floquet's Ministry (1889), had been named Home Minister.

At this, there broke forth a universal expression of what can only be described as "consternation"! M. Tirard still remained President of the Council, and the Chief of the State still reserved for his undeniable honesty an almost exclusive tribute of admiration, respect, and trust.

* Seizing the pretext of a judicial appointment deemed irregular, the Home Minister suddenly tendered his resignation, which M. Carnot unexpectedly accepted.

The 6th of March registered a triumph which a French Chamber had rarely witnessed, and even amongst the bitterest reactionaries little room was left for blame, though much for regret. "Why have consented to lose Constans?" was the all-prevailing reproach.

On the 8th the Ministry was overturned by a Protectionist move in the Senate, of which no one suspected the importance or anticipated the result, but of which, at last, even the Prime Minister perceived the inevitable significance, and showed his appreciation by his immediate retirement. The President of the Republic, now fulfilling to the extremest limit his *constitutional* responsibilities, called the New Cabinet together, insisting so peremptorily upon each one "doing his whole duty, that in *forty-eight hours* the present group of public servants was gathered round the chief of the State. M. de Freycinet, fairly fitted for the War Ministry (as experience has proved), but forbidden the Foreign Office, of which he had been persistently dreaming, was—although formally President of the Council—subordinate to the influence of M. Constans, which every one knew to be supreme.

The acceptance of the latter's resignation had been a great mistake; his recall to office was a triumph, a plain avowal of his indispensability.

"The only man of governing capacity, the only *Ruler!*" said the *Times*; * "*die Seele des Ministerium,*" exclaimed the German press—no sooner had he reoccupied his post than the deep sense of relief became everywhere apparent, and all parties were *fixed* in their opinions, whether encouraged, if consenting, or, if hostile, overawed.

The people who had had leisure from November to the New Year to examine what had occurred, saw restored to power the man who had presided both over the Exhibition and the elections, but who—more than all else—had destroyed the cause of perturbation, of anarchy, of civil war. There never was at any moment any chance of a Victory on General Boulanger's part. of a distinct achievement of permanent rule (for *that* he was devoid of the requisite *means*); but, of a debasing, exhausting, ignoble civil war, plunging the land into every possible physical and moral evil, disgracing and impoverishing it—of *this*, France was never at any period within the last two hundred years so near. It was from *this* the nation was rescued by the

* 31st March, 1890.

convocation of *la Haute Cour*, and the unflinching determination with which those who instituted, watched over and conducted it.

The Triumvirate, so applauded (once the danger was suppressed), did not so much *overthrow* General Boulanger (you can only overthrow what has stood) as it swept him away. Boulangism succumbed to a measure of public salubrity, purifying the political air. The present Cabinet is firmly seated.

II.

Individually, M. Constans is an interesting study. A Southerner, but of a harder type, there is a great deal of Thiers in M. Constans. Born in a bleaker South and of a less pliant nature than the supple, semi-Grecian, cradled on the shores of the tideless sea, this hardy product of the Alpine Jura has more of the peculiar *âpreté* of the bare hill-side, than of the insinuating persuasiveness of his cultivated Provençal predecessor. Yet still, as you watch him, how much he recalls to you some of the attributes of the *fin compère*, who was M. Thiers! The flash of the eye, the aggressiveness of the mouth (so much fiercer than in the former) and the accent, so unlike and yet so like, and (do what you will, to those who are familiar with it) so invariably indicative of the secret sense of successful acuteness.

"*Acta non verba*" is the present Home Minister's device, borne out by him upon every occasion; whilst with M. Thiers *words* always heralded in deeds, announcing or foretelling them, the speaker ever deriving pleasure from their sound.

M. Constans has in the highest degree two qualities without which no British Parliamentary Leader could ever completely feel himself equipped; he is always ready, and always full of gladness at his own strength. Power is never *complete* if not *ready*, and joyous at its own readiness to strike. Let any one remember Palmerston and his almost boisterous glee at finding himself at any moment prepared to "lay about him" in debate! The presence of that quality is unmistakable in M. Constans, though perhaps a trifle quieter. He needs no preparation, but is on the instant ready with a sort of "if-you-won't-take-that-then-take-*this*" manner of argument, mostly resulting in the immediate shutting up of the opponent. And so few words are required for this healthy exercise! As, for instance, on two occasions just before the Easter Recess, a member having

petitioned in the approved Demagogic whine for "*Indemnities*" to certain unemployed loafers: "I've plenty of '*Indemnities*' at my disposal for the *unemployed*," replied the Minister;—at which the first speaker having exulted somewhat imprudently—"One moment, please," retorted M. Constans: "I've got all I want, I want no help, but *not one liard* shall be given if any *demonstration* be attempted, for the Government is resolved to keep the public thoroughfares clear for the public use."

And on the very day of the closing of the Chambers, when something was heard about "distrust of the honest workman," as a reproof to the authorities, "I distrust no working man," said, with calm decision, M. Constans, "but I *do* distrust those among you who, *not* being working men, put yourselves at their head and desire only to create disorder, and I warn you that nothing of the kind will be tolerated."

The clear-sighted determination of the Home Minister, throughout, has done more for the tranquillity of the State than foreigners can conceive. He has made the Law supreme; Armed Force is but its instrument. This it is which is an innovation; for it is not to be denied that in France, more than elsewhere, was the notion of "*La force prime le droit*" an essentially popular one, inasmuch as the public never felt itself definitively secure or protected save under the action of the sabre. The "*journées de Juin*" of '48 reassured the possessing and orderly classes, comforted them by brute force (!), but made possible the *coup d'état* of December '51, and sowed the seeds of all that has disorganized the country since. The reign of violence is prevented by the condemnation of Boulangism, and by the reasons on which it was based. The victory of the *Réquisitoire* was the restoration of the reign of Civil Law, and of those Parliamentary principles of which historical France had once every cause to be proud. The War Minister is no longer needed to repress riot. Right has been reaffirmed, and the worth of an uncompromising citizen has proved a power. The Executive, with M. Carnot, is behind; M. Constans, at his side, wields the authority of Government, but in the front of the battle, bearing its whole brunt, was the new Procureur Général chosen by the Keeper of the Seals. It is just and it is well that honest, law-abiding Britain should know of such men; the consequences of their act may be unlimited. It is a new era that opens now for France.

It is eminently satisfactory to mark the impression made by

such short utterances which every one *knows** represent facts. These *méridionaux* of France are of two descriptions; some hide their force, nurse it with a sense of latent availability—a staying as well as a winning power; others let it loose, steeping it as an arrow in some pungent fluid of poisonous malice—but of its existence no Southerner is unconscious. He uses his Power differently; but Power is always a faculty on which he stealthily relies or with buoyancy exults. It is in one shape or other the produce and proof of the glorious sun in his veins, and gives him his best right to rule over his fellow-men. Mirabeau was a Provençal, and while the fire of life lasted, ruled. Constans is a Thiers of a more robust mould—not so much “dogged,” perhaps—(the word is too staid and slow for the quick climate!) but, we repeat it, *âpre*, a sort of *sunburnt* soul—not as was Thiers, for ever aiming at circumventing wiser men. In their finer political qualities, in the resources of their sharp wits, there is much that is alike, but in its unlimited readiness much is quite different. M. Thiers would probably have been just as successful as M. Guizot in plotting the “Spanish marriages” in ’47; but M. Thiers would never, under analogous circumstances, have ventured on the Convocation of the *Haute Cour* last year, and supported *to the end* all the conclusions of the famous *Réquisitoire*.

The world outside France must make up its mind to the supremacy of M. Constans in the French Government. We must now cast a glance over one or two of his colleagues.

III.

Most of the members of the existing French Cabinet are what may be properly called men of action, with the single exception of its nominal Head. Of the Minister of Public Instruction, M. Bourgeois, it is scarcely requisite to speak. He may in almost every sense be regarded as the “other half” of the Home Minister, and the similarity of opinions, origin, previous occupation, official habits, and, above all, temperament, may

* “Nothing equals solid reputation in a Minister,” says a leading Parisian journal. “In the practice of Parliamentary Governments it is the equivalent of prestige. The lovers of disorder know thoroughly that M. Constans never trifles with the public weal (*ne plaisante jamais avec la tranquillité de la rue*), that a word from him is enough, and no matter what may be the hankering after a small ‘row,’ the most violent shrink back into themselves before the quietest expression of the Home Minister’s will.”

pretty well ensure identity of purpose and conduct from simultaneous impulse and thought. As Ministers of Finance and Commerce, M. Rouvier and M. Roche are unequivocally chiefs, formed to direct, and surrounded by men who, though not of their own calibre, may still be regarded as in a certain degree adding weight to the constitution of a Cabinet.

M. Ribot is officially untried, but there can be no question of his being in many respects a "right man" at the Foreign Office, provided that no too violent or sudden strain tries the "temper of his mettle" beyond what nature has fitted it to bear. M. Ribot possesses the gift of practical parliamentary eloquence in a high degree, has considerable knowledge of the diplomatic history of the outer world, and, socially speaking, has all the requirements for pleasing the educated foreign elements with which he must be brought in contact, and carrying to a favourable end any negotiations he may be trusted to initiate. M. Roche is distinctly and by common consent a "rising man;" one of the youngest of all, and one most evidently destined to rise highest.

Of M. Rouvier more must be said, for he has been proved to have genuine strength and has been tried by circumstance. Like his countryman M. Constans (both are Southerners), M. Rouvier counts *facts* behind him: one of no small importance.

Three times in office, once as *Premier* (in succession to M. Goblet in 1887), M. Rouvier is a born financier, open to all modern ideas and bigoted to none. His first term of power was in the winter of 1881 under Gambetta, when M. Léon Say *not* having been named, M. Rouvier was appointed in his stead.

As a Parliamentary speaker his capacities are remarkable, for he is equally an orator and a debater; and none surpass him in business-eloquence, whilst his grasp of a general situation is as varied as it is firm and clear.

Not only a fact (as aforesaid) but a very great fact, lies behind M. Rouvier, giving him an exceptionally solid backing in public esteem. M. Rouvier saved the Paris Market from ruin; from the disaster of a *Krach* perhaps more tremendous than any of those suffered in different capitals during the last fifteen years, and did so principally through the exercise of his own individual qualities.

We have no space to enter here upon the details of French finance (by far the most intricate knot to be untied in her

actual complications); no limits that will admit of discussing Protection or Free Trade, or judging of the degree in which more public burthens may be further borne, or wider alleviations of them rendered possible; neither have we the intention of describing with more minuteness the drama which took place last year on the failure of the Comptoir d'Escompte, and the scandals of the "Copper Ring";—but the remembrance of those events is fresh in every one's mind, and for the credit of M. Rouvier the more it is all remembered the better; for not alone by his technical capacity but by his unyielding firmness, and by qualities that were those of a character of downright grit, did M. Rouvier save the credit of the country, and inspire confidence in the powers in whose hands rested *material* salvation.

When the head of the house of Rothschild pronounced as his deliberate judgment that a Government headed by a man of such unimpeachable integrity as M. Carnot, was a government to be rescued and supported, it was the energy of M. Rouvier that furnished the means of applying the good will; and none who witnessed the struggles of that November night in 1889 will be disposed to abate by one iota the value of the Finance Minister's efforts. M. Rouvier, leaning on higher material forces, helped to snatch the visible representation of French finance from the abyss which was yawning at its feet. In another sphere M. Rouvier gained a victory of as much importance, as did M. Constans by the crushing of General Boulanger and his sect. It is from this fact he dates.

But now, in the face of such events, what will specially account for the possibility of such dangers having been incurred? What made France descend from her former level? We answer in a few words: the deterioration of her moral worth through her mental culture. The expression of her thought has been at the root of all. Her literature has caused the lowering of her moral standard. After the unbridled reign of injustice, ending in 1815 with the downfall of the First Empire, came a period of unhealthy and false sentimentalism, during which weakness assumed at every opportunity the disguise of compassion. To Victor Hugo and his school may be traced the original sources of this disease. The lofty culture of the seventeenth century and the eloquence of the eighteenth, were gradually perverted into a perfect revel of wrong; from *Marion Delorme* to the *Dernier jour d'un condamné*, the Bard of the new Inspiration turned absolute shame into a

Fons Honoris, and down to our day, in which not Fame but Notoriety shouts forth names no pure or honest woman (or man) should repeat, the progress of vitiation of the national mind has been steadily going on. At last it would seem that, in the hysterical materialism of our age, the culminating point has been reached. The defeat of all falsehood, all perversity, all corruption, may perhaps be symbolized in the defeat of Boulangism. In the beginning of the plot, over a year and a half ago, it was often suggested that the best barrier to such political indignity would be found in the political purity and political worth of the new Executive. "Let us oppose, man to man," was a cry often heard, "let us oppose Carnot to Boulanger!" Perhaps the attempt may be successful, who knows? With the latent capacity for weighing the genuine worth now installed in the highest official Place, the public may one day be brought to bow down to the simple truth, proclaimed in the concluding phrase of the, *Réquisitoire* of the 12th of August last:—

"Le bien et le mal sont d'ordre absolu il est temps de se souvenir qu'il *ne faut pas tout* pardonner aux hommes *Ce qui est bien est bien, ce qui est mal est mal et sera toujours mal* c'est la loi fondamentale et au dessus des hommes il y a la loi de Dieu!" *

* The words by which the Procureur Général, M. de Beaurepaire, concluded his summing up on the Boulanger trial.

II.—GERMANY WITHOUT BISMARCK.

AMONG those few hundred persons who suggest and form public opinion in the chief centres of European intelligence it has been assumed, and correctly so, in all probability, that the retirement of Otto Leopold von Bismarck from the post of power and trust which he has occupied in the Prussian Monarchy for nearly thirty years, and in the German Empire ever since its creation, was significant of a radical change in the domestic and foreign policy of the realm which he may be said to have founded, consolidated, and heretofore governed. Cabinet Ministers and Court officials of high rank, party leaders and permanent Under-Secretaries of State, parliamentary magnates and financial potentates—in short, all the wire-pullers who contribute to the manufacture of contemporary history—appear to be at one in their appreciation of the meaning and purport of this important incident. From the character of the differences that have occurred during the past six months between Prince Bismarck and the third German Emperor, from the circumstance that those differences have one and all been of the young Kaiser's origination, and from the inflexibility with which His Majesty has adhered to a line of action rendering the ex-Chancellor's resignation inevitable, it has been inferred that William II., on or shortly after succeeding to his inheritance of rule, made up his mind definitively to emancipate himself from political tutelage, to govern his realms in conformity with his own judgment and inspiration, and, above all, to be his own Prime Minister.

Although those who have been well acquainted—among them, Prince Bismarck himself—with William of Hohenzollern during his youth and early manhood, have been for a considerable number of years aware that he is a person of strong will, vehement energy, and fervid temperament, highly imaginative, self-confident, and impatient of control, they appear to have been unprepared for his recent assertion of sovereign independence, and to have expected that his vigorous individuality would have expressed itself otherwise than by shaking off the leading-strings transmitted to him by his father and grandfather, and by wresting the helm of the State-ship from the mighty hand that

had swayed it without intermission throughout the two preceding reigns. The anticipations of these competent authorities, as far as the successor of Frederick the Noble was concerned, pointed to military enterprise rather than to an initiative in politico-economical and politico-social reforms, avowedly undertaken with a view to maintaining and consolidating the peace of Europe.

Before his accession to the throne, Prince William of Hohenzollern had been chiefly known to his fellow countrymen as an eager student of military science, an accomplished practical soldier, and an ardent German Chauvinist. He was credited with a high ambition to emulate the brilliant feats of generalship performed by his great ancestor, Frederick II., and with a passionate desire to achieve distinction at the head of his army—the finest marching and fighting machine in the world—as a successful strategist and victorious commander. According to some accounts, his hatred of France and the French was intense and insurmountable ; others attributed to him a no less cordial detestation of Russia and the Russians. Moreover, his dislike of this country and its institutions, as well as of his English kinsfolk, was professed by “those who knew” to be a matter of public notoriety. On similar authority he was charged with disobedience to his father and undutifulness to his mother. It was believed that he had absolutely submitted himself to the influence and guidance of Prince Bismarck, his political instructor and sole confidant, whose hostility towards his illustrious parents was an established fact of thirty years’ standing. His reverence and admiration for his grandfather, unquestionably deep and enthusiastic, were said to extend to the venerable Emperor’s political principles and governmental views, which, being based upon the Divine Right of Kings and the dogmas of military discipline, were perilously reactionary, and grotesquely out of keeping with the spirit of the present age. Such, graphically sketched by skilful word-painters claiming an accurate knowledge of their subject, was the picture of William II., German Emperor and King of Prussia, shortly after those exalted dignities devolved upon him by the premature decease of his heroic sire, “the noblest Hohenzollern of them all,” on June 15th, 1888, not yet two years ago.

That picture, far from being an accurate likeness, or even a clever caricature, has turned out a mere daub, vicious alike in drawing and colour, faulty in conception and incorrect in

execution. Within twenty-two months of his accession to sovereign power, Europe has found itself compelled to recognise in the son of Frederick and Victoria a trustworthy guarantor of its peace, a high-souled philanthropist, and a sincere friend to the working man. His first act, at the expiration of his term of strict family mourning, was to reassure France, who believed him bent upon her conquest, and was panic-stricken by the expectation of another German invasion, headed by an ambitious and French-hating young soldier on his probation, from whom she could not hope for mercy. His second was to hold out the right hand of good-fellowship to his cousin Alexander Alexandrevich, and, by re-establishing an *entente cordiale* between the two great military empires of the North, to arrest the development of the Franco-Russian Alliance. Having conciliated his two puissant and unfriendly neighbours, and checked a hostile combination fraught with menace to New Germany, the young Emperor proceeded to consolidate the Triple Alliance—by which the tranquillity of the Continent has been maintained throughout the past twelve years—by ratifying in person, at the Hofburg and the Quirinal, the confidential engagements entered into by his venerable grandsire with the sovereigns of Austria-Hungary and United Italy. During his sojourn in Rome he rendered King Humbert one of those services for which even monarchs are grateful, by conclusively dispelling the Pontiff's illusions in relation to the possibility of resuscitating the Temporal Power. Through this master-stroke of policy he established himself firmly in the good graces of the Italian nation, and greatly increased his popularity throughout seven-eighths of the Fatherland. A few months later he paid this country a visit, the results of which have been manifestly felicitous. All previous misunderstandings between his English kinsfolk and himself were cleared away, and a cordiality was imparted to Anglo-German relations which had been lacking to them ever since the death of the Prince Consort.

The general astonishment aroused by His Majesty's frank and emphatic avowal of his heartfelt desire to stand well with the British nation had scarcely subsided when William II., by stepping to the front of the political stage in the character of an enterprising and intelligent reformer, gave his detractors to understand that his stock of surprises was by no means exhausted. The attitude which he unexpectedly assumed towards a hardly-used class of operatives, *à propos* of the great

colliery strikes in his narrower Fatherland, left no doubt as to his intention to vindicate the rights of labour against the might of capital, as far as in him lay. This new departure was closely followed by his promulgation of the two famous Rescripts, signifying his desire that the existent laws regulating labour in Germany should be remodelled in a manner beneficial to the industrial classes, and intimating that he had resolved to convoke an International Congress for the purpose of inquiring into the life-conditions of the European working man and of suggesting legislation for their improvement. That His Majesty, in taking this important step, was inspired by the ideas of his father—set forth in the impressive manifesto addressed “To My People,” by Frederick the Noble four days after his accession—rather than by those embodied in the Workmen’s Insurance Bill reluctantly sanctioned by William I.—a Bismarckian experiment in the direction of State Socialism, qualified by the Imperial author of the “February Rescripts” as insufficient, impractical, and platonic—is plainly manifest. The issue of these edicts led immediately to the public disclosure of the young Kaiser’s unsuspected resolve to turn over a new leaf, as far as the home policy of Germany was concerned, and to sever himself from the predominant statesman in whom the first German Emperor had reposed an implicit and inexpugnable confidence. As the question mooted in the Rescripts was one directly concerning the Ministry of Commerce, the portfolio of which was at that time held by Prince Bismarck, His Majesty submitted the documents in question to the Chancellor’s inspection, and *pro formâ* requested him to express his opinion thereupon. In reply the Prince observed that “a younger man than himself would be better able to carry out the Imperial wishes,” and tendered his resignation as Minister of Commerce, which the Emperor accepted on the spot. This incident was the first outward and visible sign of the “little rift within the lute” which was destined to widen, six weeks later, into an irreparable breach between Wilhelm von Hohenzollern and Otto von Bismarck.

Ce n’est que le premier pas qui coûte; and the Kaiser, having taken that momentous “first step,” lost little time in completing his deliverance from a tutelage which, it may reasonably be assumed, had become intolerably irksome to him. The means of emancipation lay ready to his hand. Under the reign of William I., Prince Bismarck had arrogated to himself an

almost complete and exclusive control over the affairs of the State—with the exception of those relating to the army—and in such sort that information of importance emanating from German official sources could only reach the aged Emperor through the medium of his Chancellor. Departmental and even Ministerial reports were addressed to the latter, who conveyed or did not convey their purport to His Majesty, as he thought fit ; or, if it became the indisputable duty of any particular Minister or exalted functionary—such as the President of a provincial government, for instance—to report direct to the Kaiser, it was no less imperative upon him, before asking for an audience, to consult Prince Bismarck as to the nature and form of the “*Vortrag*” or exposition of facts to be brought to the Imperial cognizance. William I. aged rapidly after his miraculous recovery from the injuries inflicted on him by Dr. Nobiling in June 1878. Deep as was his devotion to duty, he found it convenient, in and after his eighty-first year, to shift a part of his burden of responsibility to the stalwart shoulders of his trusted adviser, who was at least as willing to relieve him as he himself was to be relieved. In military matters alone the old Emperor retained his interest to the last, and upon them he concentrated what attention he could command. Bismarck, for his part, judiciously abstained from meddling with them. The War Minister and Chief of the General Staff made their reports, verbally or in writing, direct to the Head of the Army, who, however, was wholly and solely dependent upon the Reichskanzler for tidings relating to home and foreign affairs. This quasi-monopoly of authority and information by His Highness necessarily continued in force during the ninety-nine days’ reign of Frederick III., a dying man when he came to the throne, with barely strength enough to formulate his profession of faith as a ruler of men, to communicate to his subjects the noble programme of reform which, had he been spared, he would undoubtedly have carried out, and to impart to his successor the inestimable advice that William II. is now carrying out with characteristic thoroughness. The young Emperor was doubtless cognizant of this particular development of Bismarckian predominance during his grandfather’s latter years, and probably saw nothing particularly objectionable in it, for he then professed to regard the Chancellor as the wisest of living men, and, being himself rigorously excluded from any participation in State business, was in all likelihood of opinion that Bismarck was the ablest and fittest person to transact it.

When, later on, the effects of that predominance came home to him personally, as Kaiser, he soon realized that it was an encroachment upon his sovereign rights and an infringement of his hereditary prerogatives.

As might have been expected from a man of such singular energy and indomitable resolution, he made up his mind, after long and careful consideration, to rid himself of an *imperium in imperio*, the very existence of which was incompatible with the maintenance of his dignity and self-respect. By taking upon himself, and with shining success, the conduct of one important transaction after another abroad, he weakened the Chancellor's influence in foreign countries, and demonstrated that, after all, Bismarck was not indispensable to the furtherance of Germany's welfare; by adopting a home policy that could not fail to prove unpalatable to the great statesman, he made his retirement unavoidable. During the Kaiser's memorable "round of European calls," William II. played the part of a diplomatic *chef de mission* as well as that of a *debonnair* young monarch, eager to ingratiate himself with his seniors in sovereignty by a timely display of graceful deference and high-bred courtesy. Subsequently, with respect to the Prussian colliery-strikes and to the Labour Question in general, his comments and suggestions were equivalent to a condemnation of the attitude which had been hitherto observed towards workmen's grievances by the executive under the Bismarckian régime. Having thus adroitly led up to his predetermined *dénouement*, he brought on its conclusive crisis by a verbal communication to Prince Bismarck, in the nature of a "command," to the effect that he, the Emperor, desired his Ministers and other exalted State officials, "qualified to judge and to express opinions on matters connected with their departments," to make thenceforth their reports "direct to him." To this Imperial decision, which struck at the very root of the Chancellor's predominance in the State, there was no alternative. Prince Bismarck took nearly a week to consider whether or not he could remain in office with maimed privileges and abated prestige, and, having arrived at the conclusion that he could not, sent in his resignation, which was promptly accepted with the customary assurances of gratitude and regret which Continental monarchs are so prodigal of—for they cost nothing—to out-going Ministers who have forfeited their confidence and favour.

The Emperor's choice of a titular successor to the great

Chancellor sufficiently indicated His Majesty's resolve to govern as well as to rule for the future ; to take the guidance and management of State affairs into his own hands ; and to dispense with the intervention of any restive, intractable individuality between his subjects and himself. General or Admiral von Caprivi—the whilom War Minister holds both ranks—is a typical Prussian scientific soldier, the outcome of assiduous study, rigid discipline, and long, faithful service. He embodies the virtues of obedience, promptitude, and punctuality so highly and justly prized in the army of which William II. is Commander-in-Chief, and to which Germany owes her national unity and European influence. He can be reckoned upon to receive the commands of his Sovereign without objection or comment, and to carry them out to the letter. But in accepting the high office of Chancellor he has no more pretension to be a statesman than he had to be a sailor when William I. appointed him Chief of the German Admiralty in succession to another distinguished military staff-officer. Unless the Emperor had preferred to abolish the Chancellorship on Bismarck's retirement, it was a foregone conclusion that his choice should fall upon some such splendid piece of mechanism, some such superb incarnation of discipline, loyalty and irresponsibility as Caprivi di Caprera. That any of Bismarck's acolytes should succeed him as Reichskanzler was absolutely out of the question ; firstly, because the Kaiser is the unlikeliest man alive to content himself with a divided allegiance ; secondly, because all the ex-Chancellor's chief subordinates, including his elder son, were mere puppets of his own fashioning—clerks of a very superior description, but not statesmen. It was pliability and self-effacement, not originality and initiative, that recommended them to the master-spirit who could endure no rivalry, and regarded with suspicious dislike any combination of talent and independence that happened to obtrude itself upon his notice. When Bismarck fell, it was rumoured in Berlin that one of these assiduous, obedient, impersonal men would be commanded to step into his shoes, and the names of Hohenlohe, Muenster, Radowitz, Keudell, Hatzfeldt, Herbert Bismarck, Alvensleben—even of Moritz Busch—were mentioned in this connection. There was not the faintest chance for any of them. What the Emperor wanted was a docile Chancellor—a military mediocrity devoted to himself, not a diplomatic nonentity with Bismarckian proclivities. Equally unfounded was the report

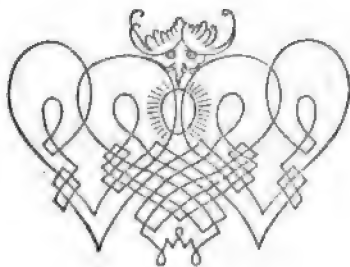
that His Majesty had offered the Chancellorship to Count Waldersee, the eminent strategist who succeeded Hellmuth von Moltke as Chief of the General Staff. Waldersee is a man of genius, indomitable spirit and strong individuality ; not at all the sort of person for whom the present ruler of Germany has any use, in the capacity of Prime Minister. In selecting him for appointment to the post he now occupies, William II. gave him the preference over Blumenthal, Leszczynski, Bronsart and Schlotheim, all his seniors in the service, and Staff-Generals of greater experience in the field than himself. Nobody who knows the young Kaiser well would for a moment believe that, having personally got the right man into the right place, he would transfer him to a position for which his fitness, to say the very least, might be doubtful.

Viewed by the light of the facts to which attention has been drawn in the foregoing paragraphs, the actual situation in Germany, as far as the reigning Emperor is concerned, is so clearly defined as neither to require further elucidation nor to call for elaborate comment. What will come of it can only be a subject of more or less intelligent conjecture. William II., as any one can see who is not wilfully blind, is what the Germans call "ein ganzer Mann"—every inch of him a man ; one to whom the Laureate's lines aptly apply, which tell of

" Men the workers, ever reaping something new :
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

He has proved himself clever and clear-sighted, earnest and resolute. Fully recognizing the rapid popularisation of democratic views throughout Northern Germany, he has wisely determined to gain the good-will of the operative classes, and to govern his realms with their aid instead of in their despite. It is at present manifestly his intention to make the German and Prussian thrones safe for his successors as well as himself ; to secure a long continuance of European peace ; to gradually substitute constitutional for personal rule ; to keep down the State expenses ; to relieve his subjects, as far as may be consistent with the conservation of national security, of some of the more oppressive burdens of compulsory military service ; to maintain the Triple Alliance, to cultivate the friendship of England, and to observe an irreproachable attitude towards his formidable Western and Eastern neighbours. His position is in so many respects an exceptionally felicitous one that the chances

are great in favour of his success in all these projects, if he persevere in them. In the first place he is young, robust, and popular. Secondly, the financial situation of both the realms submitted to his sway is all that an enterprising reformer could wish it to be. The Public Debt of the German Empire is a mere fleabite—a matter of some twenty millions sterling, doubly covered by the Pensioners' Fund and the Army Reserve Fund. Prussia's National Debt amounts to less than £200,000,000, all told, and her State Domains, State Railways, and other realizable property represent a far larger sum than that of which the yearly interest is more than defrayed by their annual yieldings. William II. commands the finest army in the world, numbering two millions of effective soldiers, perfectly trained, disciplined, and equipped. Upon this enormous force, the armed manhood of the Fatherland, he can absolutely rely, either for foreign enterprise or home defence. Not less confidently can he reckon upon the support of his allies, warrior-monarchs whose respective armies are well nigh as numerous as his own. In a word, he is the Fortunate Youth of the present day, and to all appearances deserves his good luck. Europe is already reconciled to his "new departure," by which no foreign susceptibilities have been ruffled, and no class-interests, native or alien, have suffered prejudice. Germany is still ruled, as she has been, for a score of years past, by a patriot, soldier, and statesman; but her actual and sole ruler is an Emperor, not a Chancellor.



A Quiet Corner of Normandy.



ON the north bank of the Seine, some twenty miles above Havre, there stands a small town named Caudebec-en-Caux. A very small town ; indeed, Caudebec is only redeemed from pure villagehood by its possession of a Mayor and sous-préfet ; and it is only in deference to an inexplicable theory cherished by the inhabitants that I venture to draw attention to it at all. This dream—we will call it a dream, if you please—is, that a most brilliant future awaits Caudebec ; that it will one day blossom into a summer resort not only of tourists but of Parisians ; that it shall become a haunt of fashion before whose attractions Dieppe shall pale and Trouville fade away ; that palatial hotels and casinos shall spring into life, and be for ever thronged by wealthy visitors whose advent shall raise each indigenous Caudebecian to affluence. Let us, ere this brave dream be realized, see Caudebec as it is.

The lethargic sanctity of the spot may be invaded either by railway or by river ; the latter for choice, as the branch line from Barentin has been but recently opened for traffic, and the rate of progress adopted by our trains is almost majestic in its deliberation. From Rouen, moreover, whence most of our visitors come, the river route is for its own sake preferable ; the four hours spent on the little paddle steamer *Chamois* as she follows the tortuous bends of the Seine, is all too brief amid the varying beauties of the Norman scenery. But we cannot linger over La Bouille, romantic Jumièges, and snug Duclair ; we must press on to our destination, where patience and ambition sleep hand in hand.

Seen from the deck of the *Chamois*, Caudebec is a compact, grey little town, nestling between a crescent of forest-clad hills and the river. Above the high-pitched roofs rises the stunted spire of

the famous church, its chief attraction ; a spurious air of importance is imparted by the long wharf which binds the river-bank, and by the ancient steam-ferry, which with much gratuitous bell-ringing and whistling is, at the moment of our arrival, about to cross to the opposite shore freighted with two peasants and a cow. By the way, it may interest some to learn that the control of this steam-ferry is in the hands of a Scotch engineer, who fell upon such a career, I know not how.

It was low water when the *Chamois* arrived, and a battered old wherry propelled by one oar worked over the stern by a battered old boatman, came off to land passengers ; and I, the only one for Caudebec, soon found myself on a sloping quay covered with a deposit of tenacious mud. From this, my person and baggage were rescued by the messenger of the Hôtel de la Marine. There were three men in attendance, representing the various hotels ; but the Marine envoy wore no boots and therefore secured the prize the mud made inaccessible to his competitors. It must not be inferred that the visitor has to encounter here that overwhelming onslaught of touts we all know and hate so well at more civilized places. On the contrary ; the emissaries of the Caudebec hostelrys press their offers upon you diffidently, even timidly, as though fearful lest you should take them at their word.

My guide took a portion of my goods, and, shouldering the rest myself, I followed him up the quay and across the road, into the stable yard which forms the *entrée* to the best hotel. At the initial stage of its career the Marine had been a farmhouse, and evidences of its humble origin were writ large at every turn. A broad, tiled passage, which ran through the basement from front to rear, was now utilised as the larder : joints of meat, nets of vegetables, corpses of rabbits and poultry hung in profusion from the low ceiling, each item leaving its distinctive and indelible mark on the hat of the unwary. Ducks and fowls dotted the floor, scarcely attempting to move until a large British boot threatened imminent danger ; while a goat rested in a pensive attitude on the carpetless stairs.

Gently displacing this last obstacle, my conductor led me to the bedroom accommodation on the upper storey ; it was limited but, at present at all events, more than sufficient, for as my bare-footed cicerone laid down my property in the passage, he waved his hand towards the row of doors with comprehensive hospitality.

"The chambers," he said, "are now all empty ; all of them. Will Monsieur please to make his choice."

It was a pleasant way of doing things, and I readily undertook to suit myself ; and having, quite unwittingly, purchased the awkward reputation of a rich tourist, by the munificent gift of half a franc, I dismissed the porter. Half the bedrooms overlooked the stables in front, and the rest permitted the occupants to feast eyes (and nose) on the populous hen-yard at the back ; I weighed the respective advantages attending proximity of horses and poultry, and having decided in favour of the former, chose a front apartment, and, without more ado, carried in my goods. The room I had selected was large and low, and scrupulously clean ; but it bore the stamp of extreme old age. The tiled floor represented a miniature Sussex Downs ; a softly curved ridge ran from the door to the right window, betraying the existence below of a distorted beam : advancing along this, you observed on your right front a bold downward sweep, at the bottom of which a wardrobe leaned against the wall ; an undulating valley on the left was occupied by an antique and spacious bedstead ; beyond that the ground rose abruptly to give access to a cupboard. The furniture was limited in quantity, and sadly decrepit ; comprising three modern chairs, a sofa of uncertain age, and a washstand ; the last was the only article in the room that stood on an even keel, having been judiciously planted astride the ridge aforesaid. A grateless cavern, standing out into the room, contained a cart-load of firewood, but the muffled cooing of pigeons in the wide chimney seemed to suggest that their convenience had for long been undisturbed by a lighted fire.

I put things in order and set forth to explore. The hotel was very quiet ; save for the crooning and quacking of the poultry in the passage downstairs, there was no sign of life. I looked for the smoking-room, the drawing-room, and the reading-room, in vain ; the only apartment that in any way represented those adjuncts of civilization was one with a billiard-table in the centre, and a wilderness of folded iron-bedsteads leaning against the walls. I went downstairs, where I encountered a very small maid, carrying a bundle of linen, and she invited me into the kitchen where she was ironing clothes. It was not the *cuisine* now, she explained : since the new annexe had been built, Madame used it as a laundry and storeroom, but Monsieur might sit there if he pleased to smoke ; presently, without

doubt, he would visit the café and grand salle-à-manger in the annexe.

The handmaiden spoke of these additions to the hotel with such 'bated breath, such respectful awe, that my curiosity was roused, and, bidding her adieu, I went, on the plea of getting my dinner. The dining-room was a commodious apartment, forming the upper part of the new building ; the ground-floor was occupied by the café which abutted on the public road. The latter was commonplace and uninteresting ; but in that salle-à-manger I found most patent the links which connect the Caudebec of the simple past, with the Caudebec of refined to-day.

The largest table was surrounded by farmers in blouses, who plied their knives and forks with the energy of vigorous health. They confused the functions of napkin and pocket-handkerchief with almost ostentatious simplicity, but the courtesy of the reception they gave me threw this and many other trifling eccentricities into the shade. I found that I might dine with my hat on and violate no rule of etiquette : nay, had my boots been uncomfortable, it had caused no surprise to have taken them off and placed them on the vacant chair by my side. The table arrangements harmonised with the company ; the linen was spotless, but salt-spoons and pepper-castors were seemingly unknown, and the orthodox French custom of providing but one knife and fork for the whole meal obtained in its entirety.

There is a piquant uncertainty about the routine of dinner at the Marine, which originates in an idea held by Madame, who presides in the kitchen, that the sequence in which the various courses are sent up is a detail of the smallest moment. Thus, if soup does not appear at the beginning of the entertainment, it will arrive before the dessert, and fish most frequently takes its proper place in the animal world and follows the mutton. It is a little startling at first, but it's surprising how soon one gets used to it, and how little real difference it makes in the end. There is, moreover, a dubiousness about the length of interval between the removal of one dish and the arrival of the next, which is attributable to the multifarious duties discharged by Auguste, the waiter, and even in greater degree, to the capricious behaviour of the dish-lift. The thought that I am roughing it in the home of the primitive Norman, reconciles me to such delays as are occasioned by the former : no one grumbles less than I do when, for instance, Auguste has to stop handing round a dish, and run down to the stable to harness a horse. But the

other cause of detention is born of Madame's eagerness to tread on civilization's heels, and I regard its results with a less lenient eye.

You must know, that when the enterprising wife of the owner of our hotel built this new addition to the premises, she went in for modern improvements, and had a dish-lift constructed, connecting the kitchen with the room above. As she has often explained, it was intended to ensure rapidity of *service*, and save Auguste much journeying up and down stairs : the purpose was excellent, but the execution of Madame's design left much to be desired. The carpenter who engineered the contrivance, had never made such a thing before, and his maiden effort has not turned out an unqualified success. Over and over again, when my impatience for the long-delayed chop or omelette has just been allayed by the rumble of the rising lift, there is an ominous squeak and clattering of ropes ; which mean that the lift has stuck midway with that chop on board. Then does Auguste, muttering something that sounds like "*sacré*," fly from the room and descend to the kitchen : soon I hear a curious scuffling noise, and excited voices ; which denote that Auguste is trying to push up the lift with his shoulder, under torrents of advice from Madame and Marie. Anon there is momentary silence, followed by a sonorous thumping : which imply that Auguste has been thrust aside, and that Madame is at work with the broom-handle. Madame is a stalwart woman, and muscular withal, so when I hear this I possess my soul in patience and watch eagerly the recess where the lift will appear. I am soon rewarded ; a loud despairing thump is followed by a groan and roar as of a train crossing a bridge ; the lift jerks into sight with a bound, and shoots its cargo out on the floor in reckless triumph. Re-enter Auguste, flushed and dishevelled, to collect the salvage and explain :—the latter, by the way, he prefers to do first.

I have called Auguste the "waiter," but feel that the definition does him grave injustice. Only a small portion of his well-filled time is spent tending us at meals in his livery of black-calico sleeves and blue apron. In reality, he is a man of all work ; all things by turns and nothing long. He cleans the boots (when there are any), knives and crockery ; sweeps the passages and stairs ; feeds and slaughters the live-stock, and runs errands. Four times a day he doffs his apron, and harnessing a horse of the Third Empire to a 'bus dating from the days of the First Consul, goes through the formality of driving up to the railway station to meet visitors. He is a character in a small way ; always

busy, and always obliging, he will leave any job undone to do another for you, and abandon that unfinished to begin a third for somebody else ; intensely communicative, deplorably dirty, and obedient to imbecility. His command of words is something terrible ; he can take five minutes to tell you what o'clock it is, and another ten to warn you that the Caudebec clocks are not always right ; talking hard all the time. He wears no linen—fortunately—and his hands are in perpetual mourning for the soap they have never known. He confessed to me once, that in summer he had not leisure for his *toilette*, and in winter it was ah ! so cold. Auguste sleeps under the kitchen table at night, and on the beds he makes, during the day. His reverence for an order is profound. When I took up my quarters at the Marine, I impressed upon him that under no circumstances were my papers to be disturbed ; and he promised that my valued instructions should be obeyed. They were. I make a practice of tearing scroll sheets in half and throwing them on the floor to be swept away ; Auguste swept round them : I tore them smaller, and scattered them with a free hand. Auguste laid aside his broom altogether, and justified this act of self-denial by quoting my orders, when I called him to account. His anxiety to sweep that room, he said, had consumed him ; but what could he do when Monsieur's orders were ever before his mind ? I explained ; he listened ; and now we have come to an understanding, whereby odd scraps and stray articles are carefully stowed in a corner to be sorted before removal. He is full of thought for his friends, and as I bask in the warmest sunshine of his favour, the little attentions I receive are numerous. When the fruit at breakfast is running short, and I do not appear punctually, the loving Auguste will abstract the ripest pear and conceal it until I come.

“ Monsieur will not eat *those*,” he says confidentially ; “ I have reserved for him an excellent pear, elsewhere.”

And with a cautious look round to see that no one detects the secret favour he confers, he produces from some mysterious pocket beneath his apron a warm and pulpy fruit, blazed with unmistakable finger nails. I receive it gratefully, and tell Auguste I will keep the pear “ to eat afterwards.”

Monsieur le Propriétaire is a cipher in the direction of affairs. He is a burly, apoplectic-looking man, with a slowly rolling eye, who passes a contented life on the sofa in the café, smoking, eating, and thinking by turns. He is hunted into the stables

on market day to help with the horses, but otherwise he pursues the thoughtful tenor of his way, undisturbed and undisturbing.

It is Madame who watches over us. She reigns, as I said before, in the kitchen, where she does all the cooking herself, and does it extremely well. Madame is the working partner; she arranges the terms, makes out the bills, takes the money—and keeps it. She is a kindly woman with a careworn scarlet face, suggestive of fires and stewpans; she works nearly as hard as Auguste, but like him can always spare time for a chat with any one who pauses at the kitchen door. It was Madame, in fact, who, in the course of one of our earlier conversations, let me into Caudebec's great secret; and I could not fail to see that this was the great day-dream of her life.

"We look," she said, a little sadly as it seemed, "to see Caudebec take a place with Dieppe and Trouville. We have beautiful country, and our much-admired church. Monsieur will find here every comfort and most reasonable terms. The most—Ah, pardon!" And Madame, whose watchful eye has detected a goat surreptitiously devouring cabbage in the corner of her kitchen, vanishes abruptly. She gives an amiable smile and nod as she goes, repeating once more "*très raisonnables*."

And her terms are reasonable beyond dispute. For five francs a day she will give you the best of country fare and abundant fruit, with lights, baths, and the ministrations of Auguste thrown in. Thus Madame labours to promote the prosperity of her native place; and with a certain measure of success; for of the crowds of Britons who visit Normandy every year, a large proportion spend at least twelve hours at Caudebec; but no longer, alas! There is nothing to amuse them here; and they soon discover that the most striking characteristic of the little town is the evenness and profundity of its repose. The industry chiefly pursued is that of tanning, whose resulting odour hangs over us like a pall, and earns a welcome by smothering the less fragrant exhalations of which we possess a large and varying assortment. The streets of Caudebec are ill-paved and irregular; a short length of nineteenth-century erection comes to an unexpected end, and meanders off in a labyrinth of narrow lanes, whose medieval overhanging houses almost meet at the topmost storeys and defy the noonday sun. In these the residents faithfully cling to the manners and customs of a bygone age. The six-foot roadway is every-

body's ash-pit ; the reeking gutter in the middle, every housewife's sink. It is the Norman town of three centuries ago ; but a kindly twilight ever reigns there, veiling nauseous detail, and throwing into shadowy relief angular, black-beamed antiquity tottering beneath the weight of Time.

Caudebec bases its claim to public consideration upon its ancient and beautiful church ; upon a curiosity shop where old oak is the staple stock-in-trade ; and upon the periodical visitation of the "Mascaret," or tidal wave of the Seine. Against these allurements must be placed in overwhelming array the facts, that there are no bathing or boating facilities of any kind, no fishing, and no place of interest in the neighbourhood (save one) which cannot be more conveniently reached from elsewhere. There are certainly the beautiful walks and drives required by the guide-book man, but they lead nowhere in particular, and most demand a talent for climbing steep hills.

Yet Caudebec would fain be a summer resort ! One day it will wake up and laugh at its ambitious dream.

We have a share of the tourists' patronage, but our visitors come only to go again. I have seen them smile and exchange glances when Madame recapitulated her terms, and hinted broadly at a great reduction if Messieurs les Voyageurs proposed to remain *longtemps*. Thirty-six hours satisfies the majority ; in that space of time they have skimmed the scanty cream of Caudebec, and are beginning to make wry faces at the butter-milk below. The wandering artist stays longest ; sometimes he is with us for ten days, committing the hundred and one pretty "bits" he finds at every turn, to his sketch-book, but he never waits to fill it ; and long before he has exhausted one-third of the resources of the place, he begins to make enquiries about the means of communication with Dieppe or Havre. "A fellow deserves a little gaiety after this," he says. The amateur archeologist comes, and putting on his most critical spectacles, spends his single day wandering about our much-admired church, inside and out. "Very interesting," he says afterwards ; "a very perfect example of—of *that* style of architecture." Sometimes he stays an extra day and goes out to St. Wandrille, whence he returns raving with the admiration he cannot control, and wishing he could sketch or photograph. The ruins and cloisters of St. Wandrille are our one sight, besides our church, and he has not "done" Caudebec who fails to pay them a visit.

Caudebec lies on the great trunk road between Havre and Rouen, and oftentimes we see a phantom of glitter, speed and physical exertion, coming down the hill toward our hotel. This proves to be the cycling tourist. He only stays long enough to eat a splendid breakfast and enter his name in the visitors' book, before going back to the treadles. Cycling breeds in its votaries an air of mournful earnestness blended with feverish haste; at table the practised eye can detect a "wheelman" by the frantic eagerness with which he swallows his food, for he is as jealous of the lapse of time as a Queen's Messenger. He has no eye for scenery, and the beauties of nature are as nothing to him; his interest in the country is confined to the all-important question of the number and steepness of the hills to be scaled. The cyclist is the only visitor who asks for our visitors' book—we have such a volume at the Marine, though a very unpretending one; he inscribes therein a condensed record of his travels past and future, with a jealous exactness of detail that might be mistaken for egotism. He always comes from "Londres," and is going to Paris by a route he specifies accurately; he is going to return by a totally different road, but he enters that in our book too; possibly in case the police might want him—a most improbable contingency, for he is the most harmless individual in the world. He set out from Londres with no more questionable purpose than to cover the greatest possible mileage in the shortest possible time, and those swelling muscles beneath his worsted stockings put our railway service daily to shame.

Once we had a newly married couple with us for three whole weeks, and she at least was sorry to go when the hour came. She hovered about the table in the café where Madame was making laborious and incorrect *calculés* for the bill, deploring the necessity for ever leaving Caudebec at all. It was so lovely and so quiet, she said. Why, this very morning George and she had spent an hour and a half on the bench under the big chestnut overhanging the river, and they weren't disturbed once—not once. Oh! she did wish this was the first day of the honeymoon instead of the last; didn't George? George wasn't by any means so sure of that; he'd finished all his English tobacco, and this French stuff was poisonous; moreover, though Caudebec wasn't a bad place, as country places go, he rather preferred Brompton and the City; a fellow would soon grow into a mere vegetable here.

I could not but sympathise with both. She, loving the repose of the country, and enjoying here the whole attention of her husband, was loth to leave her paradise. He, whose active brain short rest repaired, felt himself rusting with the dreamy idleness, and longed to join again in that exciting race for life upon the great river of Commerce.

Life in Caudebec is not trying to the nerves, it must be confessed ; and to an outsider like myself who enters not into the hundred and one tragedies and comedies passing around him, it is ever the same to monotony. But let me be just. Every Saturday Caudebec shakes off its torpor, and, as it were, stretches itself before turning round with the week's end to go to sleep again ; for Saturday is market-day, and the streets are crowded to overflowing with peasants from all the country side, and blocked with commodities of every kind. In addition to the regular stalls which spring up, phoenix-like, each recurring Saturday on their chosen spots, the shopkeepers are attacked by a spasm of business-like energy, and spread their entire stocks-in-trade on the pavement before their doors. We have a method of arranging our market in Caudebec which is peculiarly our own. There is space enough and to spare for everybody on the broad quay ; but custom prescribes a system of "scatteration" which would be exasperating to purchasers were our town a little larger. On the quay we find agricultural implements, confectionery, wood, iron, and basketware, ready-made clothing, toys, sabots, and carpet-slippers, all mixed up together. It is impossible to give the names of the localities where other goods are to be found, for if our streets and *places* have ever been dignified with nomenclature, they are not now. Here and there a faint trace of lettering lingers on the wall, but for the most part any titles they possess dwell only in the memory of the inhabitants.

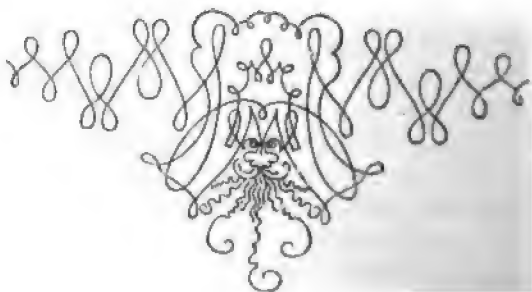
But what want they with names, after all? They have known for generations that poultry, eggs, and dairy produce are sold under the shadow of Notre Dame ; that pigs and ~~effort~~ enlivened the space before the Hôtel de l'Aigle d'Or, or a butchers' meat may be purchased in the square host trivial convent ; and our fish-market proclaims its own wholitics of the every one gifted with a nose. Our fish-market, if en in this city, the most interesting, though. Here you wilmselves orators shark ; the gigantic eel, eight feet long and thirt, their divine gift, the hideous lamprey of historical fame ; not he like belief.

common herd of skate, pike, perch, grey mullet, flounders, and mackerel. These, in an olfactory sense, are harmless ; but avoid the crates and slabs of salted fish-meat if you respect your nostrils ; even the all-pervading tannery smell flies before their effluvia, when by contrast it were more than welcome.

In front of the Marine ponderous wains are drawn up, awaiting the seven-horse teams, now feeding in the stable. Monsieur le Propriétaire has laid aside his pipe, and is quite active in the café serving "bocks" and "absinthes," and concocting mysterious liquid compounds of many colours. Madame is flying about her kitchen like an immense bee, for her patrons on market-day are many and hungry, and her largest pots and pans are bubbling and fizzling on the stove as if they entered into the spirit of the thing. Upstairs, Auguste, reinforced by Marie, is bustling round the *salle-à-manger* in a condition of hunted forgetfulness bordering on insanity. The Marine is the very vortex of the weekly excitement, and the staff knows no rest while the day lasts.

But when the sun begins to sink upon his rosy cloud-bed behind the golden brown hills in the west, there comes a lull. Carts are driving away in all directions, stalls are coming down, and the streets are rapidly clearing. Twilight draws in upon the last lingerers departing, and, ere the moon can show her face, Caudebec is Caudebec's self again. Come away softly, lest we wake it.

E. D. CUMING.



Agitators and Demagogues.



IT is a fact of some significance in the social organism that its constituent particles love to be talked to, to be told their duty, to be informed *ex cathedra* what they should do, or what refrain from. That such discourses should be agreed with is a matter of no particular moment to its listener, though it may please the speaker, for interruption, contradiction, and dissent are more delightful than even the able voicing of one's own wordless opinions. There is a natural leaning to authority even in the wildest, a desire for confirmation more than information, a yearning to be told, not what one should think but what one does think, to get words, however vague and inapt, for rough notions rudely conceived. Though a listener be no more than one added sooty rain-drop to the turbid flood of burst drain-pipe eloquence, he is glad to see that he helps to flood the gutter. If he cannot be so much he will become an obstacle, a stone in the way, a diverter and divider of currents, a banger of iron-clanging anvils in thunderstorms, a rebel in revolutions and against them.

Therefore there is a distinct species of man which supplies a want, and becomes by a kind of selection abnormally fluent and incontinent of speech. It may be that the endowed individual is a kind of hebdomadal intermittent spring, in flood on Sundays, unable to restrain himself. Or he may attain self-delivery by much abuse of others' patience, by hard practice, by daily effort, until speaking to a crowd from a cart, a lamp-pedestal or a summarily annexed barrel becomes as easy as the most trivial conversation concerning pots of ale, or the petty politics of the workshop. However it comes about, there are men in this city, and every great place in the world, who deem themselves orators of persuasion and force, who adopt rhetoric as their divine gift, and proceed to talk inarticulate humanity into the like belief.

These speakers are mostly in earnest. There is but little doubt of that. Whether they persuade themselves into earnestness by degrees, as actors and actresses are said to become moved by the sound of their voices which simulate emotion, or whether they began their business from wrath, matters not. They at least are of that mind now. But the vast majority of their listeners go and stand under these spouting gargoyles of the Church of Social Dissent to relieve ennui, to while away vacant hours, to disturb customary tedium, to wait for something, and that something probably the opening of the neighbouring public-house after the regulation hours of dry sobriety. These folks may be as disturbed, as discontented as the most "agitated," but they have not yet found their oracle; their voice at Delphi, their own Demagogue. Some one may rouse them to enthusiasm, but not this man nor this, who leaves them untouched and unshaken.

The first impression is almost always comic at open-air meetings. It is gross comedy, truly, but the comedy which is akin to tragedy, the truest of all. After a little while it grows more dreadful. For there is sufficient suffering to warrant speaking and much better eloquence, yet, roar as they will, they are but dumb dogs. If they do howl, it is because Fate treads on them; and they resent the forces they can neither understand nor greatly resist. They are confused and confusing. There is such an odd mingling of opposing powers, diverse views, angry factions, splits, schisms, abuse that does not hurt, praise that none regards. The speakers are not even one-eyed among the blind, and tumble into the ditch fighting. For the gutter is usually handy. The arguments they employ are windy, verbose, malapropos, self-contradictory; their illustrations irrelevant; their analogies inapt; their rhetoric dogmatic and personal; their views as narrow as the thin end of Clerkenwell Green's isosceles triangle; their natural light like a vague lamp in rain.

Clerkenwell Green is a great centre on Sundays for foolish and angry talk. It is a patch of ground with no verdure on it in the heart of watch-making London. In the middle is a big lamp, with a pedestal of steps on which the speakers stand and bellow bravely against the noise of opposition and the applause of other creeds. Some talk from a cart, some from a barrel, but all at once spout religion, atheism, teetotalism, socialism, politics. Society is in a very bad way indeed, it is moribund, diseased, evil, and can be cured by the faith cure; by the dismissal of dogmatic

doctors and a little open-air atheistic exercise ; by the hydro-pathic cold-water treatment ; by socialistic surgery ; by plain political cathartics.

There is "Old Smith," for instance, loquacious as ever, banging away with a rough-cut Radical club. He is accused by a gaunt one-eyed man of dishonesty. Once they were friends, but now they exchange horrible personalities, and would almost descend to the Oriental manner of abusing a man's relatives. But we shall fail to understand these folks if we imagine a row is imminent, that the speaker will leave the rostrum and descend into the arena. These are ancient conventions : the quarrel proceeds on the established basis of an economy of actual force and a lavish expenditure of wild vague words.

The aspect of this surging crowd is often grotesque, almost hideous ; the older men are gross caricatures of beautiful humanity ; they are scorched with perpetual furnace-fire ; they become neither noble nor dignified in their unbecoming ugliness. There was one, a kind of fierce-burnt Cyclops, shapeless in feature, gaunt, dreadful, yellow-fanged and snarling. The younger men are white, blanched, untouched by healthy sun or wind ; they are chalky, unwholesome, small-brained, underfed weak. They are all rough, their clothes poor and worse than poor, vile and vulgar in comparative freshness, their hair and moustache close-clipped and stubbly. They cannot think, and are glad to talk of "Old Smith" and his peers, either for or against. Here is a knot in the crowd, a kind of ganglion, against him. A man remarks disparagingly that "there is a click (clique) on the Green as thinks him a little tin god."

They pursue the subject even while the object of their animadversions rolls forth a turgid flood of incensed eloquence over their heads. Certainly they are of opinion that the one-eyed man is right. They grant that this orator dipped his hands into the funds subscribed by others for the Radical propaganda. Besides the printing of pamphlets, it was to have gone to the relief of winter distress. Yet he bellowed overhead as usual, and the Land is his theme. "Take back the Land. I or my part mean to die on the Land." "You'll die on the Green if you don't watch it," shouts an opponent, and there is a roar of laughter.

Corruption in the clubs and societies found in such places and for such purposes is very prevalent. As the conversation goes on, corroborative instances of an extremely libellous kind are

brought forward. Names are mentioned and full particulars given. The secretaries are impecunious, and apparently prone to embezzle. Then it costs too much to prosecute them. The club owners lose their profits, for anything made is divided amongst the members, and is looked on as a dividend from an investment. One man was prosecuted at a cost of £75. The lesson was not lost. It was throwing good money after bad.

Listening first to one speaker and then another, taking a dose of atheism and a religious antidote, they spend an hour or two, hoping for something really interesting. Why should not a fight really happen between two rivals who have for years been yelling at each other as representative of all that is dreadful and reactionary in the social state? But it does not come off, and they drift away to dinner, to drink, to their slum or public bar to sum up results; wishing that Monday would come to relieve them of the unutterable boredom of the day of freedom they longed for all the week, yet cannot enjoy. They were born slaves, and revolt only in a dumb way. Their slave work is better than vacancy.

An invariable characteristic of this kind of oratory is the quaint misuse of language. A friend of mine once passed through a very poor neighbourhood, and saw a man issue from a four-roomed house with a roll of some material under his arm. He was stayed by his wife, who endeavoured by many arguments to dissuade him from pawning what articles he had taken away. After an angry, tumultuous dialogue, he broke from her, and turned to the crowd which had of course assembled. "What I want to know," he exclaimed, "is this. Is a man a king in his own castle, or is he an antediluvian?" For some years, at intervals, I have tried to discover what this word meant, but in vain. It has remained as secret as a hieroglyph, and undecipherable.

The common spouter of the lower orders is similarly obscure at times, though rarely to such a degree. Yet often he cannot be explained by any industry in the solution of subtle analogies. He is so fond of a big rotund word that he will use it as O'Connell did *parallelipedon*; anything sizeable, *sesquipedalian*, polysyllabic and portentous, is seized on as Ajax did the rock, and hurled into the crowd that heaves, trembles, and admires. "Idiosyncrasy," if it can be handled, is a desirable acquisition; "exploit" is becoming common. Yet both are as soothing as

Mesopotamia, or as Chrononhotontologus to the proud negress in 'Tom Cringle's Log.' In America a better standard of education makes a man dislike a word he does not understand ; he objects to be "laid out cold" with a heavy derivative. But in England, in Clerkenwell Green or Mile End Waste a formidable word is a passport ; it makes a man respectable, and the possession of many polysyllables is almost equivalent to property.

Yet these men do represent something, and represent it not badly. They are the elect of Demos and are no better than the mass. And no worse. Though they are wordy, foolish, and full of froth, their rhetoric persuades, their arguments tell, their illustrations seem to illustrate. The mob is the mob, and the orator of the street corner one of the people. They are voices in the wilderness of a great city. Let it be that they cry foolishly, and roar with a vague anger and uneasiness, yet they are miserable, unable, unfitted, ignorant, and may well cry aloud, though none regards them.

I have been speaking of the wholly uneducated man without any natural fitness for leadership, who is no more than a mouth-piece. He may work on week-days, or he may be a loafer, an individual with brass forehead and throat, and a command of epithets of street sort, that will serve to throw, like rotten eggs, at an opponent or rival. But there is the educated man who delights in talking to any crowd, however vile and foolish, or however drawn together. Such a one may be earnest, yet he is rarely so earnest that he can be true to himself. Intimate contact with the baser democracy must tend to lower a man's standard of truth. It might be curiously enquired whether oratory of any kind was not equally harmful. But, as it stands, there are almost specific differences between the minds of educated and uneducated people. A naturalist may class us altogether, a psychologist should pause. No educated man can be wholly sincere in his rhetoric to a mob. I should distrust his asseveration. Though he may abuse them to their very faces, and call them all the decently available bad names, it is but part of his method, and flatters by betraying a strong interest when the speaker is supposed to come as a friend.

Let us take for an example one of the most noteworthy of the better class of demagogues, a man whose name is very well known indeed. He is to be seen on every Radical and Strike platform ; he delights in organizing and heading processions ; he will encounter the police boldly. He is a striking figure

among the commonplace individuals who surround him ; with a fine oval face, a thin well-shaped nose, dark bushy hair, red moustache, and red-peaked beard. He is a half-jocose revolutionist, hardly to be taken seriously, for he is an amiable anarchist, a man of action rather than thought, who needs an outlet for his energies.

When this man of meridional aspect speaks, he talks slowly to the strikers, and abuses them violently, greatly to their delight. He gesticulates almost entirely with his right arm, lifts up his forefinger, and twists his palm outwards ; then he folds his arms, makes a dramatic pause, and smiles in a diabolic Mephistophelean smile. He is melodramatic, and is sometimes carried away in an entirely artistic manner ; he gnashes his teeth and raves. He affects irony, not certainly of the finest kind, but he is clever enough to know that his audience is not subtle enough to comprehend its more delicate forms. Finally, perhaps, he takes out his handkerchief, inspects it with the eye of a connoisseur in cambric, puts it back carefully, and by that time has elaborated a peroration which he delivers like a high tragedian.

At a meeting of the Cradley Heath chain-makers, where our orator was speaking, a ludicrous and highly characteristic incident occurred. A decently-clad man of forty or thereabout rose suddenly to enquire whether the evil conditions of the working classes could not be dealt with under the 43rd of Elizabeth. He was with the extremest difficulty suppressed and reduced to rebellious silence, but at question time he jumped up again, vaporous and ebullient. "Why," he demanded in tones of thunder, "could not this and this be done under the 43rd Elizabeth?" A roar of laughter greeted the repetition, and again difficulty was experienced in choking him down.

This man, with his ancient Act of Parliament, is an example of a bore inevitable at every meeting, whether atheist, socialist, or political. He proclaimed himself the deadly foe of lawyers, and accused them breathlessly of obscuring the law of set purpose. That such an individual will rise is as sure as death, as certain as day ; and when he does he is as persistent as a plague, as unsuppressible as Nihilism, as long-winded as an athlete. He is usually wrathful, and might even be pathetic, were it not for the vast irrelevancy of the whole subject. Sometimes he is cunning enough to delude his listeners into the belief that he will stick to the main issue, but he introduces law at last, and

then there is an anacoluthon of disastrous divergency until he is sat on or howled down. Even then at every pause he jumps up again, ready to repeat the whole performance. He will even introduce lawyers, where they certainly have no business, into a discussion on Christianity and Socialism, or that curious form of both known as Christian Socialism.

I once attended a meeting at which the great exponent of this mixed doctrine was to lecture. On the south side of the Thames in a sufficiently mean street stands a small private house. It lacks due pointing, the external paint is dark, the windows dingy. It is a club, called, let us say, for such are very common, the Gladstone Club. There is a bar downstairs, which on these Christian nights is not so crowded as on more political occasions. The lecture room is two apartments thrown into one; the seats are hard common chairs, so insufficient in number that the lecturer has to pause while others are being brought in. This seems to be a usual occurrence. Punctuality is not a shining point with this mixed audience, they drift in one by one, idle and vacant for the most part, with here and there a fierce type of savage republican. Most keep their hats on even in the face of the portrait of the quasi-deity on the wall. The fireplace is surmounted by a pretentious overmantel such as some folks use for bric-à-brac; it looks ashamed of itself in such sordid surroundings of mere squalor.

There were a few women in the audience that night. They were intensely grave and bore themselves quietly. Their faces were of a ghastly pallor, though they seemed in good health. The female listeners at such gatherings are often of various kinds, some not wholly uncultured. Yet they by no means suggest a Vera Sassulitch type, and one might find it hard to romance about them in a study of revolutions. Yet such should be here, for the lecturer is very sufficiently revolutionary, and has opinions, any two of which, if agreed to, would suffice for the overthrow of our complicated society.

He is a man of clerical appearance, clean-shaved, frock-coated, reddish-faced, with a fair delivery. For through long practice of that one lecture he makes every point in the discourse, which proves too much Socialism for its Christianity and too much Christianity for its Socialism. For a moment the lecturer shook up his oil and vinegar until I almost believed he had, in vulgar phrase, done the trick of making two incompatibles mix. But the delusion lasted no more than a few minutes. The debate

began after a few colourless remarks from a colourless Chairman. There was at first a certain delicacy in attacking the Church with a professional *thère*. So up jumped an amiable, gentle-faced young mechanic, who remarked that many who disbelieved in one part of the lecturer's doctrines at least were in the room. Now, in his opinion, was the time to talk about these matters, and he, as a believer, invited all and sundry to speak up and be beaten.

A big man accepted the challenge, and after a little hesitation gathered courage for the assault. He ended by shaking a huge fist at the Church, and, swaying in his excitement from side to side, he breathlessly roared voluble, vehement abuse of all parsons. He sat down foaming, to be succeeded by a perky conceited youth with a sharp nose, drooping eyes and a chin always kept in the air. He was a kind of economic socialistic Simon Tappetit. He had something of vast importance to say, as was evident from his solemn look. The lecturer has made a gross error, he was fully a penny wrong in the duty levied on currants. "So, if the lecturer ever gets among statisticians, they'd very likely put him down. So I think it best to warn him. So on this point I think I've put our lecturer right." He sat down "red with eruption of self-conceit," glad for the evening.

Then arose a man of fair education who, with reference to that part of the lecture which asserted individual property to be theft, told working men themselves to be honest with a view to setting a good example to their erring employers. As all reforms came from below, one could not expect a repentant aristocracy until this was properly attended to.

How fatuous it all was and how pitiful! Every one there, save perhaps the lecturer, seemed to be like Basedow, "of vast and comprehensive ignorance." Their logic was of a kind that would have done no discredit to a dissenting pulpit; they utterly despised relevancy; they tripped themselves up, became confused, and, being intoxicated with enthusiasm, saw double oppositions and fought subjective fallacies. They were villainously discursive, Thucydidean in involved style, mixed, verbose, pleonastic, tautological, and most amazing. But it is cruel to abuse them, for they were so very sure that something was wrong, and would swallow no theologic anodynes for any man's persuasion.

Take just one all-sufficing example of lower-class reasoning. An individual, with unfocussed eyes, proved that Christianity

and Socialism were incompatible, by telling a long-winded story of an M.P. who got a Secularist lecturer discharged from his employment. This he considered a *sequitur*, a great and mighty therefore, and resented the hint of the Chairman that he was straying from the subject. He was actually supported by the meeting. They were of the same logical feather and rose remonstrant. They would cheer for and against the same thing ; they could not discern differences, they were myopic and incoherent.

Of all these agitators the Socialists are perhaps the most malignant, and not a little bloodthirsty. They revel in the prospect of the destruction of dynasties, and flourish knives at ancient institutions. To them the House of Lords and sacred majesties are anathema. Let these be removed, they cry, and behold the millennium. Yet, if they attack symptoms and not diseases, they are no whit behind most legislators. Even now Social therapeutics are in the Doctor Sangrado stage, and emigration is a panacea.

But at any rate the Socialists are not fools. They have something to go for, and go for it in deadly earnest. They have a basis and a plan of reasonable attack, and will do much. In no deep sense are they despicable. They are not what Americans call "cranks," even if they carry doctrinairism to the utmost limits of enthusiasm. For the real "crank" we must go to the parks, and listen to the solitary individual who gathers a crowd round him to listen to long letters which he wrote to the *Times* without their being inserted by a brutal editor. He produces the MS., being quite as resolved as an unpublished poet to get his productions off somehow. I heard a religious maniac of this description read a long letter, in which he proposed a method of abolishing the Stock Exchange, which the writer looked on as the chief cause of all the troubles under which England labours. His plan was simplicity itself, although it certainly required a large number to carry out. Twelve thousand members of the Salvation Army were to gather one week day in the park and march to the City. They were to kneel down outside the financial Sodom and Gomorrah, and pray for its destruction, and the conversion of the jobbers and brokers. This was infallible ; but, said the orator, the plutocratic press would have none of it.

Such a man's listeners are loafers as a general rule. I think it a pity that loafer has become a term of abuse. Though these

gentlemen idlers are apparently useless, they have unconsciously something to do and something to say. They protest against the doctrine of labour, and protest to the death ; they even die for the truth, which is that labour at the best is a *pis aller*, a mere base compromise, a dire necessity. It is true the attitude of the protesting loafer is rarely dignified ; but then not all martyrs can pose grandly. If it is said there is dignity in labour, I, as one who envies loafers, assert there may also be dignity in pain, in punishment just or unjust, in martyrdom for a fad or folly. So I regard these listeners and loafers as martyrs. They may be dumb ; nay, they may not even know what they signify in the great world problem, but in it they are, and cannot be cancelled either above or below the line of an average culture. They carry out what most of us fail in. They have the courage of their convictions, and loaf accordingly.

But the impression left on me after taking a course of lectures in the many halls of the University of the Discontented is highly melancholy. It is more cheerful to traverse the ward of a hospital. When these men speak, whether they be great or small, known or unknown, ragged wretches on the edge of a gutter, or members of Parliament on a platform, they testify by their very voices that the evils they see are great, that they witness to truths, though their views be narrow, their diagnosis unsound, and their medicines as efficacious as the nostrums of ancient quacks. Social pathology is a great unmapped desert, and these unprovided travellers will hardly do more than leave their bones upon its very verge.

And yet there is the comic side, too. Laughter must mingle with tears, and smiles temper scorn. They play their parts so fantastically that laugh one must, even with a little bitterness. In the end one is almost tempted to think the one orator of the whole mob whom one can neither laugh at nor abuse, who has right and reason on his side, is the Anti-Vaccination man. For, though he might deny our conclusions, he at any rate would give nature a chance to do something towards solving social problems. He is an unconscious advocate of natural selection.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

Bound for Green Fields.

It was a lovely May morning, a morning on which even the life of an omnibus conductor seemed endurable. Besides, the particular Company for which Archy Johnston worked had become infected by Socialistic principles, to the extent of only employing their hands from 7 A.M. to 10 P.M., and giving them, as a rule, the alternate Sundays. So that, as things went, he might be considered well off.

Better off, at all events, than the pale young man who, as Archy completed his arrangements before starting, watched him, with a rather melancholy air, from the curbstone. For this pale young man, whose name was Warner, by special permission of the Company, to whom a benevolent clergyman had appealed on Warner's behalf, came every morning at 7 o'clock to see if there was a conductor off work, and, if there was, to take his place on the omnibus. For the last month he had presented himself regularly, and the men had come to know, and have a kindly feeling towards him; but in that month he had only been on duty seven days. This fact inevitably raised the question as to what Warner did with himself when no vacancies occurred. He did not look as if he did anything very remunerative. Nothing more remunerative, probably Archy guessed correctly, as he glanced across, than tramping the streets in search of permanent employment.

Archy's omnibus started last, and he had two or three minutes to spare; so, being a sociable young fellow, he crossed over to speak to Warner, who, for his part, responded with an anxious goodwill in which, if Archy had known, there was a certain under-current of penitence. The fact was Warner had just been thinking, as he saw the omnibuses roll away, and realised with a sigh that all the men were on duty,—“What if one of them were

to die, and he were taken on as a permanent hand?" The iniquity of this thought to his kindly and gentle nature seemed terrible, and the consciousness of guilt made his tone to Archy one of deprecating cordiality.

He did not in any way appeal for pity, and yet the few facts Archy drew from him were an appeal to any one conversant with the city. He lived a mile away, 24, Dilk Street, an address that lingered curiously in Archy's memory. He had been a carpenter, and comfortably off; but now he was hopelessly out of work, and, with his wife and their young child, had been living how he could.

"We feel it most, you see," he said in his patient way, "for the child." Then he checked himself, as if he had said too much, and added quite hopefully, "But it's a long lane that has no turning, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Archy, reserving to himself a reflection that life contained some very long lanes indeed, as not of a cheering character.

No more passed between them just then, for the conductor's time was up. But the next morning, as his eyes encountered the depressed-looking figure again, a sudden impulse seized him.

"Can you take my place to-day?" he said, accosting Warner; "I'm awfully anxious to have the day, but I can't risk getting sacked."

Warner's face beamed.

"I told Janet this morning," he said, as he followed Archy, "I'd a feeling I should be in luck to-day."

"It's just here," said Archy, staring straight before him. "I'm thinking of going down into the country for a day—or two—or maybe more—I can't exactly tell, not being on the spot, how long I may require to stay. And it would be a load off my mind to know my place wouldn't be snapped up."

"I'll keep it for you," said Warner energetically, "and give it up to you when you come back; for it's a queer thing, as I know, to be thrown out of work. And I'm sure I hope you'll have a pleasant journey. Beautiful down in the country this time of year, ain't it?"

"Ah!" said Archy. "Yes, the country's a fine place, especially, as you say, about this time of the year, when you can lie down in a field and smoke a pipe without catching cold, otherwise than from the general treachery of the climate. Natural objects, as meadows, spring flowers, cows, windmills,

rippling streams, a blue sky when it don't happen to be rainy, fresh air, plenty of wholesome victuals, that's my style."

Archy had spoken jerkily and rapidly, but with entire composure; and yet there was something in his tone, a suggestion of a possible want of sincerity, that made Warner's brain whirl.

"I expect that would be all our styles," he said timidly, "if we could afford it. You've friends in the country, I suppose."

"Ah!" replied Archy benignantly, looking at Warner for the first time. "Lots of 'em. Fellows who would share their last crust with me. But it ain't come to that: they live on the fat of the land, I call it."

"You're a lucky fellow," said Warner admiringly.

"Well," said Archy, with still deeper gravity, "sometimes I think I *am* in luck's way—now you mention it. Especially this morning. And now I think as there's a particular train I have it in my mind to catch, and as your time's just up, I'll bid you good-day."

He grasped Warner's hand, and turned away. After all, he had said and done nothing remarkable; and yet, such was the serene benignity of his tone and manner, that for a moment Warner stood stock-still on the pavement, staring after him.

Archy went back to his lodgings; but he could not rest there, and soon he went out again. He found himself wondering what Warner's wife and child were like, and it struck him, that as he had nothing else to do, he would go round by Dilk Street.

It was a small street of tiny, jerry-built houses, with their numbers inscribed very legibly on the doors, so that Archy had no difficulty in recognising 24. There was a brown blind over the lower half of the window; but Archy's tall head rose above it, and as he passed he glanced furtively in, as if it were a crime. It was a small bare room, with no furniture but a deal table, a box or two, and an old rocking-chair drawn up to the hearth, whose fire had gone out. On that rocking-chair a girl was sitting, with a baby in her arms, rocking slowly to and fro, and singing wearily, over and over again,

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet."

A mere girl she looked, but very wasted, and her cheeks had not a tinge of colour; and yet it was one of the sweetest faces, Archy thought, that he had ever seen. If this was Warner's wife, perhaps he was a lucky fellow after all.

He wondered if there was anything to eat in the house. She

did not look as if there was. But, for the life of him, he dared neither ask her, nor order anything to be sent from the nearest provision dealer's; and though he thought of all kinds of expedients for getting a shilling inside the door that should look as if it belonged to one of them, and had been mislaid, none of them were feasible. If it had been dusk, he thought, scanning the water-spout with a critical eye, he might have clambered on the roof and dropped the shilling down the chimney. He was nearly as tall as the house already, and he could climb like a sailor. But it was broad daylight; and at last—he had been lounging all this time in front of a small grocer's shop close by—he turned away in despair, reflecting that, after all, Warner had had a day's work on Monday, and it was only Wednesday. He would go now into some other quarter of the City, and look for work himself. For work? Well, yes. It was hardly that he consciously made up his mind to do so. But that was what he did.

PART II.

It was a month later, and Archy had not gone back to his old position. Neither, however, had he found regular work. If he had gone to the right quarters, it may be said, of course he might have found it. He might have been assisted to emigrate, and a dozen things. But, unluckily, the poor are seldom conversant with the many admirable schemes set on foot for their relief; and Archy had a general idea that philanthropic institutions only drove an individual from one official to another, without really doing anything for him. It was a mistake, of course, but one of the natural results of the division of labour. Archy stood, indeed, for a moment outside the doors of the General Relief Committee; but there the beautiful probability of his story of having a place as omnibus conductor that he had not been dismissed from, and yet could not go back to, owing to having heard a white-faced girl, through a window, singing the "Meeting of the Waters"—as related to a credulous Relief Committee, struck him so forcibly that he broke into a loud laugh as he turned away.

But it was not a cheery laugh. Though he had given up his old lodging and been sleeping where he could, the few pence he contrived to earn were not enough to keep him, and for weeks he had not had a hearty meal. A dull despair was creeping over him; but he tramped blindly on, asking for work, till he

fancied that the officials at different establishments were looking on him with suspicion, as one whom they had refused before. And all the time he knew that he might go back to his old place. Warner would give it up without a murmur, or a grudge, he was that kind of fellow. Then he fancied Warner going home to tell his wife the news, and then he fell to wondering how they were getting on. He fancied he would go and see.

That day, when Warner's omnibus stopped at the end of the route, at one o'clock, every passenger had left it. They had a quarter of an hour to wait ; and the driver slipped hastily across to his favourite public-house, which was conveniently situated. Warner looked eagerly up and down the street, as if expecting some one ; but it was almost deserted. There was a policeman a little way down ; there was a shabby-looking fellow standing at the corner, against a lamp-post, with his hat slouched over his eyes—no one else. Warner's face fell ; but it lightened again in a moment, as a girlish figure emerged from a street nearly opposite, and ran lightly across to the omnibus. Warner held out his hand, and she sprang in.

"Here it is," she said proudly, unpacking her small basket. "You can't guess what I've made you for dinner to-day, and, if you eat it now, I do believe it will be hot."

"Meat pie, Janet!" said Warner. "Well, you *are* a cook and no mistake. I've twelve minutes—blest if there ain't that unfortunate old lady who always comes a quarter of an hour before we're timed to start.

"She's a long way off," said Janet, with a look of disappointment. "Go on with your pie, Will ; she won't be here yet awhile."

But the old lady, having made various frantic and far-off signals, was increasing her speed, which suggests to a casual observer the inadvisability, in a general way, of attempting to persuade a woman that a tram, or train, which she literally sees before her with horses, or an engine, attached, is *not* going to start till the time appointed. Statistics are very well—she sees the time-table. Nothing has altered, it never started before then ; it never will. No—oh no ; but the safest side is inside.

"Very well then," said Warner reluctantly. "Hang the old girl—look at her umbrella !"

They kissed each other hastily in the omnibus, thinking that no one saw them. Least of all the aimless vagabond at the corner, with hat slouched over his eyes, who was looking at

nothing. He—ah, no! Then Janet sprang down again; and presently the old lady mounted the step, and Warner ate his meat pie furtively, between maintaining a conversation on the drink traffic, a subject in which his passenger seemed to take an absorbing interest; but then she had had her lunch before she started. Yet Warner had also time to reflect, pleasantly, on how much better Janet was looking, and what a colour she had, and wondered, also, if the young man who had gone into the country would be back to-morrow, and couldn't help hoping not. Then more passengers entered, and the driver hurried back at the last moment, stuffing a large fragment of bread and butter into his pocket; and the omnibus rolled away.

But that night, when Warner returned to the small house in Dilk Street, he found a note thrust under the door, that no one had noticed. It ran thus:

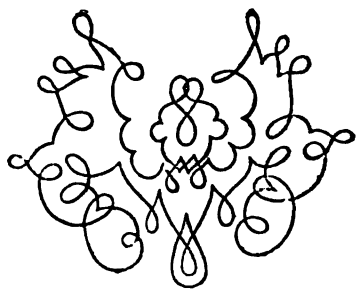
"DEAR MR. WARNER,

"I leave this note in passing, to say I have given up my place as conductor for good, and therefore hope you will stick to it as long as it suits you. I have made up my mind to stay down in the country.

"Yours, with best wishes,

"ARCHY JOHNSTON."

MAY KENDALL.



That Fiddler Fellow.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.



CHAPTER I.

IN the years between 1820 and 1830 the classic traditions of the famous old burgh of St. Andrews had not yet been profaned by the streets of shops and the yet more modern assemblage of villas, lodging-houses, and hotels which have since grown up around it.

The grey walls of the University buildings and the skeleton of its ecclesiastical establishments grouped themselves with the ruins of its historic Castle on the bleak headland of a treeless plain and rose in sharpest silhouette against a sad grey sky. And a grey monotonous sea whispered, full of mystery and half-told story, at the base of its cliffs. In these old days, as now, the fishermen's cottages clustered beneath the eastward slope, but humbly and unnoticed. There was scarce a shop—no hum of traffic of business came anigh. To the infrequent guest of the sole hostelry, the Black Bull, the rare footstep upon the street struck with the dissonance of the ring of an iron-shod heel in a still cloister; and looking forth, the visitor would see the hurrying red-gowned student, note-book under arm, or the golfer with his clubs, faring towards the links. Nor would the latter sight convey a sense of incongruity, so sober, so serious, so imbued with the traditions of antiquity was this famous old game in days before the "grand old manner" had decayed.

Somewhat aloof, by the side of the old castle, where, on many a bright forenoon one might sit and watch the grey easterly "haar" come up from the North Sea and shroud the glory of the morning, stood a low rambling house, of modest dimensions, but venerable age, facing out over the Firth of Tay towards the coast of Forfar. Scarce forty yards of green sward separated it from the sharp edge of the cliff which ran down, a sheer precipice,

to the rocks and the water. A slight, single-beam railing alone guarded the careless passer-by from the precipice. Down the cliff led a zig-zag path, very steep—needing a sure foot and steady head for its climbing.

• Towards this house, coming from the direction of the boats and the harbour, two persons were slowly wending their way beneath the shadow of the old grey buildings. They were a young man and maiden—boy and girl lovers, whose youth and fairness contrasted with the antiquities past which they strolled. As they came beside the Castle the young man pointed to a curious excavation in the ground which looked much like the entrance of a cavern or underground passage.

“How I should like to explore it,” he said, regretfully.

“Nay, but,” replied the girl, “you know you have promised me that you will not do so. We do not know what dreadful things there may be there. Promise me, will you not, that you never will seek to go down that gloomy-looking place?”

“Yes, dear,” he said, “you know I have promised you that I will not. Oh, how I love your beautiful golden hair,” he went on, taking in his fingers a tress of the flaxen locks which the keen breeze fanned towards him.

“Pshaw,” said the girl, colouring with pleasure, “mine is not golden. Yours is golden, George dear, it looks as if your nurse had picked you up when you were a baby and dipped you in a bath of golden sunshine.”

Do they not know how to flatter, these boy and girl lovers? But of a truth it was scarcely a far-fetched fancy, so bright did the young fellow look in the glory of his ruddy youthful health, with his crisp golden curls, and laughing blue eyes. The girl's fairness was of a different type from his—her pure white forehead with its tracery of blue veins, her light blue eyes and the delicate moulding of her features indicating a nature of an extreme and too exalted sensibility.

She hurried him quickly past the entrance of the underground passage with a shuddering anxiety for which its evil reputation was fully sufficient to account. For even in later days, its fame could scarcely have been worse had it been known to be the entrance to the realms of Pluto. For there have been rise of it the strangest stories—concerning apparitions of a draped figure (which I have myself seen in the owl-light) towards the entrance of the passage, and of weird strains of violin music proceeding from it (which it has not occurred to me to hear but once).

Wherefore it happened that this passage was an object rather of avoidance than of enquiry to the inhabitants of St. Andrews.

Nor even to this day do I know of any one who has been able to give a full account of the geography (or of the object, in the remote ages of its excavation) of the said underground passage and its ramifications. Many have, indeed, spoken big things of their intentions of exploring it, and a measure of exploration has been effected, but since the building of the Principal's house, the main passage has been walled up, and there is now less chance than ever of obtaining a complete chart. This much, however, I think I may affirm with confidence, that the main passage led from the Castle towards the Cathedral and the harbour, with divers and manifold branchings and cross-branchings, so that one could scarce trust oneself to its intricacies without some such clue as Cretan Ariadne gave to Theseus to guide him in safety from the labyrinth of the Minotaur.

So the young man and maiden went on past the old house on the cliff, and past the subterranean entrance, and past the ruined Castle down on to the glorious golf links which then, as now, were St. Andrews' pride.

With the uncouth implements and feather balls of the period before Hugh Philp and Gourlay, two golfers were just finishing the last hole of their round, with a solemnity that was almost awful. The girl stood motionless while that last fateful "putt" was completed, and then ran forward eagerly and, greeting the elder of the players as "Daddy," demanded to know the result.

"I just won by that putt, my girl," said the father, looking at her fondly with a pair of those kind but shrewd Scotch eyes which seem to smile so much oftener than the sometimes sad and sometimes stern Scotch lips. The girl cast a glance of quick intelligence at her lover, who replied by a nod and smile, and the three walked up together towards the house upon the cliffs, by the very way the young people had come down.

As they came to the house, the girl's father, who had been telling the young man all the incidents of his golf match, asked him cordially—"You will come in, will you not, George?"—to which the young fellow responded with a ready "Yes," and as they passed in, the girl dropped behind her father a moment to whisper, with a blush, in her lover's ear—"There could not be a better time to ask him than now, George, just when he has won his match."

For a while, however, in the old-fashioned parlour the young fellow stood as if tongue-tied. Then, as the older man turned away to leave the room he followed after him and said, "Mr. Macpherson, sir, might I speak to you for a minute, if you please, in private?"

Mr. Macpherson looked at him in momentary surprise, then a gleam of pleased comprehension seemed to pass over his rugged, kindly features.

"Cannot you say what you wish here, before my girl?" he asked.

"Well, sir, it's just this," said the young man, blushing desperately through his clear sun-tan, "I love your daughter, sir, with all my heart and soul, sir, and will you give her to me, sir, for my wife?"

"Eh, bless my heart, sir, but this is a great surprise," the old man said, endeavouring with utter ill success to impart an expression of astonishment to his features. "A great surprise. And what has my girl to say to it?"

The girl came up with blushing cheeks, and burying her delicately-beautiful face upon her father's shoulder whispered, "Yes, Daddy—oh yes, I love him with all my heart."

"Eh, eh—you love him with all your heart, do you? And so you, sir," he went on, "have won my daughter's heart without any previous consultation of my wishes in the matter. And what has your father to say to it? Have you not done him, either, the honour of taking him into your confidence?"

"Why no, sir," the young man said, shamedly, "I must admit I have not yet said anything to him; but I am certain, sir," he added with a proud fond look at the girl, "that if I am fortunate enough to win your consent he will be only too pleased to give his."

"Enough, enough, my young sir," said the old man with a perfectly transparent pretence of ferocity, "Go home and tell your father, and when I hear what he has to say, then we will talk again of this matter."

The girl bade her lover good-night. She would see him no more that evening, for he lived not in St. Andrews itself, but on a small property some four miles distant, owned by his father, Mr. Craigie of the Mount, whose heir and only son he was. The young fellow was now on the point of joining his regiment, the Cameronian Highlanders, in which his father had purchased him a commission.

The girl came and seated herself on her father's knee, and passed her arm round his neck. And thus they sat a long while before the fire—the young girl occupied with all the rosy prospects of her dawning life, the father with a grey retrospect of the past. He recalled the day when he had himself been a wooer of this girl's mother, and of the brief season of hope and happiness before the young mother died in giving birth to the child, named by her name—Edith—who now sat, a fair maiden, on his knee. He had been so broken by the blow that he had withdrawn himself from all the busy paths of life, and taken up his abode at the old house on the sea cliff of St. Andrews, where few indeed were likely to intrude upon his sorrow. He had found a mighty alleviation in the great local and national game of golf, and his two daily rounds and the fond care of his daughter fully occupied his time.

The girl had grown up of a tender refined beauty, almost too delicate for that rugged air of the North Sea. Kind and lovable she was, and with a certain dignity in her fragile beauty which made even the rough fishermen or the caddies on the links cease their joking and raise their hats as she passed them by. Of an ultra-sensitiveness, too, which made her a creature of moods and tenses, unlike other girls, so much so as to be at times a source of keen anxiety to the widowed father as he noted how she would sit for hours, listless, letting her eyes dream over the grey hues of the castle and the old walls or the wasted yellow links with their sand-hills and bent grass. Or again, on a cruel day when the wind off the sea was driving the cold sleet with stinging violence, she would go forth and lift up her face to the wind on the cliff-head, and watch the cold, treacherous sea, grey and pitiless, heedless that the keen, salt gale was biting her face, and the rain drenching her silken, golden locks. Hyper-sensitive, the doctor said she was, and tried to comfort the father by saying that she would grow out of these moods of hers ; but he used to fancy that in some mysterious way she was grieving for her mother, whom she had never known, and almost deemed that she communed with her mother's spirit shrouded in the shadows of the old walls or borne upon the cold, grey wings of the storm. And on nights when the tempests howled loudest she would rise from her bed in her sleep and walk about the house moaning, as though seeking something or someone, until her father found her and awoke her and she stole, frightened, back to bed.

He thanked God when she showed a healthy, lively interest,

as indeed she did, in his games of golf, for he was a real fine golfer of the old school and had often won his way to the front, doing the round under the hundred strokes on the St. Andrews' competition days. Young George Craigie was his most dangerous opponent, and now he had come to meet and beat him on another field. This girl had been all in all to him. He had cared for her with all a mother's as well as a father's love all her life, and now she was ready to leave him for this young fellow whom she had known but a year or so.

Yet he crushed all this pain down deep in his heart, knowing that he must acquiesce in nature's plans, and careful not to dim the rosy dawn of hope and love in the heart of his beloved daughter.

In the morning came a visit from the bristling, white beard and ruddy choleric face of old Mr. Craigie of the Mount.

"And so, my old friend," said he in his hearty breezy manner, "our young birds are thinking of taking flight—of taking flight together. Eh, and if you're but half as content as I am it's a pair of well-pleased old gentlemen we must be to-day. I know that he's wild—is my boy—as wild as a stormy petrel—of an untamed tempestuous temper which I fear I only too well know whence he gets. But he's a fearless, honest lad as ever breathed."

"Aye, aye, George, old comrade," responded the other father, grasping the hand of his friend while something very like a tear stood in his eye. "I knew my bonnie bird must take flight, and I'd prefer far that it should be with one of yours than any other."

"Ah, yes, my old friend," the other said, "I know it must be a sore loss to you that your dear girl should go from you, but in this my boy and she have been thoughtful of you, for they have determined that you must go and live out your days with them."

"And real thoughtful and kind of them, George—but no, I'll have none of that. I well know 'tis the way God ordains that the world should wag, that the bairn should leave father and mother (had she one) and cleave to her man, and I'll not be putting my old pow into their new nest."

And the two good old gentlemen talked on and made many plans, to their satisfaction, for their offspring. It was settled between them that, as the lovers were full young, George should join his regiment, and that after a certain term of his service was completed the two should be made man and wife.

The children were fain to acquiesce, with gratitude, in this

decision, and for them young life went forward full of fairest hopes, and sweetest interchange of springing fancies and joint projects. Thus the days went on until with mutual vows of changeless constancy they parted, and George went off to don His Majesty's uniform for the first time.

CHAPTER II.

In those days, shortly after the revolution which had its head-spring in Naples, Europe was flooded by multitudes of political refugees, for the most part of Italian nationality. Many of these, reduced to direst poverty, subsisted or starved by the teaching of languages and of music. There had lately been instituted at St. Andrews the educational establishment now well known by the name of the Madras College; and about the date that George Craigie joined his regiment one of these political exiles was appointed instructor of languages at the College. He made no secret of the fact that he had been a member of the organisation known, with little in their favour, as the "Carbonari." This foreigner brought with him soft southern manners strange to these northern folk, though he spoke English almost perfectly save for the accent and for queer modes of address. Also he had brought with him a violin or two and a genius in winning music from them such as none in St. Andrews had yet heard. In a short time there was no house in St. Andrews of whose hospitality the Italian had not partaken, giving ample payment in the wondrous sounds which his supple fingers drew as if by magic from his violin.

In the Scotland of those days the fiddle was a less familiar instrument than it has since become. Comparatively few in Scotland knew any music save that of the national "pipes." Yet, when Mr. Macpherson after his wife's death had come to St. Andrews and taken the old house on the cliff, he had there by chance found, stowed in a dark cupboard, an old violin which had been the property of some former occupant. As Edith, his little girl, grew up, this instrument had been given her as a toy for her delectation, and as she showed great love of the discordant sounds she thence produced, the violin and bow were sent to Edinburgh to be repaired, and Edith Macpherson became a systematic student, chiefly by the light of nature, of his the finest of musical instruments. Being utterly untaught, she "bowed" as came most natural to her, with the left hand.

Now in the fine summer evenings it was the habit of the Italian to wander down with his violin to the harbour, and to play there by the hour together to a crowd of fishermen, women and children, who listened in tacit worship, as though to Orpheus re-incarnate. And Edith Macpherson, chancing to be along that way and hearing one evening the sounds of music, came up to form one of the listening throng. From that moment life did not seem the same to her. To make Signor Mattei's acquaintance (such was the Italian's name), to acquire some portion at least of his gift—such was her one absorbing thought during the forty-eight hours or so which intervened before a common acquaintance helped her over the first step by formally introducing her to Signor, or as they oftener called him, Mr. Mattei.

There was but little remarkable in his appearance. Of slender build, of average height, of clear dark complexion and dark hair, the only very noticeable features in his face were the curious glittering eyes—paler than the eyes of most Italians, and with the cold gleam of a precious stone.

After the first meeting Edith Macpherson's acquaintance with him grew apace. He came often to her father's house. He gave her lessons on the violin—which made her grow desperate with a sense of the inferiority of her own gifts. He seemed interested in her and in her progress, giving her one of his own violins on which to practise.

And Mr. Macpherson was pleased that he should come. He did once ask the girl, "What do you think George Craigie would say to this?" But she just laughed, with the bright colour that rose so readily to her cheeks, and said reassuringly, "Oh, he need not be afraid, Daddy."

He was a good-looking fellow, the Italian, and the old man was not without his suspicions of them, and would often have a sharp eye on them when they thought he was asleep in his chair. The girl would be there standing up before the foreigner as he stood or leant against the mantel-piece passing his bow over the strings of his violin, now fast, now slow, now bringing out some sweet, low sounds, and again a great crash and scream of music which one might marvel how his slender, white fingers, could draw from the little box of wood. And the girl would be opposite to him, copying him, drawing down her bow as he did his, and turning her head as he did his, and gazing so hard at his fiddle and his hands and his eyes as though, poor girl, to guess the secret of it all. And then she would lay down the fiddle

almost in despair, between tears and laughing that she "could not do any better," as she said.

And still, when the father saw them gazing into each other's eyes, she with all the intentness of her anxiety to learn, and he with a light mocking expression, he could not help, again and again, thinking that it would not altogether please George Craigie if he were to catch a sight of them at these moments; but he held his peace and did not speak his thoughts.

One evening, as Mr. Macpherson dozed as usual in his chair, with an eye half open and watching the foreigner's light, laughing grey eyes as he stood with his violin on his shoulder and the girl opposite, she put down her violin with a sigh and a laugh of despair as she often would. "It's a miracle to me," she said, "I cannot think how you get those wonderful sounds out of the thing. Can I *never* be able to do it?"

"Yes, my dear Miss," he said. "There is a way that you might be able to do it." He took a quick side-glance at Mr. Macpherson as he spoke, but the father was to all appearances fast asleep on the low chair. "There is one way," he said, "but I don't think you would like that."

"What do you mean?" the girl asked eagerly. "Do you think there is any way by which I could be able to play like you, and do you ask me if I could hesitate to do it? I would give my soul to do it."

"Yes, my dear Miss," said he, with another side glance, "may be that is a thing that is lightly given, the soul. But you would not give up—say, Mr. George Craigie, for it?"

She waited a moment. "No," she said, "no, of course I could never do that. For one thing, you see, I have given my word, so I could not if I would. But what do you mean," she went on; "how could my giving up Mr. George Craigie make me play the violin?"

"Not at all, my dear Miss," said he, shrugging up his shoulders in his foreign way. "Not at all. But I will explain. There are many things of which you English know but very little; you Scotch possibly less. We Italians, we know but little, but we know a little more than you. We live nearer to the East, where they still know little, but a great deal more. And yet the name by which you know it in this country is Teutonic. It is Mesmerism, the name was Mesmer. Some few of your philosophers (English, German, Scotch) have scientised over it. They call it now trance, catalepsy, so on. You call it names,

but you do not alter the thing. You have lost more of knowledge than you have gained. You have gained a little, a very little, on the Physio—how do you say?—Physiological side, but you have lost sight of the personal element—that one man has the power of mesmerising, hypnotising (what you may call it) more than another. But this is nevertheless true.* Also, you have not practised even that little you do know. You call it "Magic," and that means with you, folly. But no matter. In a word I could mesmerise you. Let us use the word you English best know. I could mesmerise you, and you—you would then repeat my actions, perfectly, precisely, with no effort. The two violins are twin brothers, the Amati their creators. I could tune the bows, the strings, alike. It would be one music twice repeated."

He had a little forgotten her father as he spoke, but the latter nevertheless remained in the position of one asleep.

"Could I really play like you then, just the same?" the girl asked.

"Precisely identically, my dear Miss," he said.

"Ah, but," she said despondently, "you forget, I bow with my left hand."

"That is the very reason, my dear Miss, why it is so possible that our playing should be identical. The reason I cannot say, but the fact is certain, it is the left hand of the subject that follows the right hand of the operator."†

"Oh, then, of course I will! But stop. Why did you say anything to me about giving up Mr. Craigie?"

"Well, you see," he said, with another shrug of his shoulders, "you see Mr. George Craigie might not like to see you so exactly follow the eyes, the hands, the movements of another man. Oh, they are jealous, these lovers, even in this foggy country. Besides," said he, sinking his voice, and a glitter seeming to ray out from his cold, pale eyes, "besides, though I greatly desire your happiness, my dear Miss, I should have great

* During the last few years this "personal element" has again forced itself into recognition, by reason of the remarkable phenomena exhibited in that phase of somnambulism or mesmerism known as "elective."—ED.

† I well remember that when first I pondered over the story, it was this simple incident perhaps more than any other that made me distrustful of the whole. Its truth has, however, been of late years amply vindicated, especially by Heidenhain and Despine, who have spoken of this condition of the hypnotised subject as "specular, imitative automatism," i.e., as in a mirror.—ED.

power over you. I might perhaps lose my head for admiration of you. I might request you to follow me away to Italy—anywhere. I might, I say, I might.”

“You might request me to come to Italy with you?” she repeated, as if she scarcely believed she could have heard aright.

“Yes,” he said; “I might request, and you would follow. My dear Miss, I do not think you understand me. If I should so mesmerise you—we will use your word—you would be in my power, so far as it were physically possible. Understand I make no claim of power over nature’s limits, only claim of perfect power over your nature, if you should so give it up to me.”

“But you would never do such a thing, even if you had the power, would you?” she said.

“Ah, you could not so suspect me!” he answered.

“I think I must write and consult George about it,” she said thoughtfully.

“Yes,” he said, with a smile that showed his white teeth; “do so, my dear Miss; consult with Mr. Craigie. That will be excellent!”

“But,” she asked, “shall I be only able to play so while I am with you?”

“I am not quite sure of that,” he said; “it will depend upon my power over you. But I think at last I may be able so to influence you that you may always play like me, when I am far away.” And soon after that he said good night and went off.

CHAPTER III.

Now whatever has been the rate of our advance in science in general during the last half century, it is certain that in respect of this science of mesmerism, animal magnetism, hypnotism or what we please to call it, we have advanced from almost absolute ignorance to a stage at which it is no misnomer to speak of the study of the subject as a “Science.” At the time of the Italian’s coming to St. Andrews there was in England and Scotland a certain amount of discussion about mesmerism, of which no one knew anything, between parties divided into two hostile camps. On the one side were those who disbelieved in mesmerism—*i.e.* believed that all the recorded wonders were so much imposture; and on the other side were those who believed in mesmerism—in the sense of believing that a mesmeriser could

do almost anything in heaven and earth. There was no middle course in either their scepticism or their credulity.

So to Mr. Macpherson, revolving in an uninstructed but mature Scotch head the words of the Italian, it seemed wiser to postpone decision and action until events should further develop themselves. He said nothing to lead Edith to suppose that he had overheard the conversation between herself and Signor Mattei. He deemed her to have good sense of her own ; nor did he think that she could have shown it better than in deciding to write to her lover and seek his counsel.

But even to Mr. Macpherson, who was certainly no judge of music, it seemed that from the very night that they had that talk the girl began to improve in her playing. She began to make the instrument scream and talk in the same way that the Italian did his ; and his pale eyes seemed to smile a mocking encouragement to her, though he seldom gave her any praise. And so it went on until she, one night, said to him with a little blush, "I have had a letter from Mr. Craigie, and he says I am to do as I like about your mesmerising me, but he thinks he would rather I should wait till he comes. He will be here in a few days now."

"Ah, will he?" he said, smiling ; "I am so glad. I want so much to see your Mr. Craigie. But we need not trouble ourselves longer about him. It is done, you are already mesmerised, as we will call it. You can already play like me."

Her surprise was wonderful to see.

"What?" she said. "Do you mean really that I can play quite the same—at all the same—as you?"

"Yes," he said ; "do you not know it? No, I suppose you do not. But you can now. It is not like the same playing—it is not the same playing as a few days ago."

"But I thought you told me you could not mesmerise me unless I gave up my whole will to you—unless I allowed you to do it?"

"Ah, but, my dear Miss, you *have* kindly allowed me to do it. You have given up your will to me. You have allowed me to mesmerise you while you were following my hands, my eyes, all my actions. You can play like me now, when I am with you. But when I am away you will find that as yet you can no longer play like me—that then you will be trying, labouring, oh, so hard, and still in vain!"

"Yes, it is true," she said sadly. "I have felt it when I

practised by myself. But can you make me do what you like now? I do not believe it."

"Nevertheless it is true," he said. "I can prove it you."

He turned and wrote something upon a piece of paper, then he went to the girl and looked at her, just for one moment, with his glistening eyes. She walked to the wall where were some favourite old clubs of her father's upon a stick rack. One of these she took down.

"Look," she said, showing him a dent in the sole of the club; "this is what father did playing up to the last hole when he laid the ball dead and tied for the medal with George Craigie. It broke the club, but I made him keep it in remembrance of the stroke."

"Yes," he said with a smile, "I have seen it before. Now go and read that little bit of paper."

She unfolded it and gave a little cry of astonishment.

"What is it?" Mr. Macpherson asked quietly, from his chair.

They both started as he spoke. They had supposed him to be asleep, but his eyes were keenly watchful. After a moment of hesitation the girl handed him the paper; there was this written on it in a pointed foreign hand: "I am about to request you, without speaking to you, to take from the wall and show me the club with the dent upon it made when your father played off the road and tied for the medal."

He gave the scrap of paper back to the girl, and made some casual remark about the stroke, affecting not to understand all that the writing and the girl's obedience implied.

But later, when the girl had gone up to bed, then, as the foreigner was saying good-night, Mr. Macpherson took him to task. "Look here," he said; "you thought I was asleep just now, when you were talking to my girl about your mesmerising and so forth. But I was awake. I heard it all. Now, what I want you to tell me is this, do you really profess, as you once said to her, to be able to make her do what you wish, even though she may perhaps not wish to do it?"

"Yes," he said; "I am able."

"Do you expect me to believe this?" the other asked.

"No," the Italian said, with a polite insolence peculiar to himself.

"Can you give me any proof of it?" Mr. Macpherson asked, not noticing his tone.

"Certainly," he said: "you have seen, since you were not

asleep, some proof to-night. To-morrow I will make your daughter do what I tell her—without words, understand—and she shall know nothing of having done it. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes," the old man had to admit. "If you can do that you must certainly have a wonderful power."

"Not at all wonderful, my dear sir," he replied quietly, "except as all nature is wonderful. It is perfectly natural, only of a side of nature of which no one knows much, and you Englishmen peculiarly little. Good night to you, sir. If I may have the honour," he went on, "to call again to-morrow evening, the dear miss, your daughter, shall, immediately on my coming in, take her violin up-stairs and lay it on your bed, and shall then come downstairs again and shall know nothing of where the violin has gone. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes," said the Scotchman, repressing a strong desire to kick the polite foreigner.

During the day Mr. Macpherson thought much over what he had seen, and speculated greatly on the issue of the forthcoming experiment. He watched his daughter carefully and assured himself that she had no communication, during the day, with the foreigner.

In the evening, Signor Mattei went to the girl immediately on entering the Macpherson's parlour, and she at once took up her fiddle and went out of the room with it. When she came back he fanned her face with a handkerchief.

"Well, my dear Miss," he said, "shall we commence the lesson? Where is your violin?"

She looked upon the table whence she had but just taken it.

"How extraordinary!" she said. "I could have been certain I put it there. Where can it be?"

She looked all about the room for it, while the Italian watched her with a smile.

"I think, my dear miss," he at length said, "that I can tell you where it is. It is on the bed in your father's room."

"There!" she exclaimed in astonishment, going towards the door. But her father stopped her.

"Stop," he said; "I must go and see for myself."

He went upstairs. There, sure enough, the fiddle lay comfortably on the bed.

He did not say much, but went back quietly to his chair, leaving Signor Mattei to give the girl his own explanation of the experiment he had so successfully tried on her.

He did not feel at all comfortable about it all; neither, it was plain, did the girl; but they did not care, of a sudden, to forbid the Italian's coming to the house.

George Craigie was expected home on leave in a few days' time, and Mr. Macpherson determined to wait and see what that young gentleman might have to say about it. He was but a youth, an ensign in his regiment, but he had all the decision of a man. When George Craigie came, he had a good deal to say about it. Mr. Macpherson did not begin about it to him, in fact he had no opportunity, for it was George that at once opened the subject. It seemed that Edith had already told him, and he was manifestly inclined to lay much blame on his future father-in-law for having allowed it to go on so far.

"Never mind," he concluded, "I'll put a spoke in the fellow's wheel."

It is singular why putting a spoke in one's wheel should be a metaphor for interfering with progress, since certainly a spokeless wheel would not be a usefully progressive one, nevertheless that was no doubt the intention of young Ensign Craigie, with regard to the further intimacy of Signor Mattei with Miss Edith Macpherson. Now our young friend Craigie's disposition was not of that deliberate character which permits of any long interval between decision and action. He proceeded to put in his spoke without delay. He called on Signor Mattei, and in hot words which grew ever hotter in the glow of their own eloquence, authoritatively forbade him any longer to work with his mysterious influence upon the girl's sensitive nature. The Italian listened to him with a smiling politeness which contrasted forcibly with the other's hasty discourtesy. He declined to commit himself to any promises, and George had to leave, but little soothed by the foreigner's assurance that his regard for "the dear Miss Macpherson's" welfare was scarcely less than George's own.

The next day dawned with a fine autumn white-frosty, morning. Yet dull care leaped on to the saddle behind young Craigie as he mounted his father's favourite old hack at the door of the Mount and rode off in the direction of St. Andrews. He did not like this foreigner, and his power over the girl he loved, and for the life of him he could not see his way to putting a stop to it. And whether it was the unwonted load of care, or a loose stone upon the rough steep road, as they came into St. Andrews, the old horse, without any warning, made a desperate stumble

and threw George, who was riding with loose rein and heedless seat, heavily over its forequarters. The horse was on its legs in a moment, and stood quivering, while young Craigie, who was not the least hurt, beyond a bruise and a shake, looked ruefully at the blood which poured from one of the horse's knees. George said words we will not chronicle as he alternately examined the horse's knee and brushed the dirt off his clothes, and thought meanwhile of his father's probable reception of the accident to his favourite. He led the hobbling horse at a foot's pace into the town and to the stables of the Black Bull. He gave orders that its knee should be seen to and bandaged up, and went down to the golf ground, but the load of care seemed still to cling to his golf ball, which persisted in flying inertly, erratically, altogether provokingly, with the result that he lost two matches to a greatly inferior opponent. When in the evening he called at the old house on the cliff, he was altogether in a frame of mind in which the consolations of his fair lady were sorely needed.

To his chagrin he found her engaged in receiving a violin lesson from Signor Mattei. The latter gave him a slight bow, but Edith, absorbed by the interest of her playing, or, more probably, fast held by her tutor's glittering eyes, took not the faintest notice of her lover's entrance. She continued playing as if utterly—it doubtless appeared intentionally—unconscious of George's presence.

A dark cloud of passion fell upon the young soldier's face as he silently watched pupil and tutor—then without a word he caught down one of the old golf clubs from the wall, and with a tremendous oath and a tremendous crash brought it down with all his might on the fellow's fiddle, as he held it on his shoulder.

It had never yet occurred to Miss Macpherson to see the Italian moved out of his smiling quiet, but now he positively screamed in his rage. He glared for a moment at George, with his pale glassy eyes, as if he were going to spring on him, but then he suddenly went down on his knees, and burst into a passion of tears as he gathered up the splinters of his broken violin with exclamations of grief in his foreign tongue. He left off his sobbing before he had collected all the splinters. He took them carefully up together and went off with them without saying a word.

Then Edith, who had been standing by, frightened, began to expostulate with George on his treatment of the foreigner—but

in a half-hearted way, as if she were really not so sorry to see how he treated any whom he thought to be making too much of her. She tried to make him promise to apologize to Signor Mattei, but he laughed a scornful laugh, and said he would do the same, and worse, if he found him or any one else "making eyes at her" again as he called it, in that fashion.

The next day the Macphersons did not see or hear anything of the foreigner or his fiddle. They were doubtful whether or not to send him some sort of apology. But on the following morning, when Mr. Macpherson came in from his round of golf, he found him there, to his surprise, chatting away to Edith, as if nothing at all had happened. He made himself very agreeable, and had brought a curious little thing to show them—a kind of dagger, with a long, thin snaky blade, very sharply pointed, and a wonderfully worked handle with a strange old engraved gem in it. There was a snake engraved on the gem, and he said it was a Gnostic gem. When they asked what that meant, he said it had once belonged to some sect of heretics named Ophites—a long while ago—who believed that the serpent was the type of everything that was good—that it was the serpent that had really taught men wisdom (or at least that that was the meaning of the allegory, as he called it, taught in Genesis, of the man and woman eating of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil). Before that, he said, Adam and Eve were like brutes—happy brutes, indeed, but without knowledge; but that they then came to have a knowledge of right and wrong through eating of the fruit of the Tree—and so forth.

Mr. Macpherson asked him if he was an Ophite, but he only smiled and shrugged his shoulders, and said he did not much mind what name men called him by.

"Yes," he said to the girl, "with one stab, my dear Miss, of that little toy weapon—is it not sharp?—you could end the life of a man at once. There is the spot, my dear Miss, just under the breast-pocket—there—do you see?—there!"

Then he went away, and when he was gone they found that he had left the dagger behind him.

"You had better put it away somewhere, and take care of it," Mr. Macpherson said to Edith. "I suppose it is a thing of some value, with its pagan gem and its snaky blade!"

So she took it away, meaning to stow it in some drawer, as her father supposed; and he thought no more about it.

(To be continued.)

Notes of the Month.

IN the record of the past month there has been nothing more significant and interesting than the almost abnormal activity of the Emperor of Germany in the path of national, military and industrial reform. Not only has a Conference on the eternal Labour Question held its meetings at Berlin, and dispersed after various recommendations, but the Emperor has issued a Rescript on the extravagance of army officers, which has, it is said, given some offence to the young bloods of the Fatherland. All this, however, is as nothing to the Imperial Iconoclast. Now that Bismarck has—perhaps only temporarily—disappeared from the political scene, the way is open for the re-adjustment of relations between Germany and its neighbours. Various rumours have been afloat that an effort is to be made to heal the discords which divide the French and German populations, and it has even been whispered that an astonished Europe will hear something of a proposal for a general disarmament. The Emperor of Germany clearly believes that many Augean stables are awaiting his Herculean efforts, and that the world is in reality his oyster, however sceptical men may be of the possibility of amelioration.

Meanwhile the Autocrat of the North appears to be compelled to pursue a very different course, accompanied by the curses, not loud but deep, of the best intellects of Russia. A curious and pathetic letter was published in one of the morning newspapers, despatched by a body of Moscow students, who revealed to English readers the hard conditions under which the acquisition of the degree of licentiate had to be attempted in their unhappy country. Unless the degree was attained, complete manumission from a practical slavery was impossible for the majority, but the course of studies was dictated not so much by intellectual considerations as by reasons of State policy. They were only allowed to devote a fraction of their time to the language and literature of Russia itself, while the assertion was made that the police authorities winked at immoral excesses as one means of keeping them under the thumb of a narrow and ignoble despotism. Clearly if this account be true, there is much excuse for the revolt of students even at the cost of detention in prison, and transportation to Siberia.

The world is threatened on May 1st by a simultaneous and imposing Labour Demonstration in all the chief capitals of Europe. It does not, however, appear probable that the occasion will be as important as its promoters evidently desire. In London it is notorious that the project is regarded, even by the Social and Democratic Federations, with a certain luke-warmness; in Vienna, Count Taaffe may be trusted to take measures to secure the public peace; while in Paris, M. Constans has authoritatively declared that he will permit nothing approaching to a revolutionary gathering. Although the attitude of the authorities in Berlin has not yet been made clear, the general public, it appears, may reassure itself as to the results of a general uprising of the sons of labour on May-day.

It is not quite certain whether Emin Pasha is to be sympathised with or abused. He has determined to take office under the Germans, and to help them to secure some territorial extension in Africa. No doubt it is a disappointment for Mr. Stanley to have undergone great hardships in rescuing a man who is determined to return to the pit whence he was digged: on the other hand Pasha did not want to be rescued, and, when all is said, he is a German, and naturally desires to assist the colonising propensities of the Fatherland. However we may deplore the issue of the Stanley Expedition, there is indubitably a comic element in the situation. Mr. Stanley returns to England to be fêted for saving Emin from a trackless wilderness, whither Emin has made up his mind to return! A little hard on Stanley, but also decidedly disagreeable for the British East Africa Company.

The growing desire on the part of the Democracy to form a Court of Criminal Appeal has received a new illustration in the course of last month. Two brothers, Richard and George Davies, aged respectively eighteen and sixteen years, were found guilty of murdering their father at Crewe, but were recommended to mercy on the ground of their youth. The murder was cold-blooded and ferocious, and it appears that both brothers were equally implicated in the design, and possibly also in the execution; but it was notorious that the father was a cruel husband and a bad father. The Home Secretary decided, after some consideration, to hang the elder brother Richard, and spare the younger, George. Mr. Matthews' resolve, which is at least an intelligible attempt to discriminate between the moral responsibilities of eighteen and sixteen, was received with an indignant chorus of complaint and recrimination, and one "organ of public opinion" went so far as to assert that it constituted a judicial murder. This, however, was not the only ugly feature of the case. One of the jurymen, whose functions had nearly come to an end after the verdict, was ill-advised enough to write to the papers, and the unhappy mother of the two boys made a personal

appeal to the Queen. Amongst other astonishing results which have been ascribed to the "unfortunate" action of the Home Secretary, it has been gravely declared that the Unionists lost the seat at the Carnarvon Boroughs because the electors desired either that both of the youths should be executed or both spared! The Crewe case forms an unpleasant addendum to the discreditable agitations which succeeded the condemnation and reprieve of Mrs. Maybrick.

In the past month a notable attempt has been made to add to the resources of the English language. Lord Bury, as Chairman of the Electric Traction Company, wrote to the *Times* to ask for a short word—if possible of one syllable—to express the idea of being conveyed by electric power. As might have been expected, letter after letter poured in, full of strange and wonderful suggestions. The following are only a few of the cacophonous verbs which scientific and unscientific writers alike submitted for consideration: to "ohm," to "volt," to "mote," to "electrise," to "coulomb," to "squirm," to "shock," to "franklin," to "scint," to "elk," to "tric-trac," to "faradate," to "weber." There is clearly no lack of choice: perhaps America will help us, as it did with the verb to "wire."

The two chief theatrical novelties have been "A Village Priest" at the Haymarket Theatre, and "Dick Venables" at the Shaftesbury. The former is an adaptation, or a new version, by Mr. Sydney Grundy of a weak and foolish French play called "Le Secret de la Terreuse," while the second is an original play by Mr. Law. Perhaps Mr. Beerbohm Tree is to be as much congratulated on his Abbé Dubois, as Mr. Willard is to be consoled with for having to personate so commonplace and revolting a villain as the hero of the Shaftesbury stage. From his first melodramatic entrance, creeping on all-fours into his wife's room, to his final exit by the aid of Peter's dagger, Dick Venables is a rogue with whom the audience find it hard to sympathise; and if Mr. Willard himself had not been a superb actor, the piece would have been a failure from its very first night. "The Village Priest," on the other hand, is an interesting play, though a little confusing; and though we do not much care for the Abbé's struggles with his conscience, and we doubt whether religion should be brought on the stage, Mr. Tree's rendering of the Priest's character is delicate and refined, and Mr. Fernandez, in the part of an innocent convict, is at times very fine. "The Prince and the Pauper," founded on Mr. Mark Twain's pretty historical tale, has also been produced at the Gaiety, to give little Miss Vera Beringer another opportunity for a juvenile part of the same kind as "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

The charming little theatre at Bushey, built for his own use by Professor Herkomer, which last year witnessed the production of the lovely "Idyll," the praises of which were rung in different chimes by an unanimous press, was opened this year in aid of the "Herkomer Village Nurse Fund," at Bushey, on April 8th, 9th, 17th, and 18th, for a most interesting series of semi-private performances (the press not being invited as before) of a one-act poetic comedy, entitled "Filippo," being an excellent metrical adaptation of François Coppée's "Le Luthier de Crémone," the property, we believe, of Mr. E. S. Willard of the Shaftesbury Theatre, and kindly lent by him to Professor Herkomer for its first performance.

We are accustomed to expect at Bushey perfect scenic and pictorial arrangements, and beautiful music. Last year Herr Richter conducted the small orchestra; this year we had a quintette of strings led by M. Joseph Ludwig; but, hitherto, all has been a lovely music-picture. Speech, where the actor's difficulties may be said only to commence, has not, until the performance on the 8th, formed part of Professor Herkomer's design. In "Filippo," however, he appeared as triple artist—painter, composer, and actor—and it is hardly necessary for us to say that the man's genius was ably equal to such a burden. His impersonation of the humpbacked musician embodied a thorough conception of Coppée's beautiful idea of Love's self-sacrifice, though perhaps it was in the wonderful passages addressed to his beloved violin, an artist's feelings for his art, that Herkomer's power of holding and moving an audience was most felt. In the quintette preceding "Filippo," composed by the Professor, a prominent first-violin motive is introduced; this forms also, later, the hunchback's solo, which is alike the means of his triumph and his despair. We believe the performance will be repeated on a more public scale during the season, and in June, 1891, Professor Herkomer promises the production of a grand opera, written and composed by himself, which cannot fail to excite much general and artistic interest.

It is not often that such a remarkable Wagner-programme is given in England as that of Saturday, April 12th, at the Crystal Palace, under the celebrated directorship of Mr. August Manns. The entire programme was composed of Wagner's works, from which typical selections were given, embracing a period of forty-one years, and carrying us from the well-known "Rienzi" overture, with so little about it that now means "Wagner" to musicians, to his two greatest achievements, "Tristan" and "Parsifal," types, earthly and divine, of self-sacrificing devotion, into which Wagner has poured, to use his own words, "the outflow of this incomprehensible impulse of Love." Those who feel his power in its full strength, would apply to the greater part of his work the words Liszt wrote of the "Prelude to Lohengrin," "a sort of magic formula, which like a mysterious initiation, prepares our souls for the

sight of unaccustomed things, and for a higher signification than that of our terrestrial life"; even so does Wagner's music prepare us for his drama and his teaching, all three; of which are at the same time indissolubly united.

The educational value of such a programme as that of the 12th cannot be sufficiently highly estimated, more especially on account of its wide-minded scope in giving examples of "the Master's" manner at different stages and periods. We give it as it stood, with the whole of its valuable information. From "Rienzi" to "Parsifal" is a very long step, longer in music than in years; but it is of great use to the musical student, that he or she should have the opportunity of hearing and comparing such works.

	Begun.	Finished.	Performed.
1. Overture, "Rienzi"	1838	1839	1842
2. Introduction to Act II., and Elizabeth's Greeting, } "Tannhäuser"	1843	1845	1845
3. Prelude in A, "Lohengrin"	1846	1847	1850
4. Wotan's Farewell and Feuerzauber, "Walküre"	1848	1856	1870
5. Vorspiel und Isolde's Liebestod, "Tristan und } Isolde".	1857	1859	1865
6. Introduction to Act III., "Die Meistersinger".			
7. Hans Sachs's Monologue, "Wie duftet doch der } Flieder"	1862	1867	1868
8. Siegfried-Idyll	—	—	1870
9. Siegfried's Death, "Götterdämmerung"	1870	1872	1876
10. Vorspiel, "Parsifal"	1877	1879	1882
11. Kaiser-Marsch	—	—	1871

Mr. Manns is always a leader in the good musical work done in this country; the admirable programme we have referred to is one instance of it, and another may be found in his appreciation of Mr. Ernest's lectures at the Crystal Palace on Beethoven's Symphonies, which are supplemented after each lecture by the famous orchestra under Mr. Manns' *bâton* playing the Symphony under discussion that week.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

The winter has been particularly dull this year, and although the Influenza may have been partly responsible, it is evident that the English habit of beginning gaieties only at Easter is gaining ground here, which reduced the pleasure season to a very short period, as, immediately after the "Grand Prix," in the beginning of June, every

one takes flight. Parisian summers are too hot for social gatherings, and even theatres are intolerable. We have seen splendid first tier Opera-boxes offered to people having few opportunities of enjoying such a luxury, and yet sent from one to another without finding acceptance; "Il fait trop chaud."

In the bright Empire days all the official world returned to Paris at latest in December, the Court receptions beginning with the New Year. The Faubourg St. Germain came about the second week in January, by way of proving an alibi; but about the middle of the month all divisions of society had settled down, and the machinery of amusement was in full work. None but invalids then thought of Nice or of Pau, and many were the lamentations if forced to go there, for to leave Paris was a sentence of banishment from Paradise.

But now why should they come here? The attractions of Madame Carnot's receptions are only seductive to those who cannot go anywhere else; for in these Republican days official society is not real "society." There is, in fact, a great gulf between, over which the "aristocrats" glance superciliously, abhorring all mixtures, especially political mixtures. They may allow a bridge for some *parvenus* of satisfactory principles, although a filmy barrier, light as gauze, but strong as steel, still comes between, unseen though felt; but no one having different political opinions, more especially Republican, is allowed to approach.

There has been a sort of tacit understanding in the "high-life" (as high life is called here) that there was to be no dancing during the captivity of the Duke of Orleans; every one was to be considered in mourning, and to eschew all pleasures as incompatible with a state of concentrated woe, such as they chose to represent. But the young Prince himself has very sensibly protested against being considered as a victim, and urges the necessities of trade, earnestly requesting that no change may be made on his account. So, by order, society will be (plaintively) cheerful. The young Prince has throughout won all hearts by his bright, brave spirit, his simplicity and good sense, so that no one can find any fault in the "Premier Conscrit de France."

It must be owned, however, that with or without political reasons dancing does not seem in favour at present, the young generation being strongly imbued with the disdain expressed by the hero of Leech's excellent sketch—the young gentleman of twelve or thereabouts who has never danced since he was "quite a boy."

Private theatricals are the rage, or evenings with recitations by celebrated actors and actresses; the younger Coquelin, with his laboriously witty monologues, just saved from intolerable tediousness by the clearness of the reciter; and the pretty affectation of Mademoiselle Reichembourg, in stories about cherries or violets, or some such interesting matter. Is it really *very* amusing to listen for whole evenings

to all this, when at a few minutes' distance it is so easy to see Coquelin and Mademoiselle Reichenbourg, with much more agreeable surroundings, in some production worth hearing? If people dared to think aloud they would probably acknowledge that such entertainments are a mistake, and that there is little enjoyment when sitting in formal rows, without any possibility of sustained conversation, or of flirtation, for the seats are usually reserved for ladies, while the gentlemen stand where they can find room, and always at a distance.

The coloured coats are still in favour, the effect being considered good on the whole, and not injurious to feminine dress, as was feared at first.

It is said that Sardou is preparing a new play, the scene of which is to be laid during the Great Revolution; the title will be "*Les Tricoteuses*," a sufficiently eloquent revelation of the subject. The principal characters will be entrusted to the interpretation of Coquelin, Mademoiselle Bartet, and Mounet Sully; Robespierre himself will be put on the stage. Who will be brave enough to take the repulsive part? Nothing is yet known.

The charitable society providing night refuges for the poor held its yearly meeting during the last month. The report gives a total of 88,412 men taken in for the night, having received food and shelter, but only 2059 women and children, a remarkable difference. Of these, 79,973 are French, 10,281 from other European countries, 63 Americans, 147 Africans, 5 Asiatics, 2 Australians. As each applicant may return for three nights, the total represents 235,561 cases of shelter given, with 15,000 articles of clothing granted to the most destitute. There is a sad increase of applicants belonging to liberal professions, 300 teachers, 28 students, 10 literary men, 8 journalists!

The elections having given employment to printers, there were 500 less of that trade than during the previous year. But, as a contrast, a great increase amongst dressmakers and milliners, which is attributed to the lull following the excessive pressure of business before the Exhibition.

Some curious instances amongst applicants are quoted. One Swiss and two Saxons, visitors to the Exhibition, who applied for admittance as a measure of *economy*!

Will the Berlin Conference lead to any results as regards bringing relief to over-tasked French workmen? All admit that some limitation of hours, and especially rest on Sundays, are absolutely necessary; and yet hatred of Germany—still more, hatred of religion—will probably stand in the way of all improvement. Rest on Sundays would be a concession to the Church, who unceasingly demands it, and the Radicals are bitter enemies of anything "clerical." Yet all acknow-

ledge that the life of workmen, expected to work eighteen hours a day, as is the case in some manufactories of the North of France, without any interval of rest, is more than human nature can endure. There are few manufactories where they are not required to work for at least twelve hours, including Sundays! It is stated that after four years of this over-work, the whole generation is worn out, and becomes incapable of really productive labour. But when the necessity of rest reaches an overpowering degree, it is not taken on Sundays, but, with perverse opposition, on Mondays; "*faire le lundi*," as they call it, which means intoxication, gambling, and the wages of the week squandered. "*L'ouvrier qui fait le lundi*" is usually noted as a bad workman; and yet is there not some excuse for occasional rebellion against such unremitting slavery?

An interesting letter from the Comte de Martimprey calls attention to the alarming consequences of the military law as affecting miners. Sixty-four thousand out of a total of one hundred and six thousand miners will be called to serve in case of war—men from twenty to forty-five years of age, the strongest and ablest workmen. Out of the forty-two thousand remaining, half are Belgians or Italians, who will be recalled by their respective governments, to whom a large proportion will submit.

Only about thirty-two thousand, therefore, will remain for the work of the mines, including old men, children, and even women.

The largest amount which can be expected from them does not exceed five millions of tons, and the least which will be required, according to calculation, for the railways, the navy, and all war necessities, will be seventeen millions of tons, setting aside all consumption of coal in manufactories and private homes.

To produce the twelve millions deficient would require sixty thousand miners. Consequently, with arithmetical precision, it is proved that the mining population cannot be incorporated into the army; for without coal modern warfare is impossible, and no coal can be had without miners.

We can recommend "*Mon Roman*," by Mdlle. Louise Mussat, as a pretty story of French life, suitable for family reading.

"*Les Soldats Français dans les Prisons d'Allemagne*" is an interesting account of the sufferings of French prisoners during the war, by Le Chanoine Guers.

Correspondence.

The name and address of Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers or return their letters under any circumstances.

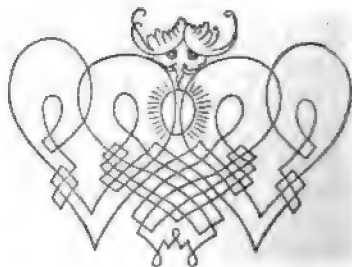
TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

Will you allow me to call your attention to a common error into which the writer of the very interesting article, "Mary Howitt, Quaker and Catholic," has fallen, viz. that the Quakers are rapidly dying out? No doubt during the first half of this century the decline in numbers of the Society was very rapid; but for a good many years past the accessions by "convincement" have been every year so greatly in excess of the secessions that, notwithstanding a very low marriage rate and very low birth rate, and some emigration, there is yearly a steady though slight increase in their numbers in Great Britain. In Ireland the great majority of the Quakers are Unionists, and the conditions of life are not easy to them in the South and West; and the Society is dwindling through emigration to England and America. In the United States the Quakers are increasing in number somewhat rapidly, especially in the South and West, and mainly through accessions from other religious bodies.

I am, &c.,

A QUAKER.



Our Library List.

ADVENTURES IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA, AND IN THE COUNTRY OF THE CANNIBALS AND DWARFS. By P. B. DU CHAILLU. Maps and Illustrations. (Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. *Murray*.) Public interest in Africa has exhibited an extraordinary revival during the past twelve months, and the expectation of what Mr. Stanley has to tell us respecting the Darkest Continent has been skilfully and judiciously fostered. Mr. Du Chaillu has of recent years been turning his attention to a field far removed from that in which his earliest renown was won, and many of us have half forgotten that no African traveller has raised a greater storm of controversy than he did on the first publication of his 'Equatorial Africa.' The dust of that controversy has now subsided, and we only mention it to recall his early discoveries, and to note the fact that the narratives and discoveries for which he was so fiercely assailed, have one by one been confirmed by subsequent travellers. Gorillas, cannibals, dwarfs, mountain ranges—all are now accepted as undisputed facts. Mr. Du Chaillu's original work has been out of print many years, and we can strongly recommend this abbreviated edition of his two journeys.

THE RAILWAYS OF AMERICA. THEIR CONSTRUCTION, DEVELOPMENT, MANAGEMENT, AND APPLIANCES. With 200 Illustrations. (*Murray*.) The success attended by Mr. Acworth's articles on the Railways of England, which first appeared in the pages of this Magazine, and which have subsequently been enlarged, illustrated and published in a volume, has demonstrated how wide an interest is taken by the general public in railways and their management. The sumptuous volume of which the title is given above, deals with the American Railways, but in a manner quite different from that adopted by Mr. Acworth. He has, so to speak, individualized each Railway Company, sketching its history, and bringing out in strong relief the features which make it differ from its fellows and competitors. In the American work, on the contrary, each department of railway construction and management is dealt with separately by a specialist: thus feats of railway engineering—railway management—safety in railroad travel—passenger traffic—freight traffic—locomotives—strikes, &c. &c., are in turn fully discussed. The illustrations throughout are remarkably good. We must demur to the author's treatment of English railways, the allusions to which are so meagre and inadequate as to cause a wish that

they had been omitted altogether. On the other hand, a new and very interesting feature in this volume is a chapter on the earnings of the American railroads, dividends, rates, &c., which will be very valuable to investors.

THE NEW SPIRIT. By HAVELOCK ELLIS. (*George Bell & Sons.*) Mr. Havelock Ellis has written an interesting and significant book, which it is quite easy to ridicule, but which certainly deserves a fair hearing. To illustrate what he believes to be the leading tendencies of the present day, he gives us a study of five writers of this century, who seem to him the best exponents of these ideas. They are Diderot, Heine, Walt Whitman, Ibsen, and Tolstoi. Apparently these writers are chosen because they all agree in a hatred of shams, in looking facts in the face, and in demanding provision for the healthy satisfaction of animal wants. Mr. Ellis regards this as part and parcel of the scientific spirit, and Diderot is chosen because he initiated this spirit. Of these essays, which present vivid pictures of the thought and personalities of the men, those of Walt Whitman and Tolstoi are the most interesting. The author may be right in the importance which he attaches to Tolstoi and Ibsen. He has not made out his case for Ibsen; but Tolstoi, besides being a great artist, is an undoubted force at the present day. It does not follow that the Russians, because they are seemingly so backward, may not represent a progressive factor in modern ideas; but Mr. Ellis does not help us to see how much in Tolstoi (or Ibsen) is due to the conditions of their country and how much is useful for the West. The same fault is felt throughout the book. Mr. Ellis's object is simply to call attention to those elements which impress him most in modern life—the scientific spirit, the rise of women, the growth of democracy—with their consequences. But in tracing these principles through his authors he makes them more or less his own, and he sometimes states his case with exaggeration and without proper limitations. Because England is ceasing to stand alone in commerce, he declares that she is becoming “a museum of antiquities and a Holy Land for the whole English-speaking race.” He prophesies and welcomes the advent of women not merely to equal power with men, but to supreme power. If men were to abdicate to-morrow in favour of women, would women accept the offer? Mr. Ellis thinks that no social advancement can be now expected from the exhausted male sex, though he leaves that sex in sole possession of genius, which one would think as necessary for practical revolutions as for works of art. Again, the purity of the natural instincts is an important truth, but it needs qualifying. We should be happiest if we could arrange things so as to satisfy these instincts with as little need as possible to think about them for themselves. Mr. Ellis writes with force and insight; but, whether from brevity or want of caution, he leaves with regard to these subjects an impression which he would probably not himself desire to produce.

GOLF. By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. (*Longmans*, 1890. Badminton Series.) The last of the Scottish invasions of England is the spread of Golf. In the new volume of the Badminton Library the lover of golf will find a perfect encyclopædia of the game. To Mr. Hutchinson, himself a first-class player, who writes the bulk of the book, both learner and skilled player may entrust themselves for guidance through all the details of the art, so easy in appearance, so hard in reality. Mr. Andrew Lang leads off with a chapter on the history of golf, which contains much interesting information. Mr. Lang thinks that James II., as Duke of York, may have brought the game to England. Golf is, it seems, a democratic game. James had a shoemaker for partner in a foursome against two Englishmen. Is it because golf is democratic that it is so popular at the present day? Very interesting is the chapter on some celebrated golf-players, where the enthusiast may enjoy the triumphs of the heroes of the game,—of Allan Robertson, the two Tom Morrises, and Jamie Anderson, and read the record of the great living amateurs. Lord Wellwood seems to think that ladies should play by themselves, and on a shorter round. The book is excellent reading. All the writers seem to have taken for their principle Mr. A. J. Balfour's remark that, "even games are not to be regarded as wholly serious." Mr. Balfour's own chapter on the Humours of Golf is as entertaining as his speeches in Parliament. The caddie is, of course, an inexhaustible source of amusement.

RULERS OF INDIA: THE MARQUESS OF DALHOUSIE. By SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER. (*Oxford: Clarendon Press.*) If all the volumes of the new series of 'Rulers of India' are on the same level of excellence as the inaugural volume which the editor, Sir W. W. Hunter, writes on Dalhousie, they will be of great public service. The narrative is written with the grasp and lucidity which come of intimate knowledge and reflection, and both the work and the character of Dalhousie are traced in firm and impressive outlines. During his years of rule (1848–1856) Dalhousie at once extended the limits of the Indian Empire and unified it. He added to it, partly by conquest (Punjab and Lower Burma), partly by annexation where the native succession had failed. But he was far more than a conqueror, and by initiating many great institutions, the railways, the cheap post, the telegraph, free ports, and in part the present system of education, he began the work of drawing India into one nation. Sir W. Hunter speaks with weight on all Indian questions, and his estimate of Dalhousie's work in the Punjab in its connection with the two Lawrences, and his eulogy of the military policy of the "great Proconsul" (as Sir W. Hunter calls him, by the phrase already appropriated to Hastings) will be read with great interest.

ENGLISH MEN OF ACTION : CAPTAIN COOK. By WALTER BESANT. (*Macmillan & Co.*) Mr. Besant himself seems to admit that he found a certain difficulty in the composition of this little volume. Most people know something of Cook's Voyages, as they usually form a part of every schoolboy's library. If therefore a biographer desires to tell the story anew, he is either obliged to travel over very familiar ground, or rewrite—not always for the better—the thrice-told adventures. Perhaps this is a reason for not condensing Captain Cook into the now popular form of a hundred-paged biography : still if the attempt is to be made, it may be honestly conceded that Mr. Besant has done all he could to present a concise and interesting sketch. The reader may be recommended to peruse the first five chapters and only skim over the remainder. The early life of James Cook is admirably told, and the chapters on the "Great Unknown Ocean," and "Cook's Three Predecessors," are valuable and interesting. The famous voyages may be treated with less consideration, as, for reasons already stated, they consist largely of quotations : or they may even be omitted altogether, if the memory is yet green of Cook's survey of the coasts of New Zealand and New Holland, of the explorations of the Pacific, and of the final murder on the Island of Hawaii. Mr. Besant's account of the great explorer's death, by the way, is based on Manley Hopkins' 'History of Hawaii,' and is probably more accurate than the familiar account of King, Samwell and others.

AMONG THE SELKIRK GLACIERS. By WILLIAM SPOTSWOOD GREEN. (*Macmillan*, 1890.) In the summer of 1888 Mr. Green and a friend made a pioneer expedition among the Selkirk Mountains, which form the second of the three great lines of the Rockies in British Columbia. The history of their experiences is recorded in an entertaining volume. They climbed two big mountains of over 10,000 feet, Mount Sir Donald and Mount Bonney, and made many smaller expeditions ; but the tour was not intended merely as a holiday, but as an exploration, and the results of the survey are set down by Mr. Green in an excellent map. They had some preliminary difficulties : a hunter was engaged to accompany them, but when he heard they "were two parsons he 'chucked it up in disgust,' saying that he would have to knock off swearing for over a month, and that that was utterly impossible ;" a pack-horse twice took to bucking, and scattered their packs over the slopes. No thrilling Alpine adventures are recorded, but there are dangers and excitement enough. Mr. Green writes with enthusiasm of the beauty of the scenery, especially of the Columbia River and of the Lake Louise, which, to judge from a couple of fair illustrations, should be of surpassing grandeur. Valuable information is given of the flora of these regions, and the whole story is told in an easy and quite unconstrained but graphic manner, which breathes of

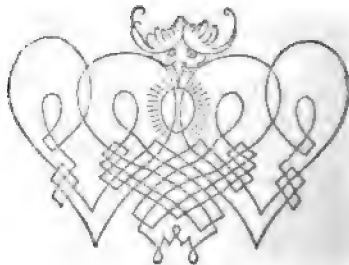
the fresh air in which this exploration took place. It is interesting in these days, when towns are being destroyed by floods, to note the warning Mr. Green gives the people of Golden City to remove to the high ground above the river.

ORIGINAL NOTES ON THE BOOK OF PROVERBS. By the REV. S. C. MALAN, D.D. (*Williams & Norgate*.) Instead of adding one more critical work to those already published on Proverbs, Dr. Malan has conceived the idea of illustrating the text by "kindred passages" from other writings, mostly Eastern. He has drawn upon the resources of a wide acquaintance with Eastern literature of all kinds, Chinese, Indian, Arabic, Egyptian. The book is a storehouse of wise and quaintly expressed sayings which bear the general character which the Welsh appear to attribute to proverbs, that they are unanswerable, e.g. (on the text "In the multitude of words, &c."): "when thou speakest," said Nouredin to his son, "do not talk nonsense; but if thou repentest once of thy silence, thou may'st repent many a time of having spoken." Occasionally the sayings do not seem so obviously true, as e.g. (on the text "the wise shall inherit glory"): "but learning will procure a man greatness and riches." It is evident from the illustrations which Dr. Malan has compiled with so much industry and learning, that there were many writers of the East who were nearly as wise as Solomon.

THE NEW CONTINENT. By MRS. WORTHEY. (2 vols. *Macmillan & Co.*) When "Robert Elsmere" appeared, it was generally anticipated that it would lead to a large number of imitations. Perhaps we may be thankful that our worst fears were not realized, and that, with the exception of "John Ward, Preacher," which was produced by Miss Margaret Deland quite independently of Mrs. Humphry Ward's agnostic treatise, we have only so far to chronicle Mrs. Worthey's novel as an attempt to carry out the same religious or irreligious propaganda. Miss Laura Bell, the heroine of "The New Continent," begins life as a Christian, and after a series of mental throes ends her existence in Mrs. Worthey's pages as a Positivist. The psychology of these martyrs to their intellectual convictions is always a little difficult to follow, but, so far as we have been able to discover, the steps in Miss Laura Bell's "enlightenment" are first the influence of Mr. F. D. Maurice, while a student at Queen's College, Harley Street, and secondly the trial and failure of a system of personal sanctification by faith, and the substitution for it of a newly-found "continent" of Humanity, presided over by Auguste Comte. The heroine, who is of a character which may be called "pleasing" and "admirable" rather than interesting, has in the interim become enamoured of a young French Protestant *pasteur*, M. Arthur de

Varenne, but the change or rather changes in her creed have persuaded her that she ought to give up all hope of marrying him. Wonderful to relate, however, the young man goes through a mental development similar to her own, and the marriage bells which celebrate the union of these two ardent Positivists are rung in harmony with the tenets of the Founder of the Worship of Humanity. Possibly the book is a record of personal experience, and in this light it is not without an interest of its own; but we cannot think it an artistic success, or even a good psychological study. The Positivist prophet who appears in these pages is to our mind a highly untrustworthy representative of the system which he preaches.

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF. By STANLEY J. WEYMAN. (*Longmans.*) The story, according to the fashion of the day, purports to be a document written by the eldest of three brothers, young Catholic nobles, whose cousin has engaged herself to a Huguenot. A ruthless Catholic Vidame, whose love she has rejected, threatens the death of her lover, and posts off to Paris to execute his threat. The three brothers follow, in order to warn the lover, and arrive at Paris on the eve of St. Bartholomew's. They are entrapped into the Vidame's house, but they escape, and the greater part of the book describes their adventures on that terrible night. The Vidame makes both them and the Huguenot lover his prisoners, marches them off to his province, but out of hatred gives his rival his life. The story moves somewhat slowly at the beginning, but directly we are at Paris it becomes rapid and thrilling. The escape of the boys is a blood-curdling tale, and not less exciting is the contention between the Vidame's troop and the infuriated crowd for the capture of the young Huguenot, who has taken refuge in a pile of buildings. A wonderful feature in this tale of stirring adventures is the rapidity with which the actors communicate their experiences to one another. Even allowing for French volubility it is quick work. The character of the Vidame is a skilful piece of portraiture, and Mr. Weyman is to be congratulated on an excellent story.



MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1890.

Trade Unionism, New and Old.

WE hear a great deal just now about what is called "the new trade unionism," the "new" being contrasted with the "old," apparently to the latter's disadvantage. The frequent use of the term "new trade unionism" indicates a lamentable lack of knowledge on the part of those who use it, or of an utter want of precision in the employment of terms to express what is meant. The run-and-read people of the present day seem to be totally ignorant of industrial history, and to delight in little else than in mere sensationalism with just a dash of sentimentalism to flavour the concoctions which they devour, either by way of "reading," or in listening to highly coloured speeches from the new teachers of social and economic laws. It is not difficult to dash off high-sounding sentences, couched in general terms, seasoned with stray words and catching expressions; it is much more difficult, and even laborious to search out and master hard facts. The loudest talker will often carry his audience, while the more thoughtful speaker is simply engaged in stating, without embellishment, an exact fact, which, however essential to the case in hand, is dubbed dry and uninteresting. Yet the latter is durable as granite, while the former evaporates like mist.

The pace at which we live appears to be a hindrance to laborious study. Conviction, based upon well-defined principles, is becoming rarer and rarer day by day; men are too busy to think. But opinions abound. They are easily formed, and quite as easily changed; they are modified by each morning's issue of their favourite daily paper, and discarded as soon as formed. So volatile is the frame of mind of great masses of the people, in all

ranks and conditions of life, that modifications, and even changes in opinion are scarcely perceived, either in the individual or in the mass, because the impression of yesterday was so slight, that the newer impression substituted therefor entirely effaces that of a few hours previously. The old expression "changeable as the moon," will have to be replaced by some other, such as "varying as the tide," the ebb and flow of which is continuous. But even the tides are regular, and governed by definite laws.

This characteristic of change seems to be the essential germ of the "new trade unionism," about which so much is heard and written, but which so few appear to grasp or understand. It has another quality or two. It is egotistical in its assumptions, reckless in its statements, abusive in its attacks, and not over-scrupulous in its methods, or in the means it adopts to secure its ends. Whatever definite aims it might have in the social and economical revolution which it contemplates, in the near or remote future, it is careful to be very ambiguous in defining them. Indeed, whether we read the literature, or hear the speeches of its "leaders," we are struck by an utter absence of a distinctive programme, such as could be formulated into a law. There are of course some points which are clearly enough stated; but the general scope of their demands is so vague that the leaders are able to shift their ground each time they are attacked, or they begin to add limitations which demolish the theory upon which they are based. These are strong statements, and require to be substantiated by undeniable facts. These we propose to supply, and to show what the "new trade unionism" is, and in what it differs from the old, in objects, methods, and means, and in its mode of advocacy.

I.—THE NEW TRADE UNIONISM.

It certainly has not been made very clear as yet—what is and what is not included in the expression "new trade unionism." We have therefore to get at its meaning by an examination of the acts and utterances of its most prominent advocates and leaders. The following appears to be a fair general summary of their views and intentions, in so far as they are capable of being generalized.

(1.) The new trade unionism appears to insist upon discarding all friendly society benefits, and of combining for trade purposes only. This policy was expounded and enforced with great unction by Mr. Tom Mann at "the first half-yearly meeting of

the Dockers' Union," held in Toynbee Hall on the 29th of March, 1890. Mr. John Burns seems to accept to the full the same principle and policy. He has often spoken disparagingly, if not sneeringly, of his own great union, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, because of its being a huge friendly society. Judging by the public utterances of most of the "leaders" whose speeches are reported, they all seem to agree in this respect.

(2.) They believe in a looser form of Association, and in Federations, the linking together, more or less, of men of various trades as well as grades, for the purposes of attack and defence in matters pertaining to wages, hours of labour, &c.

(3.) They rely upon demonstrations, by bands of music, banners, Phrygian caps of liberty, and other symbols of aggregate force, as a method of industrial warfare.

(4.) They assert the essence of their movement to be selfish in its character, that it means less work for more wages and nothing more. This is strongly brought out in Mr. H. H. Champion's article in the *Nineteenth Century* in April last, wherein he, under the name of Blake, says: "I say then that the working classes, like most other people, want to do less work and get more money. They will use their political power steadily to that end above all others." He proceeds to ask whether "the human animal is actuated by the love of his neighbour, or the instinct of self-preservation."

(5.) They rely upon the stimulation of discontent, and begin by decrying the efforts of existing unions, as having failed to do for the workers what it was intended that they should do.

(6.) They vigorously attack the old leaders and officers of unions, thus seeking to discredit the men and disparage their work.

(7.) Some at least openly disavow conciliation and arbitration. Mr. Cunningham Grahame, emphasising this feeling, thanked God that though he had often interfered in labour disputes, he had never done so in the character of a mediator, or as favouring conciliation. Some may not, however, go so far as he does upon this question.

(8.) The "new trade unionists" seem to rely absolutely upon legislation, rather than upon combination, to achieve their ends. They appear only to agree in this one principle, namely, that the State shall undertake to do for the individual what the "old trade unionists" contend that the men should do by themselves, for themselves, by individual exertion, backed and supported by

associative effort. In other words, the one party seeks to operate politically through legislation, the other by means of liberty and association.

The above appear to be the chief characteristics of the new party, and the main points in which they differ from the old, as they allege. To deal exhaustively with the whole of the foregoing would occupy more space than can be allotted to this paper. But a very brief reply will perhaps suffice, seeing that the real answer will be found in an exposition of the work of trade unions, described as "the old trade unions," during the last thirty to forty years.

(a.) Friendly Society benefits have been engrafted upon the old trade unions during comparatively recent years. The earlier unions were for "trade objects only." To discard those benefits would be a retrograde step, going back to the infancy of the unions, when wages were low, when the funds were unprotected, when combination itself was unlawful. Few of the old unions on the old lines were able to bear the strain of labour struggles. They fought; many of them fought bravely; sometimes they won, oftener they lost, but, whether they lost or won, the union became disorganized, often demoralized, by a long fight, and went to decay. They lacked stability, and cases could be cited, even in recent times, of good and strong unions receding from the first place to a back place in the trade union movement. There was not sufficient cohesion; the link which bound the members to the society was weak; it snapped asunder as soon as the union was unable to enforce by fine or expulsion the rules by which they were governed.

(b.) Schemes of federation have been tried over and over again, and failed. A federation has not the inherent strength of an amalgamation, and cannot have, for the interests of men are diversified, not only in general life but in industrial life. There is always a strong tendency towards local management, and even in the large amalgamated unions this local feeling crops up, sometimes even to the extent of becoming embarrassing. The dangers of federation, on the basis of the new ideal, are patent to every man experienced in the work and operations of trade unions. Federation is a grand idea, but it is not possible to work it out upon the selfish idea of "Each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost" kind of policy.

(c.) The theory that demonstrations can win labour battles seems to be based on the political idea, but the two things do not

accord. When the people were unenfranchised, were without votes, the only power left to them was the demonstration of numbers. Now, however, the workmen have votes. A demonstration like that of the 4th of May of this year, or that of the 21st of June, 1884, is valuable, as a demonstration of accord, and of moral force; but, as a rule, strikes are not won by bands and banners, or parades in the streets. Only one such victory is recorded—when, by the blowing of rams' horns, and the shouts of the people, the walls of Jericho fell. Labour contests are not usually won in this way. The Dockers' Strike was exceptional—it had on its side public sympathy, evoked by the publication of the "Bitter Cry of London," and innumerable addresses, pamphlets, and sermons, describing the poor docker in harrowing terms. The event is not likely to happen again in a hurry. One swallow does not make a summer, and one successful Dockers' strike has not settled the labour question, as was shown by the disaster at Silvertown, at the South Metropolitan Gas-works, at the Manchester and Salford Gas-works, at Hay's Wharf, at Brookes' Wharf, and at the Oil Mills at Stratford.

(d.) With respect to the narrow view of Mr. Champion in the article referred to, it might express the sentiments of the new trade unionists, but its fallacy is shown in the fact that men and women who were not at all interested in the Dockers' strike, nay who were even averse to it, subscribed their money and enabled the Dockers to win, not from the selfish motive, but from a higher and nobler motive, that of love for their neighbours, and those the poorest and most wretched in London. Trade unions have never been wholly actuated by that narrow selfishness, though there is just enough of truth in the sentiment to save it from being stigmatized as a libel upon working men. Certainly their leaders have shown an example in the past of enormous personal sacrifices for the common good, an example less common now than formerly, especially with the new trade unionists. The unselfish character of trade unions is attested by the fact that they have ever given generously to every labour movement, no matter how it affected the union subscribing. For instance, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers has subscribed to men on strike when the strike was directed against the use of the very machinery which engineers make, but the Society of Engineers did not withhold their money on that account. Many similar cases might be cited, although not exactly on parallel lines.

(e.) The new trade unionists "have over and over again declared that their mission is to sow the seeds of discontent." They even glorify themselves for the avowal. Of course there is discontent and discontent: the one might be the wholesome motive power to personal effort and association, with the view of bettering their own condition and that of their fellows. But there might be a discontent which is dangerous and subversive of order and of law. It is difficult to assign to their expressions exactly what they mean; but if we examine it by the light of their attacks upon the Unions and their leaders or officials, it is extremely difficult to avoid the conclusion that they seek to evoke a discontent not wholly on the lines of progress, for order is the law of progress.

(f.) The persistent and constant attacks upon the old leaders of the Unions is as discreditable as it is unfair. The men so mercilessly attacked have grown old in the cause; they fought the battles when to do so was dangerous, they have borne the burden and heat of the day. Neither their long services, nor their sacrifices, nor their upright lives, have protected them from the scurrilous abuse of men, some of whom are scarcely two years old in the trade union movement. The new leaders seek to discredit the old and to disparage their work; be it so, that work remains to tell its own tale, and history will show that it will compare favourably with the achievements of these later days.

(g.) How far they disavow conciliation and arbitration is a matter of conjecture, as they have in some cases accepted it, in others rejected it; in one at least they violated the agreement after it had been solemnly entered into, when opportunity offered, and suffered defeat in consequence. The policy seems to be to denounce it as a system, to repudiate it where they can, and to accept it where they must. This, to say the least, is a doubtful policy, scarcely an honest one.

(h.) They never tire of complaining that the old trade unions have failed in their object, and, further, that they must necessarily fail. They look to political means and measures for the achievement of their object—to State aid and legislation, rather than to self-help and mutual help by associative effort. They seek to apply to adult males the principles embodied in the Factory and Workshops Act, by limiting their hours of labour broadly to eight hours a day, and practically to fix a minimum rate of wages, by clauses in Railway and other Bills,

and by an enforcement of a minimum day and a minimum wage in Government establishments, and in connection with municipal and local work carried on by the local authority. The foregoing appear to be the chief ends and aims of the "New Trade Unionism." Generally the leaders of the new trade unionism have proclaimed from the house-tops that the old trade unionism is effete, that it has fulfilled its mission, great as it was, but that it is now obsolete, both as regards objects and means. At the "International Congress" held in London in November 1888, the leaders "of the new school" denounced existing unions, such as the Engineers and others, as being incapable, as fighting machines, to procure for their members better wages or reduced working hours, and declared that the State, and the State only, could achieve what they wanted. This declaration won for them the applause of the foreign element at the Congress, but failed to carry the English workmen. Singularly enough those very men have since been preaching up trade unionism, as the active moving force which is to accomplish what they seek. The declarations above alluded to, and the subsequent action of the men referred to, do not accord ; but consistency is not their forte, they are mere opportunists, who catch the breath of applause for the moment and then change their attitude to suit the next occasion, whatever that may be. Wherein, therefore, is the change of policy or difference between the new and the old, except in the expertness with which the later leaders climb down whenever they are pinned, or whenever any attempt is made to pin them, to any point in debate, whether of policy or action ?

II.—"THE OLD TRADE UNIONISM."

The above expression is placed in inverted commas because it represents the notion that the objects and organization of the Trade Unions of the present day are old and effete : whereas "The New Trade Unionism," as it is called, really represents the old system, which has been long discarded by our best Unions, as already shown. The trade unionism so much denounced by the newer type of union, and its leaders, altogether differs from the description applied to it by the new apostles of labour in many respects ; in others it has the merit of being more matured, more rational, and more effective than the mushroom unions called into existence in a night, like Jonah's gourd ; the

real extent and value of whose power can only be tested in future years, after they have been in operation for some definite period, and have undergone some experience in labour disputes and administration.

The following are the leading characteristics of a *bonâ fide* trade union, whether denominated "new" or "old," and just in proportion to its fulfilment of all, or most of these essential conditions, so will it be strong and permanent.

(1.) In their essence trade unions are voluntary associations of workmen for mutual protection and assistance in securing generally the most favourable conditions of labour. This is undoubtedly their primary object, and includes all efforts to raise wages and prevent reductions in wages, to reduce the hours of labour, or resist attempts to increase those hours, and generally to regulate all matters pertaining to methods of employment or discharge, and modes of working. They are based upon the voluntary principle, and actual violation of that principle is contrary to law and morals, because it is an infringement of liberty. In the earlier struggles, when the law punished men for belonging to the union, the men retaliated by the exercise of compulsion wherever they could; but under newer and better laws and conditions this application of force and intimidation has diminished and nearly vanished. A resort to it by the new trade unions will but frustrate their objects in the end, by provoking a spirit of resistance. It has always been so, and always will, so long as there remains in an Englishman's breast any real love of liberty, and the pluck to assert it; force is no remedy—not even in trade unionism. If the men support an appeal to force, to compel their fellows to belong to a union, the employers are equally justified in appealing to force to prevent men from joining a union. The law is and must be equal.

(2.) The history of the earlier conflicts of Capital and Labour shows that a union of workmen, in any particular handicraft, for trade purposes only, was not able to withstand the continuous pressure to which it was subjected; the bond of union was too weak, it had no inherent strength, it rose to some power and influence under persecution and in a time of prospective struggle, but it invariably fell to pieces soon after the struggle was over, even if it survived the strains of the conflict. Plenty of instances could be cited if space permitted. Of course this was not the case in all instances, but even in recent years we have seen

several once powerful unions, so crippled as to force them from their proud pre-eminence to a back place among the unions. These facts were well known to men acquainted with the history of the earlier unions, and hence came the promptings to re-construct the Trade Society upon a wider basis, with provisions which should weld the members into a closer union. The incorporation of Friendly Society benefits effected this. Then came the newer phase of trade unions, really the only new element in their organization, namely the donation fund, for the support of out-of-work members. This unique provision has sustained the unions in great conflicts for the last forty years ; has prevented any great fall in wages, because men were no longer driven by hunger to supplant their fellows, or to accept terms other than those sanctioned by the rules of the Union. The extent of this provision may be seen by the fact that five Unions alone, namely the Engineers, Iron-founders, Boiler-makers and Iron Ship-builders, the London Society of Compositors, and the Carpenters and Joiners, have paid in out-of-work benefits, nearly three millions sterling (£2,949,646) in a period averaging about thirty-nine years. The money thus paid has prevented the recipients from becoming eager competitors in the labour market, to the extent of being obliged to undersell their fellows in the trade. These at least have not been "hireling slaves," for they could withhold their labour for a time. The other benefits, such as sick, superannuation, compensation in case of injury, and all the rest, have contributed to keep up a man's self-respect and maintain his independence. These benefits constitute the chief glory of the unions, and the men who denounce them are enemies to their class, and traitors to the cause of labour.

(3.) With respect to strikes, the most experienced of the "leaders" and officials, and the better class of sober workmen, regard them as evils to be avoided wherever possible, necessary evils sometimes, but only to be entered into, after other efforts at a settlement have failed. Hence the growing favour with which conciliation and arbitration is regarded, whenever it is found to be feasible and practicable among the more intelligent of the working classes. Formerly the employers resisted arbitration while the leaders of the unions supported it ; now the practice and policy are reversed. All are not agreed upon the details of any scheme, but most are agreed on the principle.

(4.) Trade unionists have never been actuated by the narrow greed of *less work for more pay* in the nakedness indicated by

the writer in the *Nineteenth Century*. The principle always insisted upon is "a fair day's work for a fair day's pay;" the relative amount of work for the pay being regarded as a matter of arrangement by the members of the union, and their employers, upon some well-defined principle, either of custom in the locality, or the general wages of a district. The narrower selfish view insisted upon now will defeat its own ends, and result in disaster to the workmen. But there is little fear, happily, that the "old" system will be discarded to any larger extent. There is a spirit of fairness in the workmen, and generally of prudence, in matter of wages, hours of labour, and other conditions of employment, not easily to be set aside.

(5.) Trade unionists know by bitter experience that labour struggles are not to be won by mere demonstrations of numbers. A strike is a contest of material forces, and the capacity to stand out is the dominant force in the conflict. The "balance in hand" is the trustworthy reserve of the unionists, backed by the power of levy; these wanting, the issue may be foretold. The strikes at Hay's Wharf, Brook's Wharf, the Stratford Oil Mills, the South London Gas-works, and at other places, and their disastrous failures, attest this fact. "Victory all along the line" has not followed the tactics of the "new trade unionists," and will not, indeed cannot. They find that "prudence is the better part of valour," and have had frequently to recede from a false position. But it is not always easy to get out of a dilemma, as the "new leaders" may find to their cost. It is not difficult to foresee that leading poor men into delusive positions is calculated to provoke serious labour complications in the near future, dangerous alike to the permanent interests of labour and the general welfare of the community. Their tactics may even imperil the development of that solid form of trade union, by which alone the prosperity and happiness of the masses can be advanced and sustained.

(6.) Schemes of Federation have been tried by the old unions, and have failed. Plenty of examples are to be found during the present century of such failures. The modern unions have preferred amalgamations, on the lines of the Engineers; these have succeeded in most cases. The amalgamated unions are the strongest in numbers, the wealthiest in funds, the most powerful in organisation, and the most influential in labour disputes.

(7.) The old trade unions seek to remove the causes of

discontent, not to incite to discontent. Their whole efforts are directed to bettering the condition of their members in all lawful and practicable ways, and their success is attested by the fact that the condition of the labouring class of all sections has enormously improved during the last thirty years. Workmen to-day work fewer hours for larger wages than previously. If they have not done all that could be desired, it is not because they have not attempted it, but because workmen were not true to themselves or to the union whose resources were at their command. In all trades where the union was strong, the reductions of wages were minimised, if not altogether prevented, and no material extension of working hours has taken place. The man or the men who allege that the condition of work-people has not improved know little or nothing of their history, or they wilfully ignore the facts. They are at liberty to accept either horn of the dilemma. Where there was no union, or where it was weak, or where it went to pieces during the depression in trade, there the workmen suffered ; perhaps we might add, deservedly suffered in too many cases.

(8.) The "new trade unionists" declare that the union has failed. Why then go on union lines? They answer their own accusations at once. "Imitation," they say, "is the sincerest form of flattery." The new party imitate in this one respect the tactics of the old ; but they occupy a unique position as regards their modes of attack upon the old leaders and workers. Here they are not imitators. They have struck out a new path for themselves. They seek to elevate themselves by malicious calumnies, and by wilful and persistent abuse of men who for thirty years have fought labour's battle. They are welcome to this new mode of warfare. The old leaders rose by merit ; their abilities and honesty were recognized by the men ; they were elevated to the position by acclaim, and they are not, as yet, dethroned in the hearts of the masses. Evidence as to this was given at the Dundee Congress ; further evidence was given at the demonstration on the 4th of May. This fact seems to embitter the new leaders, and to betray them into a foolish, not to say wicked, disregard of the decencies of public controversy and of higher-minded action.

(9.) The "new trade unionists" look to Governments and legislation ; the "old" look to self-reliance, to mutual help by associative effort. The latter have striven to undo the vicious legislation of the past, to ensure perfect freedom of association ;

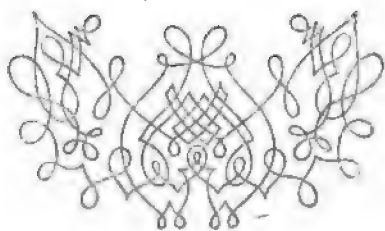
to give to all a fair field and no favour. They have by their efforts repealed the old combination laws, the conspiracy laws, the corresponding Societies Acts, the Masters and Servants Acts and all the old Acts relating to labour, and in this respect they have placed the industrial population of the United Kingdom in the foremost place among the workers of the world. The former seek to go back to the old state of things; they long for the flesh-pots of Egypt, for they rely upon State aid, and upon Acts of Parliaments, upon work provided by the State or municipality, and upon charity in point of fact, only under another name. The "old" leaders sought to develop manhood, self-reliance, and mutual help by association and combination; the "new" would debase workmen to mere labour machines, regulated by law, and only differing from mechanical appliances in not being moved by the "motive power" of steam, water, electricity, or other natural agents. If this be the ideal of manhood, it is a low one, and the human mind will rebel against it.

The foregoing pages show, as far as can be shown in the space of a brief article, the essential difference between the new and the old trade unionism. It would occupy more space than is at command to illustrate the differences by reference to speeches made, articles written, or acts done. One curious divergence might, however, be pointed out. Mr. Ben Tillett asserts, and the facts seem to support his statement, that he alone called into existence the Dockers' Union, and that he never spoke to or saw Mr. John Burns until the 13th of August, 1889, the day of the strike. Mr. John Burns alleges that he attended and addressed meetings of the Dockers, week after week, and organized them long before the strike. He does not even seem to have seen or heard of Mr. Tillett. These two leaders must fight the matter out, and adjust in equal proportions, according to merit, the credit due to each in connection with the Dockers' Union. Their respective claims, as put forward by themselves, are to be found in two articles; one by Mr. John Burns in the *New Review*, No. 5, October 1889, the other by Mr. B. Tillett in the *English Illustrated Magazine* of November 1889, within a month of each other, and when all the facts must have been fresh in their memories, as the strike was hardly over when the articles were written. Only one fact remains to be recorded: the new trade unions are manipulated by men outside the ranks of labour or of the special trade in which they are moving spirits. This is quite a new feature. The old unions were opposed to outsiders

taking part in their organization. Middle-class men could find no admittance into their ranks, nor would their pecuniary help in the union be accepted. The new organizations, however, are led by an academic middle class, who are not content with advising, but seek to participate in the functions of the "new unions." How little these people know of unionism can be easily seen by a glance at their speeches at meetings, conferences, and demonstrations, and their failures in their own circle of society will scarcely warrant their being accepted as the trusted leaders of the masses of the people.

The power of trade unionism depends upon organization, upon funds, upon the capacity and honesty of its leaders, and upon the loyalty and unselfish action of the mass of its members. Which of the two sections, if sections they can be called, will eventually rule, is a matter of speculation and prophecy. Mr. John Burns has prophesied, the writer will not. The public and the unionists must judge as to which is the most worthy, and the most worthy will survive. It is a question of the survival of the fittest, but who the fittest are, and will be, can only be proved by the test of experience, shown by proximate and ultimate results. Another five years will tell the tale, and possibly indicate which party shall rule the unions, if indeed there shall be unions to rule. For the present it is sufficient if we record the facts and deprecate misrepresentation, abuse, calumny, and detraction. The Unions have in them elements of permanency, efficiency, influence, and material power. These, if wisely directed, will carry them through many a storm. Persecution could not kill them; they have fought and won great battles; financial difficulties have been grappled with and overcome; it remains to be seen whether prosperity will be their death-blow and schism the active agent in their ruin.

GEORGE SHIPTON.



A Welcome to Stanley.



How shall we bring the weary traveller home ?
 Not with the roll of drum and trumpet's blare
 Nor pomp of indefatigable bells,
 For he has said so many sad farewells ;
 He comes not flushed from war but worn with care,
 He went not forth to conquer but to save ;
 And though from half a world he hath removed
 The cloud of death and darkness, those he loved
 Lie far in some unvisitable grave ;
 Wherefore let England now go forth to meet him
 With hands outstretched, and silent—eye to eye,
 Because the heart is full and tears are by,
 So let our England greet him
 And bring the long lost weary wanderer home.

But let the harp in tender accent ring,
 For he was nursed among the woods and vales
 That never have forgot the bardic days
 Since Kentigern, the exile, to God's praise
 Poured out the psalm upon the hills of Wales.
 And hap'ly, he—the little shepherd, strolled
 By Elgy's * stream that nourished Asa's care
 —His hall of learning and his home of prayer ;
 Who knows how much of those stout hearts of old
 Breathed from the ground, and made the child the man
 Fearless, unflinching, feeling Heaven could bend
 Its purpose to th' inalienable end
 Of resolution's plan,
 Wherefore the harp in tender tone shall ring.

* The river of Elgy, or Elwy, a tributary of the Clwyd, flows by the ruined monastery of St. Asaph, founded by St. Kentigern *circa* 560 A.D. Born near Denbigh, Mr. Stanley was educated at a school in St. Asaph.

Bid East and West go meet him at the shore !
Morn, noon, or night ! for he hath mighty friends !
The sun his mate in tropic lands was made,
And for the woe of that weird forest's shade
On him the daystar lovingly attends ;
Or, if he come at midnight's silver noon,
His hair as white as Dian's, she will throw
Upon his head the glory of her snow,
The magic of the Mountains of the Moon :
But should he homeward steer when for his rest
The dark falls down above the sunset bars,
Behold for him wide Heaven shall light her stars
A welcome from the West,
So let the nations meet him at the shore.

Lo spirit guests the wanderer homewards bring
Unnumbered, known and visible to God ;
Friends dark of skin, with large pathetic eyes,
And faith to follow still to Paradise,
Who died but never disobeyed his nod ;
He,* too, the daring soldier left alone
To eat his heart out in enforced delay
Till the Manyema's hand was stretched to slay,
And his adventurous spirit journeyed on ;
Nor least the gentle Exile, pale with pain,
For whom Abdullah's son the Mahdi yearned,
Led by a daughter's hand and safe returned,
These come across the Main
Their hero home with gratitude to bring.

And with them stand the mighty travellers dead,
Whether with hope undaunted they set forth
O'er pathless seas or roamed a trackless shore,
Faced the Equator, heard the icebergs roar
And plunge in the inhospitable North ;
With high congratulation lo they move
And greet him, they who reached a brother's hand
To those who wandered lost by sea or land,
And brought them solace of their nation's love,

* Major Barttelot.

There too * with Afric writ upon his heart
 The breaker of the yoke from off the slave
 Comes from long rest in yonder Abbey nave
 To bear a welcoming part,
 And stands great ghost among the mighty dead.

Shall they not greet those comrades tried and true,
 Whose hearts were swift as arrows in their will
 And bold as lions for the desperate fray?
 Witness the rout of that momentous day
 When Mazamboni's drums, from hill to hill,
 Sounded for war?—One † wan, and maimed of foot
 Who watched the sick and famished pine and die
 In Ugarrowa's toils and treachery,
 And One ‡ who sought in vain the manioc root
 To save the ten he strove for: One § whose eye
 So nearly saw the Mahdi's spears of flame
 Close round: One || skilled and brave fierce Death to tame:
 One ¶ wounded like to die—
 These England greets, his comrades—tried and true.

Then while the proud harp sounds, let voices praise
 The wonder of a heart whose cords are steel,
 Within whose adamant casket stored
 'Bides the sure oath that keeps the solemn word,
 A heart of flint that still like man can feel,
 But holds such secret fires within enshrined
 That danger doth but make its darkness light
 With dazzling courage, woe and want's despite
 Seem but the natural fuel of its mind,
 A heart whose judgment like a strong man armed
 Leaps to the gate when others quail and fear,
 Whose eyes thro' all perplexity see clear,
 Whose life is trebly charmed.
 So the heart's wonder let the proud harp praise.

Next may the harper tell in changing tone
 Of all those seven long wanderings in the land,
 Dread night avowed where light shall one day be,
 The fierce Equator known from sea to sea,

* Livingstone.

† Mr. Bonny.

|| Dr. Parke.

† Capt. Nelson.

§ Mr. Jephson.

¶ Lieut. Stairs.

Peoples and tongues unnumbered as the sand
That war and waste for ever, slay and burn,
Huge rivers rolling east and rolling west
Vast inland oceans, that white mountain's breast
Whence Nilus gathers strength into his urn,
And those mysterious woods whose teeming womb
Breeds dark perpetual mist of rain, and pours
Atlantic clouds by Aruwimi's shores
Above their weltering tomb—
These let the harp tell forth in changing tone.

Sing sweetly so the wanderer may forget
The weary heartache of the thousand miles,
The thrice re-travelled length of bitter road,
Famine and loss and disappointment's load,
The dwarf's dread arrow-flights, the wild men's wiles,
That river of six nations and seven names
Roaring in twilight underneath its wood,
The cone-shaped huts, the fierce confederate brood
Of savage harpies that no glutting tames,
The foodless interspace of dearth and death,
The maddening fever, ulcerous limbs and feet,
The stupor of despair no hope could cheat
And then the last long breath—
These must the singer make him quite forget.

But most the forest memories all must fade,
The fearsome, fretful, forest, dank and deep,
Whence venomous vapours rise, where rains down-plash,
And scarce the elephant's head avail to crash
Its way thro' coils of tangle, where foes creep
Or stand like ruddy tree-stems, poise the spear
In silence, flash and vanish ; where the ground
Reeks fever, and sharp pitfall barbs abound
If ever for the nonce the track show clear.
Ah who shall tell that forest's pitiless spite,
The mournful booming of the foeman's drum,
The deathlike drowse of morn, the noontide's hum,
The whispers of the night—
Yea let the singer bid such memories fade.

But ring the harp and let it bring to mind,
How war-drums down the river ceased to boom

And sudden sunshine with transfiguring light
Put swift the leaden-wingèd morn to flight
And burst the wood's impenetrable gloom
With splendours unimagined. Then the trees
White-stemmed as ivory pillars rose from earth,
Ten thousand voices mingled in their mirth,
And waving like a banner in the breeze
Rich scarves flew o'er the river, wheeled and burned
In rainbow lines ; while multi-coloured droves
Of butterflies toyed up and told their loves
And Paradise returned ;
Let the harp ring and bring these things to mind.

Nor shall the harper cease till he have told
How when six moons had faded, scarcely seen
For that malignant woody veil which made
Day night, and night a deeper, deadlier shade,
There rose a shout, and sunlight's marvellous sheen
Lay on the mounded hills, and on the plain
Where grass was large, and Mazamboni, king,
And how the famished on the flocks did fling,
And slew and ate, so strength was born again,
Yea, and with strength, unconquerable zeal
To follow on thro' sunlight, and thro' storm
Of spear and arrow, him of god-like form
Who thus could sorrow heal.
Let not the harper cease till this be told.

Next while the song grows, gladdening all who hear,
Bid one December morn the joy recall,
When they who clomb victorious slope by slope
Saw from their " Pisgah," hope beyond all hope,
Nyanza laid along Unyoro's wall,
And like a serpent coiling far below
Semliki with the sunlight on its breast,
While southward far with glory to the crest
Rose Ruwenzori's ridges swathed in snow.
Then let the harper with triumphant song
Sing of that hour supreme the saviour stood
Above Nyanza's shallowy silver flood
With him, he sought so long.
So may the harp sound gladdening all who hear.

Strike the loud harp ! and louder sing the lay !
Sing of the traveller's joy that swallowed pain,
Scatter the glow as wide as Nilus pours
Through those twin sister Lakes the fruitful stores
Of Afric's heart to mingle with the main,
For never soul did gladlier see the dawn
Nor eyes with greater joyance scale the heights
Than his, who saw the rosy morning lights
Flash up the terraced slopes and forest lawn
And fill the Heavens as with a magic boon
Of some enchanted world's inconstant grace
That came like cloud, from azure depths of space,
Dissolved to cloud as soon.
Strike the loud harp ! and loudly ring the lay.

Here shall the singer change awhile his song
To tell of sorrow, and the Leader led
Half way adown the hill whence none return :
The anxious watching for the fires to burn,
To coldness in the brain, and bring the dead
Back to the living, all an April moon,
The faithful love that o'er the sick man bent,
The faithless lust whose murderous intent
Brought judgment at the breaking of the swoon.
Thence homeward thro' Ukanju's constant spring
And Usangora's tawny land of drouth
Beyond the waters gleaming in the south,
The Salt Lake's crystal ring—
These let the singer tell in changing song.

Louder and yet more loud the song may swell,
For every dawn is nearer now to Joy,
The sound of that familiar happy voice
Sound of the sun-bright surges that rejoice
Along the palm-girt beach of Bagamoy,
And joy for that unutterable spell,
Born of the wilderness, the call to prayer,
When old sweet memories throb and all our care
Fades at the sovran bidding of a bell,
When all the clouds of sorrow ever come

Between the wanderer and his promised land
Melt at the grasp of some warm-hearted hand
That gives a welcome home.
Loud sweep the harp, let such song loudest swell.

Last let the harper sing in solemn tone
Unseen but felt the Guardian Spirit's Hand
That gently led, that firm impelled him on
Till all the ways of safety had been won
From dawn to brightening dawn ; the while his band
Drave the dark hordes in half a hundred fights
Along Semliki's Vale of silver shine,
Out-faced with brave but daily minished line
Fierce heats and withering cold upon the heights :
The Hand that brooked no bitterness of delay,
That brought the Exile from the snares and wile
Of king and caitiffs, from the fount of Nile,
And traitorous Wadelai ;
So shall the harper sing in solemn tone.

Then while the song has solemnized the soul
Bid the great congregation on the shore
Lift up their hands and voices in accord
To thank the great Deliverer, even the Lord
Whose wings are stretched in mercy as of yore
To guide the weary wanderer on his way,
Whose wisdom still miraculously feeds,
Sustains and guides, to light through darkness leads
And for the night of anguish gives the day ;
But most for those far purposes divine
Of peace to all the warrior tribes that sit
In pain and iron until Love's lamp be lit
And God's true Mahdi shine.
That solemn sound shall sink into our soul.

But ah how changed the hero steps to land !
Is this the man beside yon Abbey grave,*
The strong stern man a moment woman-weak,
Who dashed the tear of friendship from his cheek
When the great hymn went rolling down the nave ?

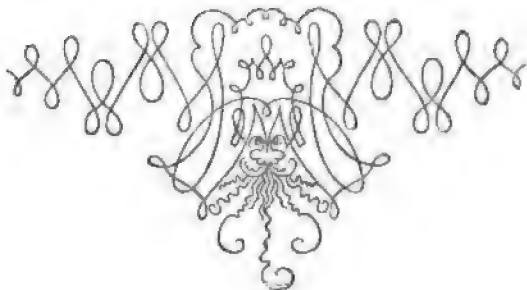
* At Livingstone's funeral.

Not this the man I met in that weird place,*
Where Egypt keeps her gods beside the Nile,
Who smiled back Sheik El Beled's sturdy smile
And stared the royal Raamses in the face.
This is not he whom England used to know
Or he has searched the very heart of Care,
He went forth strong, with silver in his hair,
He comes as white as snow,
Changed but unchanged, the hero steps to land.

Therefore we bring the weary traveller home
Not with the roll of drum and trumpet's blare
Nor pomp of indefatigable bells,
For he has said so many sad farewells ;
He comes not flushed from war but worn with care,
He went not forth to conquer but to save ;
And though from half a world he hath removed
The cloud of death and darkness, those he loved
Lie far in some unvisitable grave.
Wherefore our England now goes forth to meet him
With hands outstretched, and silent—eye to eye,
Because her heart is full and tears are by,
So does our England greet him.
And brings the long lost weary wanderer home.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

* In the Bulák Museum. When passing through Cairo for the Emin Pasha expedition, Mr. H. M. Stanley paid a flying visit to the Bulák Museum ; the writer had the privilege of meeting him there on that occasion.



Marcia.

BY W. E. NORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "THIRLBY HALL," &c.



CHAPTER XXI.

WILLIE IS TOLD HOW HE STANDS.

IF there is one thing that women enjoy more than another, it is making a man who loves them thoroughly angry and unhappy. Perhaps, therefore, the exhilaration which Marcia felt while she and her son were being drawn up the zigzags of the St. Gothard Pass in a travelling carriage was not to be accounted for wholly and solely by the causes to which she was pleased to ascribe it, and it may be assumed that she was both sincere and mendacious when she exclaimed, "What a blessing it is to have shaken off those outsiders! Now our holidays will begin again."

Willie concurred in the sentiment without being fully persuaded of its genuineness. For some time after he and his mother had once more established themselves at a high level above the sea he scrutinised the daily arrivals with apprehension; but his fears were not justified by events, and if Marcia entertained some unacknowledged hopes, these also remained unfulfilled. After all, she did not much care. Her friend was probably affronted, but he would recover himself in due season, and for the time being Willie had certainly a prior claim upon her. Archdale was his own master, and could see her whenever it might suit him to seek her out; but her poor boy had, for the present, many masters, one of whom kept a school which reassembled early in September. So she placed herself unreservedly at Willie's disposition, and visited all the places which he expressed a wish to visit, though some of these were not very comfortable, and they were quite happy together until the shadow of the inevitable parting began to fall upon them. Geneva, which had been the scene of their reunion, was

also that of their severance. They kept up their spirits as well as they could until the last evening, when Marcia's tears were no longer to be restrained.

"Oh, how dreadful it all is!" she exclaimed. "If I were going to see you again at Christmas I shouldn't mind half so much; but my turn won't come round until Easter, and the Easter holidays are so short!"

The boy looked down, not trusting himself to speak. He was of an age at which the male creature of northern blood is supposed to have given up crying for ever; yet he could not look forward into the future without sensations which brought him within perilous distance of disgracing his incipient manhood. At length, however, he regained self-command enough to ask: "Won't you come home any more then, mother?"

"Don't call me 'mother'!" exclaimed Marcia. "You have taken to it lately, and I don't like it. Let me be 'Mummy' still when we are alone, and when no one can hear us or laugh at us for being childish. No, dear; England isn't home to me now, and perhaps it never will be again. Florence is more my home than any other place; but no place can be really home without you. It would break my heart if I thought you looked upon your father's house as your home."

As far as that danger went, her heart was likely to remain whole, and so Willie assured her. He had not yet seen his father's house, nor had he the slightest wish to make acquaintance with it. He would prefer spending his holidays at Blaydon, he said, unsatisfactory though Blaydon was as a holiday resort. It had, however, been arranged that he should pass a night in Keppel Street on his way back to school, and Marcia, when she put him into the train, could not refrain from giving him a word of caution, between her sobs, which was perhaps superfluous.

"You need not say anything to your father about our having met Mr. Archdale and Mr. Drake," she said. "I don't think he likes them very much."

Willie nodded. He thought it fair to add on his own score, "Mr. Drake isn't such a bad sort, you know."

Thus Marcia was moved to laughter as well as tears, and the last impression of her which her son carried away when the train moved out of the station was that of a lovely woman whose emotions were no more under her control than those of a child, and for whom his love was rapidly becoming akin to that

which is the prerogative of childhood. Willie was a boy like other boys, and his master did not consider him at all precocious; yet he was able to take his mother's measure with tolerable accuracy. She might do things which are not generally esteemed to be quite right, he thought; but she would never do wrong intentionally, and though the whole world should unite in condemning her, he at least would always be upon her side. And, indeed, he never swerved from that resolution, notwithstanding the trials to which it was subjected in after years.

At intervals during the long journey he rehearsed the conversation which he might expect to have with his father, and made up his mind as to what he would say and what he would leave unsaid. Amongst other things, he intended to mention that, in his opinion, his mother required somebody to take care of her. Suppose she were to fall ill all alone there in Italy? Or suppose some ruffianly foreigners should have the audacity to insult her? Eventually he himself would be in a position to afford her the protection of which she stood in need; but for the present somebody surely ought to replace him. The poor little man really thought that these sage suggestions might pave the way for a possible reconciliation.

But when he reached Charing Cross his eyes searched the platform in vain for the tall, stooping figure which he had expected to descry there. Instead of it, he presently became aware of the ponderous form of Sir George Brett; and Sir George, who was clad in black from hat to boots, looked strangely solemn. He said, in a subdued voice very unlike that in which he was wont to address the world at large:

"Come away with me, my boy; the servants will see to your luggage. You are to sleep at my house to-night."

Willie was frightened, without quite knowing why. He glanced interrogatively at his uncle, who, however, avoided meeting his eyes, and vouchsafed no further explanation until they had seated themselves in the brougham which was waiting for them. Sir George did not half like the task which had been delegated to him by his wife; but, to do him justice, he never shirked unpleasant duties, and he set to work upon this one with such delicacy as Heaven had granted him. After clearing his voice and blowing his nose noisily, he began:

"My boy, I have bad news for you. Your poor father has not been himself for some weeks past; latterly your aunt and

I have become uneasy about him, and now our worst fears have been—well, yes ; I may say that they have been more than verified by events.”

“Is he dead?” asked Willie in an awe-struck voice.

“Yes, my boy, he is dead,” answered Sir George, looking away and repressing a strong inclination to stop the carriage and jump out. “If the question is put to me point-blank, what other answer can I make? I can’t tell a direct falsehood about it, you know.”

This expostulation was perhaps addressed rather to the absent Caroline than to his interlocutor, who received the startling intelligence with a composure which Sir George was not quite sure whether to admire or to be shocked at. It was a comfort that the boy did not stuff his fists into his eyes and howl ; but at the same time some display of filial affection and sorrow would have been appropriate. As a matter of fact, Willie had never been able to feel much love for his stern, reticent father ; but in any case there would not have been room in his mind at that first moment for other emotions than amazement and incredulity. After he had been briefly informed of the accident which had occurred, and after he had confused his uncle a little by inquiring what connection there was between that accident and his father’s state of health, his thoughts naturally turned to his mother, and he asked whether she knew what had happened.

“She knows by this time,” Sir George replied. “I telegraphed to her as soon as I could get her address, which, however, I was not able to obtain immediately. I have as yet received no reply. Decency,” added Sir George, “compelled me to telegraph ; but—er—I scarcely anticipate that she will think it necessary to return to this country.”

Willie abstained from further questions. Had he shown more curiosity, he probably would not have heard that his uncle and aunt differed from the coroner’s jury, because Sir George was both a prudent man and in some respects a merciful one ; but certainly no effort would have been made to conceal from him the low esteem in which his mother was held by the relatives of her late husband. Perhaps he guessed as much, and for that reason kept silence.

Sir George’s gloomy town-house looked gloomier than usual ; for the blinds were drawn down, and the furniture was swathed in brown holland, and the stair-carpets had been taken up.

“We shall go down to Blaydon to-morrow afternoon,” Sir

George said. "Your aunt has not accompanied me to London; she has of course been greatly upset by this terrible business, and it would not have been safe for her to incur the fatigue of the journey. But she begged me to give you her love and to say that she hopes to keep you with her until—until a proper interval has elapsed and you can return to school."

Dinner, for which Willie had very little appetite, was served with due solemnity in the vast, dimly lighted dining-room. In the course of the meal it transpired that Mr. Brett's funeral was to take place on the morrow; also that a telegram had arrived from Geneva.

"As I supposed," observed Sir George, "your mother does not intend coming to England. And I am bound to say that I do not see what good purpose could have been served by her doing so."

"Of course she couldn't have been here in time," said Willie, feeling that he ought to stand up for his mother, who, it seemed, was being accused of a callousness which was only to be expected of her.

"In time for the funeral, you mean? Well, no; nor perhaps, under the circumstances, would it have been desirable for her to attend, even if she had been able to do so. I am glad, however, that it is in your power to pay that last tribute of respect to your father's memory."

The late police-magistrate had been a man to whom tributes of respect were doubtless due, and many people must have thought so, for his coffin was followed to the grave by a long string of legal celebrities. None of these gentlemen would have described themselves as his friends; but they had been well acquainted with him, they had held a high opinion of his professional ability and personal integrity, and as most of them had outstripped him in the race for success, they had no reason to speak of him in other than flattering terms. Not even the presence of so large and honourable a concourse, however, could prevent the obsequies, which were solemnised in wind and driving rain, from being mournful and forlorn in the extreme. A solitary wreath, sent up from Blaydon by Lady Brett, reposed upon the coffin; but nobody else had happened to remember a custom which has now become universal, nor did any tears fall into the dead man's grave. Willie, who was made to walk alone as chief mourner, looked pale and a little scared, but did all that he was told to do, and was patted encouragingly on the

shoulder by sundry elderly gentlemen, who probably wished him to understand that they sympathised with him, although they had not any appropriate remarks at command. The boy's mind was busy (as the minds of boys mostly are) with reflections and speculations which would have caused great astonishment to his unimaginative uncle, had he given utterance to them ; but he held his peace, and when the melancholy ceremony was at an end, Sir George, with a sigh of relief, put him into the brougham which was in attendance, saying :

"Now we'll drive straight to the station ; the express will get us home in plenty of time for dinner." He added, in what he intended to be kindly accents, "Blaydon will be your home now, you know, Willie."

That this was no mere figure of speech was explained to him later in the day by his aunt, who said, "It was your poor dear father's wish that we should treat you as our own child, and I hope you know that his wishes will always be sacred to us. You must try to be a good boy and grow up into a good man, as he was. Then you will understand, although you may not understand it yet, that Providence overrules all things for the best."

Willie quite intended to be as good as the frailty of human nature would permit him to be, and was not concerned to dispute the beneficent wisdom of Providence. At the same time he felt no great inclination to regard Blaydon as his home or his uncle and aunt as his parents ; besides which, he remembered what others appeared to have forgotten, that one of his natural parents was still living. "I shall sometimes go to Mamma in the holidays, sha'n't I ?" he asked.

Lady Brett sighed and made the sort of answer which Her Majesty's Ministers usually make when inconvenient questions are put to them.

"Your uncle will do what is right and what is for your good," she replied. "It is time to dress for dinner now."

Now, was it right and was it for Willie's good that he should be allowed to see anything at all of the wicked woman who, for his misfortune, was his mother ? Lady Brett was decidedly of opinion that it was neither the one nor the other, and she expressed herself in unequivocal terms to that effect during a conjugal conference which was held the next morning after the post had come in. The post had brought Sir George a letter from Marcia to which exception could not very well be taken.

Marcia, who evidently wrote under the influence of strong emotion, said she was quite aware that she had not been a good wife. She did not expect her husband's relations to absolve her or think kindly of her ; she only begged them to believe that she had been grieved as well as shocked by the news of his tragic death, and that if it had been possible for her to foresee how near his end was, she would never have left him.

"In other words," was Lady Brett's comment upon this confession, "she is sorry to have made an unnecessary scandal now that she has obtained her release. You need not trouble yourself to defend her, George ; nobody denies that she is pretty, and nobody doubts that a pretty woman will be pardoned by any man, however advanced in years he may be."

"My dear Caroline," returned Sir George with some asperity, "Marcia's beauty has no more to do with the matter than my age. The question which I have to consider is whether her conduct, so far, has been such as to justify my forbidding all communication between her and her child."

"Her conduct, so far, has been almost as bad as it could have been ; but I daresay it will be worse before long. I know for a fact that that man Archdale followed her to Italy, and I believe that they have since met in Switzerland. I suppose she will marry him now, if he will consent to marry her. I am not, I hope, uncharitable, but it is our duty as Christians to discharge the task which has been intrusted to us in a Christian manner, and how can we hope to do so if our efforts are to be perpetually undermined by the influence of such a woman as that ? I certainly understood from what you told me, George, that poor Eustace wished the boy to be removed from his mother's reach, and that you yourself only consented to act as his guardian upon the condition that you were to have undisputed control over him."

Sir George scratched his ear and answered, "Yes, yes ; but it isn't such a simple affair as you think. You and I may have our own opinion of Marcia ; you and I may be convinced that she is morally responsible for Eustace's death ; but we can't prove anything of the sort, and although perhaps I have a legal right to separate her from the boy against her will, the fact remains that I shall most likely get into a deuce of—that is, into a very disagreeable row by insisting upon my right. I should be more inclined to wait a bit and see how things go. It is not improbable that she may cut the knot of the difficulty of her own accord before long."

"By marrying that artist, you mean?"

"Exactly so. The artist, we may assume, will not be anxious to be saddled with a stepson, and I should think that Marcia will not be such a fool as to ruin the lad's prospects. She will have to choose between providing for him and letting me provide for him, you see."

"In that case," observed Lady Brett musingly, "I have no doubt that she will be selfish enough to give him up."

People's ideas of what constitutes selfishness and unselfishness are apt to differ; but it was, at all events, certain that no credit for virtue of any kind would be allowed by Caroline to her sister-in-law, and Sir George was glad to avoid further discussion. He wanted an heir and had resolved that Willie should be his heir; but he did not want to have more fuss about it than could be helped. He took an early opportunity of saying to Willie—not unkindly, yet with a certain dryness of manner which he always used instinctively in treating of business affairs:

"It is right and proper that you should know how you stand. Your father has nominated me as your sole guardian. That is to say that until you reach the age of one-and-twenty I shall manage your small property for you and you will be entirely subject to me. You will not, I think, find me tyrannical. I shall endeavour to do my duty, and I hope that you will endeavour to do yours."

Willie did not reply; but as his demeanour plainly showed that he had some observation to make, his uncle said, encouragingly, "Well, speak out, my boy; what is it?"

"I would rather not be subject to anybody except my mother," answered Willie, looking down.

"Quite natural," returned Sir George, with generous toleration; "but you must remember this: it was your father's decision, not mine, that you should be taken away from your mother, and that your home should be with us. He had reasons for so deciding which you are not yet old enough to understand, but which will be explained to you later if you wish it. Personally, I may say that I think them sound reasons."

Willie was quite old enough to understand them. What he did not understand, and what he was chiefly anxious to find out, was the extent to which he was bound by his father's decision. "Sha'n't I be allowed to go to my mother when she wants me?" he asked, a little tremulously.

"I am not prepared to say that," answered Sir George; "I must be guided by circumstances. Anything that I can conscientiously do to gratify you I will do; but you now know what your position is, and your best plan, believe me, is to accept it without murmuring."

Willie abstained from murmurs; but as for accepting his position, that he felt could only be done subject to certain mental reservations which it seemed inexpedient to state. "He will give no trouble," thought Sir George, with inward satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARCIA YIELDS.

A woman who has found it impossible to live with her husband may be shocked, but can hardly be grieved, by the intelligence that she has become a widow, and Marcia Brett, if she had been in any way logical or consistent, must have rejoiced in the recovery of her liberty, while deploring the melancholy event which had been the means of restoring it to her. Consistency, however, was not a salient feature in her character; so that she shed a good many tears over the death of the man whose name she bore and whom she accused herself of having treated somewhat harshly and ungratefully. Eustace had been exceptionally provoking, there was no denying that; yet she supposed that, after his fashion and within the limits of his capabilities, he had been attached to her. Now that he was dead and gone, it was not very difficult to see his side of the case, or to admit that if he had been an unsatisfactory husband, he had also had an unsatisfactory wife. "If I had only been patient enough to bear with him a little longer!" Marcia exclaimed again and again with genuine contrition.

But it must be confessed that this penitent mood did not survive the blow inflicted upon it by a business-like letter from Sir George Brett, in which the testamentary provisions of his late brother were distinctly set forth. That these included no provision for herself did not make Marcia angry; she had her own fortune and had not expected it to be increased. But she was very indignant, and perhaps very pardonably so, at the custody of her only child being denied to her, and it was in no measured terms that she wrote to protest against so monstrous

an arrangement. Sir George, who was anxious to keep the peace, pointed out in a formal but not discourteous reply that he was bound to obey his brother's instructions. Whether those instructions were wise or the reverse it was not for him to say ; he would only mention that he was not prepared to set them aside. Perhaps he might take the liberty of adding that, in his opinion, Mrs. Brett would be ill-advised were she to provoke a conflict which could not but end in her discomfiture.

Thus was initiated a correspondence which was briskly sustained during many weeks, although there was little save reiteration on both sides to keep it alive. Reiteration, however, often succeeds where argument would be of no avail, and by the time that Marcia had once more settled herself in Florence for the winter, she was beginning to admit what she had not been at all disposed to admit at the outset, that Sir George was a formidable antagonist. Apparently he had the law on his side. That, of course, only showed how brutal and unjust the law is apt to be ; still, its brutality and injustice cannot be amended in any given case without an Act of Parliament. Then again there was the prospect at which this wealthy banker had more than once hinted, that his ward would in all probability be his heir. Personally, Marcia set little store by wealth ; but she had seen too much of the power of money to despise it, and she naturally hesitated to deprive Willie of the very best substitute for happiness that has ever been discovered. And after all, she reflected, a boy is not like a girl ; the fondest of parents cannot keep him always under their wing : perhaps it does not so very much signify whether this house or that is called their home, since in reality the greater part of their lives must be spent elsewhere. So at length she yielded a sort of dubious assent to the decree which, as she was given to understand, was unalterable, merely stipulating that she should retain the right of seeing or sending for her son as often as he should be free to obey her summons. Sir George, perceiving that victory was now within his grasp, civilly declined to make any such concession. "You must surely be aware," he wrote, "that I should fail in my duty were I to comply with your demand. I can say no more to you than I have already said to the boy himself ; namely, that I must be guided by circumstances. So far as it may be in my power to oblige you, I shall be glad to do so ; but I can make no bargain, nor can I relinquish in any degree the authority which has been conferred upon me."

It was on a sultry autumn evening that Marcia wandered out to the Cascine with this discouraging missive in her pocket. So far as she was concerned, Florence was at this time a desert; for she had made very few Italian acquaintances, and the English visitors, who to her represented the society of the place, had not yet put in an appearance. She sat down on a bench beneath the trees and gazed at the yellow Arno, and felt utterly lonely and miserable. At no previous period of her life had she been deprived of the solace of sympathy; there had always been somebody to whom she had been able to confide at least a part of her troubles and grievances; there had always been plenty of people willing and eager to console her when she had been out of spirits. But now, through no fault of her own, she seemed all of a sudden to have become an outcast. Willie was drifting away from her; he would drift farther and farther away as the years went on—that was an inevitable process which she could not retard nor his uncle accelerate; the friends of bygone days had evidently forgotten her; even Laura Wetherby wrote in a stiff, formal fashion which indicated disapproval. “Though what she can find to disapprove of in me now I’m sure I don’t know,” thought Marcia. And of course it was not strange that, at such a moment of dejection, her thoughts should revert to the man whom she loved and whom it was no longer an offence against any law, human or divine, to love. The strange thing was that she had thought so little and so seldom of him since her husband’s death. Possibly she cared more for Willie than she did for him—the point was one on which she had never felt quite positive—but, at all events, her anxiety about Willie had hitherto driven him out of her mind, and only now, when she was gradually familiarising herself with the idea that her life must henceforth be divided from Willie’s, did she begin to wonder at Archdale’s prolonged silence.

“He might have written,” she mused. “But perhaps he didn’t know where to write.”

Then suddenly there flashed across her a suspicion which caused her heart-strings to contract painfully. Flirting with a married woman is generally considered to be a dangerous sort of amusement; but do not most men affirm that a flirtation with a widow is more dangerous still? Archdale, it was true, had once told her that he loved her, and although he had never repeated the declaration with his tongue, he had repeated it

many and many a time with his eyes. Nevertheless, she knew that no word in the English language is more frequently misused than "love," and a hot flush overspread her cheeks as she recalled the mixture of prudence and audacity which had always characterised Archdale's relations with her. The most humiliating thought of all was that she had not contrived to keep her own secret. Evidently he had taken fright, and evidently she had only herself to blame for his alarm. "Oh, if he would but come here!" she ejaculated inwardly. "If he would but give me the chance of convincing him that I am not quite so easily won as he imagined!"

Her aspiration was gratified with dramatic promptitude; for the very next instant somebody, who had approached noiselessly across the grass, placed his hands upon the back of the bench and exclaimed: "At last I have found you, then! I knew it must be you, though I never saw you wearing an ugly bonnet before."

Marcia was too much taken by surprise to preserve her dignity, and before she could stop herself she had told Mr. Archdale how glad she was that her solitude had been broken in upon by the unexpected advent of a friend. "I don't know why you call my bonnet ugly, though," she added: "it is of the shape that everybody is wearing now."

"It is ugly because it is black," answered Archdale, seating himself beside her. "You are right, I suppose, to display the conventional signs of mourning; but I know they can't imply any real grief, and I hope you will soon lay them aside."

Marcia was honestly shocked by the flagrant bad taste of this speech. "I don't think you quite understand," she answered. "Of course my husband and I were not upon good terms; but it does not follow that I am quite such a wretch as to rejoice at his death."

"Well," said Archdale imperturbably, "I daresay you are kind-hearted enough to be sorry. I admire you for it, though I really can't pretend to share your sentiments. We have all got to die some time or other, and, for my part, I am sincerely glad that Mr. Brett's time has come. You will admit that he treated you abominably."

Well, Marcia was certainly of that opinion; but she abstained from expressing it. By way of changing the subject, she inquired what had brought Mr. Archdale to Florence, and was gratified to learn that for some weeks past he had been seeking her high and low.

"I had no means of finding out where you were," he said; "it was only as a sort of forlorn hope that I decided to push on here. You may imagine how delighted I was when I called at your old address and was told that you had returned. You haven't been home since I saw you, I suppose?"

"I have no home," answered Marcia sadly. "One thinks of England as home; but I don't know whether it will ever be home to me again. Everything has been taken from me—even my own boy——"

She was very nearly bursting into tears at this point; but she controlled herself, and presently narrated the story of her wrongs, to which her companion listened patiently, though without much apparent sympathy.

"I am afraid you will call me hard-hearted," he observed at length; "but I must confess that I see very little reason to regret an arrangement which will make your son a rich man some fine day. As for their forbidding you to see him, that's all nonsense; they will have to let you see him if you insist upon it. But, for the boy's own sake, I shouldn't advise you to insist too often, and I should try to keep upon good terms with the banker. I quite understand that this is rather a wrench for you; only——"

"Oh, no, you don't understand!" interrupted Marcia impatiently; "you can't understand, and it was absurd of me to fancy that you could. I am sure you would be very sorry for me if I told you that I had been robbed of a few thousand pounds; but when you hear that I have lost all I care for in this world you almost congratulate me!"

Archdale looked hurt. Very likely he felt so; for in truth she had managed to wound his vanity, which was, perhaps, his most vulnerable point. "Oh, if that brat—that boy, I mean—is all you care for in the world," said he, "you are very much to be pitied, no doubt. But I didn't know that he was; I hoped you had some slight feeling of regard for your friends."

"My friends," answered Marcia, recovering her equanimity when she perceived how greatly she had vexed one of them, "haven't gone out of their way to display any great regard for me; my friends only remember my existence when it suits them to do so."

"I assure you that Florence is very far out of my way. At this moment three influential patrons of mine are cursing me by their gods because I have failed to keep the engagements which

I have entered into with them. I think you know that I can no more forget your existence than I can forget my own ; so I need not reply to that charge."

"Well, if you like, I will admit that you are the solitary exception which proves the rule. All my other friends have deserted me."

"I don't care a brass farthing about all the others," Mr. Archdale declared.

"But perhaps I do," observed Marcia, smiling.

"You said just now that you didn't. Mrs. Brett, do you remember what I said to you that evening in the Regent's Park?"

Marcia rose hastily. "Yes," she answered, "I remember. One doesn't forget such things ; but one doesn't always wish to be reminded of them. I must say good-night now ; I didn't know how late it was."

"May I not see you home?"

"No, thank you ; I would rather drive. Perhaps, if you would be so kind, you would walk on and find a carriage for me. I will follow you slowly."

He did as he was requested, and having obtained permission to call upon her, let her depart without finishing the speech which he had begun. He was in no great hurry ; he had made up his mind that he would ask her to marry him, and he did not think that he was in much danger of being rejected. As he sauntered back towards his hotel, he took credit to himself for having behaved in a thoroughly straightforward and honourable manner. To be sure, he was desperately in love with Marcia ; still one does not always go so far as to marry the people with whom one is desperately in love, nor, when one does so, can one always hope to escape the ridicule of one's associates. However in this instance there was, happily, nothing that could provoke a sneer from the most cynical of lookers-on. To marry a beautiful widow with £1500 a year of her own is scarcely to make a fool of oneself.

Never since the world began has a man who was desperately in love troubled himself to ask whether his neighbours considered him a fool or not ; so that it may be taken for granted that Archdale's love for Marcia Brett was not of a desperate description. He loved her, however, as much as his nature would permit him to love anybody, and, as the old nursery-rhyme so truly says, "Don Fernando can't do more than he

can do." Perhaps this selfish, easy-going artist had in him the makings of an excellent average husband, although he was probably better adapted to excel in the capacity of a lover.

But if he was a trifle too cool and self-possessed at this critical moment of his life, the same accusation could not be brought against Marcia, who was driven homewards in a state of tumultuous mental disturbance. She could not feel satisfied with herself; for she had by no means done what she had intended to do. So far from having snubbed the man whom she loved, she had as good as told him that his declaration was only premature. Of course he would repeat it; and when he did so, it would be impossible to disguise the truth from him. She did not exactly want to disguise it from him; yet she was keenly alive to the fact that so prompt a surrender would give occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. It was easy to foretell what Caroline's comments would be and how greatly Sir George's case would be strengthened by the news that his ward was about to be saddled with a step-father. And so the struggle, in so far as there was any struggle, seemed to narrow itself into one between Archdale and Willie. She could not bear to give up either of them; but at the bottom of her heart she knew that she would be obliged to give up one or the other.

She had arrived at no decision, and was in that fatal attitude of awaiting events which renders those who assume it so completely at the mercy of the first person who knows how to create events, when Archdale came to see her on the following day. So helpless was she that she had capitulated before his first attack was made, and her feeble efforts to prevent him from saying what he had resolved to say were as ineffectual as might have been anticipated.

"Of course I care for you," she confessed, half laughing, half crying. "I suppose you have known that all along, and I daresay you despise me for it. Oh, I know what men are; you only value the things that you can't have. If I had any sense at all I should tell you to go away. Besides, I can't help feeling that it is horrid of me to listen to you so soon."

Archdale professed himself quite unable to share that feeling of compunction. She had done her duty and more than her duty. She had lived with that detestable old man until he had virtually driven her out of his house; she had never, during his lifetime, overstepped the limits of strict propriety; and now that

she was free, nobody whose opinion was worth having could dispute her right to follow the dictates of her heart. As to her unflattering estimate of mankind at large, all he could say was that, if it was accurate, he must differ very widely from his fellows. It was no hard task to persuade her that he respected as much as he loved her; but he had a good deal of resistance to contend against when he pleaded for an immediate marriage.

"I couldn't do it!" Marcia exclaimed. "I should like to wait at least a year, and I should like our engagement to be kept quite secret. It isn't only that I am afraid of Mrs. Grundy, though I don't pretend to be indifferent with regard to Mrs. Grundy; but if I were to do as you wish, that would simply mean cutting myself off from Willie altogether. These people are only too eager to find some excuse for separating us. They haven't got one now; but they will have one as soon as they are able to say that I have married a second time within three months of Eustace's death. Women who do such things are always called horrid women, and I am not sure that they don't deserve it."

Now Archdale was by no means blind to the importance of standing well with Mrs. Grundy; but as for this threatened separation of mother and son, he really could not regard that in the light of a calamity. So he said: "If you love me as much as I love you, Marcia, you won't trouble your head about the scandal-mongers. Whether you marry me now or whether you stay on here by yourself, people who have any interest in traducing you will manage to traduce you: you may be perfectly certain of that. You can't expect me to accept a sentence of a year's banishment from you, and nothing else would be of the slightest use. It is far better to give people something definite to talk about; the worst that they can say of you is that you haven't taken Mr. Brett's death very much to heart. Well, as they already knew that you were not on speaking terms with him, they can't very well magnify that into a crime."

By means of these and other arguments he carried his point in the end. Or else he carried it because he had to deal with an opponent to whom one argument was neither better nor worse than another. Marcia could not at that time have refused him anything that he begged for: added to which, she had quite realized when she accepted him that in so doing she was handing Willie over to Sir George and Lady Brett. She had taken the

plunge ; she had made the sacrifice ; her chief desire now was to avoid thinking about it.

Nevertheless, she did not enjoy writing a letter which had to be despatched to Farnborough a few days later, and of which some passages were rendered almost illegible by reason of sundry suspicious blots and splashes.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WILLIE HEARS TOO MUCH.

As one hurries along the road of life towards the graveyard which is our common goal, one pauses every now and again to cast a backward glance over one's shoulder at the dim landscape of the past. It is a queer, confused sort of view that one obtains at such times ; near objects look remote ; distant ones stand out with unnatural clearness ; not a few which ought to be visible have vanished altogether. But certain landmarks there always are (they belong for the most part to the first stage of the journey), of which every detail remains distinct up to the very end, and amongst these Willie Brett will never fail to count the arrival of that letter from Florence of which mention was made in the last chapter.

It was a misty November afternoon ; he had been playing football and was changing his muddy flannels in a room set apart for that purpose. One of the boys flung a wet towel at him which, by a sad mischance, missed its aim and, catching the matron full in the face, wound itself round her head, so that for an instant or two her just indignation could only find vent in muffled sounds of which the meaning had to be conjectured. But when once her mouth was free she spoke, and her remarks were very much to the point. She was going, it appeared, to complain straightway of Master Brown for his ungentlemanly behaviour : "And has for you, Master Brett, I don't believe but what you're just as bad as the rest of 'em. Settin' gigglin' there like a common ploughboy ! You ought to know better—and you so 'igh up in the school too ! Oh, there's a furrin letter come for you, Master Brett," she added, fumbling in her pocket. "'Ere, catch 'old of it ; and next time you write to your mar you can tell her that your manners isn't what they should be ; though the Lord knows I've taken trouble enough with you !"

Willie did not tear open the envelope at once, but presently carried it off to the schoolroom and, seating himself at the desk which was his property for the time being, threw up the heavy wooden lid, which he propped upon his head—that being the nearest approach to privacy obtainable in the establishment. It was always understood that a boy who assumed this posture was occupied with urgent private affairs and did not wish to be interrupted. Well, it was a very lucky thing that the school-room happened to be empty at that hour ; for when he had finished reading what his mother had to tell him, Willie quite forgot his advanced age, and the sheet of paper which had already been besprinkled by the tears of a still older person received two more great drops. And although, perhaps, it was not very manly of him to cry, nobody will be inclined to deny that he had something to cry about. He was not much surprised that his mother should be going to marry a man for whom he personally entertained no sentiments of affection ; but he was a good deal surprised and not a little shocked to hear that the marriage was to take place so soon. Like St. Paul, he doubted the expediency of second marriages in the abstract, and he had always supposed that people who had decided upon that questionable step waited at least until they were out of mourning before taking it. Of course, however, it was not so much the unconvictionality of the proceeding that distressed him as the conviction that, in forming this new tie, his mother had made up her mind to cast him off. The whole tone of her letter, which was apologetic and abounded in expressions of love and regret, showed that she recognized that as a necessity. She did not speak of seeing him during his holidays ; she did not seem to look forward to any prospect of doing so ; she even affected to believe that he would be happier in an English country-house than she could have hoped to make him while wandering about the Continent. “Only,” she added, “I hope you will think of me sometimes ; for you may be sure that I shall always be thinking of you.”

The boy was hurt and disappointed, as well he might be. He had not inherited his mother's jealous temperament, nor did he expect her to live solely for him ; yet it was painful to him to know that he no longer held the first place in her heart, and scarcely less painful to read her abdication in favour of his uncle and aunt, whom he was enjoined to treat with submission and respect. “And you must not mind what they say about

me," Marcia had judged it prudent to write ; " because they are sure to be angry with me at first. They will come round in time, I daresay."

If they were angry, they refrained from expressing their emotions by post. About a week later Willie received one of the dry, carefully-worded epistles which his aunt was in the habit of addressing to him from time to time, and in the course of it occurred the following brief passage.

" News has reached us of your mother's marriage to Mr. Archdale. I understand that she informed you of her intentions. I hope, my dear Willie, that, young as you are, you know how certain it is that Providence overrules *all things* for our good, and that you will not, therefore, rebel against what may at first sight look to you like a misfortune."

That was the only intimation that he had of the fulfilment of his mother's intentions. She did not write to him again, nor did he know whether she had left Florence or not. Weeks passed away ; he had his own methodical round of work and play to occupy him ; if he placed no great reliance upon the intervention of Providence in his affairs, he had common sense enough to make the best of accomplished facts. But his youth—that joyous, unthinking period which rarely runs out its natural course even with the most fortunate of us—had received its death-blow, and from being a merry, jolly sort of boy he became a somewhat serious one. His physical health, however, remained excellent ; so that when Christmas came and he betook himself to Blaydon for the holidays, Sir George was delighted to welcome an heir who looked as robust as the last representative of a respectable family ought to look.

" I am going to send you to Eton at the beginning of the next half," was almost the first thing that his uncle said to him. " Your future tutor has a vacancy in his house, and from the reports that I have sent him, he has no doubt, he says, about your getting into Upper School. That's all right as far as it goes, and I'm sure I don't want you to neglect your opportunities of becoming a fair classical scholar ; but I'm glad to hear that you are pretty good at games too. One kind of education is suitable for one boy and another kind for another. The chances are that you will never have to earn your own living ; so it is important that you should excel in athletics. By learning such accomplishments you may form friendships with young

fellows whose friendship will be valuable to you after your school and college days are at an end."

A great many boys are sent to Eton with no other object than that which Sir George Brett so frankly avowed ; and although the object is seldom attained, the boys, it may be hoped, profit by their temporary residence in a sort of aristocratic republic where class distinctions meet with very little recognition. Willie neither knew nor cared anything about that ; but he was glad that he was about to be sent to a public school, and he had certainly no reason to complain of his uncle and aunt, who did their best to be kind to him. Not much liberty was permitted him, nor was hilarity a prominent feature of life at Blaydon ; still he had his pony, and the keeper was instructed to take him out shooting, and he was told that if at any time he should wish to invite one of his schoolfellows to spend a week with him he might do so.

Encouraged by these favours, he ventured, one day, to ask Sir George where his mother was and when he might hope to see her once more ; but the reply which he obtained was by no means satisfactory. Sir George frowned, threw back his head and answered :

"Your mother, to the best of my belief, is in Italy ; I have made no inquiries and I do not propose to make any. I cannot tell you when you will see her, or whether you will ever see her again ; but this I can say—and I am very sorry to be obliged to say it—you will never see her under my roof. The subject is a painful one ; I must ask you to abstain from recurring to it."

The fact was that Sir George had been far more horrified than his wife by Marcia's precipitancy. He had looked forward to her re-marriage as a highly probable event ; but he had expected her to keep within the limits imposed upon widows by ordinary custom, and when he heard of what he stigmatized as a wanton violation of all common decency he was genuinely angry. Lady Brett declared that for her part she was not in the least astonished. She had never fallen into the ridiculous error of imagining that women are good because they are pretty ; indeed her experience would have led her, if anything, to quite the contrary conclusion. Still she was of opinion that good might come out of evil if the eyes of those who had hitherto believed in Marcia were now opened ; and when Willie, after having been rebuffed by his uncle, made an appeal to her, she was able to take up her parable quite kindly.

"My dear, I condemn nobody ; I am too conscious of my own shortcomings to presume to judge others. But men are less merciful—perhaps in some ways they are more just—than we are, and I doubt whether your uncle will ever consent to receive Mrs. Archdale. He may be wrong in holding her answerable for your poor, dear father's death ; but I am afraid we cannot call him wrong when he accuses her of unnaturally heartless conduct. The most charitable thing that we can do is to say nothing about her."

Under the circumstances, that seemed to be at any rate the most prudent plan to act upon, and Willie kept his thoughts to himself. He was ready, in case of his mother's demanding that he should be restored to her, to back her up to the utmost of his small ability ; he was ready to run away from Blaydon or to attempt any other adventurous enterprise that might be required of him ; but obviously he could not take the first step. He must have some assurance that his mother desired his company before he could venture to thrust it upon her and her new husband.

No such assurance reached him ; but towards the end of January there came a very kindly invitation from Lady Wetherby, who wrote to say that her son was about to proceed to Eton and that, as she had understood that Willie was bound for the same destination, it would be pleasant for the boys to go down together. She hoped, therefore, that Sir George Brett would see no objection to his nephew's spending the last few days of the holidays with them in London. Sir George, whose respect for the aristocracy of his native land has already been hinted at, hastened to return thanks in his nephew's name and his own and to accept this friendly proposal on behalf of the former.

"I do not wish you to be a snob or a tuft-hunter, Willie," said he—for he thought that some such caution might be necessary—"your own position is quite good enough to entitle you to associate with anybody, and I daresay that you will eventually be better off than many young earls and viscounts. Nevertheless, I think that, in choosing your friends, you will do well to pay some regard to the matter of birth, and you may depend upon it that those who affect to despise birth are either silly or insincere. I should be glad to hear that you had made friends with young Lord Malton, who will inherit a very large fortune as well as an ancient title."

It is probably no bad thing for the heir to a large fortune and an ancient title that he should be well kicked in the earlier part of his career, and it will be perceived that Sir George's remarks were admirably adapted to secure for Lord Malton any advantage that may follow from that method of treatment. But Willie Brett belonged to the order of human beings who always make the best fighters; that is to say that his inclinations were quite peaceable. So he only said to himself that he hoped the other fellow wouldn't put on airs upon the strength of being an earl or a viscount or whatever he was; because in that case it would naturally become his (Willie's) duty to knock such pernicious nonsense out of him.

Happily, Lord Malton proved to be a fat, good-humoured little boy upon whom no consciousness of his social importance had as yet dawned. He extended a friendly welcome to the new-comer, and, having ascertained that their tastes coincided in certain essential particulars, gave him to understand that he might make himself quite at home. But indeed that was what every member of the establishment, from its head downwards, gave him to understand. They were very kind to him, and Lord Wetherby taught him to play billiards, and Lady Wetherby took him to the theatre and to other places of amusement, so that he had more fun during the last three days of his holidays than in all the previous ones put together. He said as much to his hostess, who laughed and replied that if he had enjoyed himself he must come again.

"But I hope you don't dislike living with your uncle and aunt, do you?" she asked, looking at him with wistful, motherly eyes; for she could not comprehend Marcia's abandonment of the boy, and it seemed to her a most melancholy thing that he should be deprived of his natural home.

"I haven't minded it so much this time," Willie answered. "They're right enough when you know them; only they aren't a bit like you and Lord Wetherby, you know. It doesn't do to speak to Aunt Caroline unless she speaks to you; and then if you make a mistake in grammar she lets you hear of it. I shouldn't like to live at Blaydon always. My mother will want me to go back to her some day, I should think," he added, colouring slightly. "Shouldn't you think so?"

"Oh, I am sure she must want you," Lady Wetherby declared; "but one can't always have what one wants, you see."

The subject, in fact, was a somewhat difficult one to discuss, and Lady Wetherby did not know the ins and outs of it ; so she merely remarked : "Your mother was one of my oldest friends, and I hope she hasn't forgotten me, though she has given up writing to me of late. Now I must go and dress, or I shan't be ready in time for dinner."

But if information as to what had become of his mother, which Willie was most eager to gain, yet did not like to ask for in so many words, was not obtainable in that quarter, he accidentally heard what he wanted, and something more into the bargain, on the following morning. Malton had taken him round to the stables, and the two boys, after critically examining the horses, had entered an empty loose-box, when Lord Wetherby strolled in, accompanied by a friend who was staying in the house, and to whom he was saying, apparently in answer to some question :

"Oh, yes, I suppose he'll come into a lot of money some fine day, poor little chap ! As far as that goes, you may say that he's lucky ; but it's hard lines upon him to be thrown over by his mother. I always understood that she was devoted to the boy ; but women are queer creatures ; they'll give up anything and anybody for the sake of a man whom they're in love with—especially if he don't happen to be worth much. That beggar Archdale is a clever artist ; but he's about the laziest rascal and the coolest hand I ever met. He undertook to do some work for me and left it three-parts finished without so much as an apology, though he hasn't forgotten to make me pay him pretty heavily on account. What with that and what with his wife's money, he feels too rich to work at present, I take it. Somebody told me the other day that he had seen them at Cannes, where they were living on the fat of the land and having a fine time of it. That sort of thing will go on, I expect, until he has got to the end of the poor woman's fortune, and tired of her face. It's a pity."

"Well," observed Lord Wetherby's friend, "perhaps when her husband has had enough of her she will have had enough of him, and then she may remember that she has a son."

"Perhaps ; but I should doubt it ; women invariably adore men who neglect them. Besides, old Brett, who has no children of his own, won't surrender the boy now. He has been appointed guardian, and I believe Mrs. Archdale consented to waive her claims."

Lord Wetherby and his friend remained for a few minutes longer, talking about horses, and then left the stables without having discovered the involuntary eavesdroppers, of whom one had become very red in the face, while the other had turned rather pale. Malton displayed a discretion beyond his years by making no allusion to the conversation which they had overheard, and Willie, with a dull pain at his heart from which he was not destined to be free for many a long day, tried to behave as though nothing was the matter.

It was a fortunate thing for the poor little man that the next week was such a busy and important one in his life. During the period which immediately follows one's entrance upon a public school career there is no time for brooding and not very much for thinking. Willie had to familiarize himself with the manners and customs of a place which had little in common with the Farnborough establishment ; he had also to satisfy the curiosity of a great many young gentlemen who wanted to know what his name was, where he came from, and, in a general way, what was the good of him ; finally, he had to pass an examination, the result of which he awaited with anxiety. Only before he fell asleep at night had he leisure to reflect upon the perplexing cruelty of fate. What had he done that his mother should cease all of a sudden to care about him ? Why should she cease to care about him because she cared more—if she really did care more—for somebody else ? Had he been twenty years older, he could have answered the questions without difficulty, but perhaps also without truth. Being so young and so unsophisticated, he could only assume that there must be some mistake, which would be set straight ere long ; because, after all, Lord Wetherby's assertions, when considered calmly, were incredible. So he made up his mind that there was nothing for it but faith and patience ; and he "took" middle fourth, which was respectable, if not brilliant ; and gradually he shook into his place and formed friendships, and began to enjoy life again. Nevertheless, he could not altogether free himself from that heartache which is so much more painful and so much more unnatural in boyhood than in later years.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A FRUITLESS APPEAL.

"Ah, dear me!" exclaimed Archdale, removing the cigarette from between his lips in order to heave a sigh, "what a jolly place this world would be if one could do one's work by proxy!"

He was reclining in an easy chair beneath the shade of a spreading ilex, and he looked as if he did not find this world such a very bad place to live in, notwithstanding its imperfections. Beneath him the blue Mediterranean stretched away to meet the sky; the Lerins Islands in the middle distance and the innumerable villas and hotels of Cannes in the foreground were basking under the rays of a sun which was like that of an English midsummer; upon a small table at his elbow stood two empty coffee-cups, and from the other side of it Marcia was contemplating him with happy and admiring eyes.

"Oh, but Cecil," said she, "nobody except you could do your work."

"Quite so; that's just what I complain of. Work is a most abominable nuisance; but when it has to be done with one's own hands or not done at all one must endure what can't be cured. Therefore," he added, with another sigh, "I suppose we had better hunt out Bradshaw and get our clothes packed and turn our faces towards London, like everybody else."

"Towards London!" echoed Marcia, in somewhat dismayed accents. "Do you really want to go back to London, Cecil?"

"Not one little bit, my dear; I should like to stay where I am. But one's fellow-creatures are departing, and the mosquitoes are arriving, and—well, everything must come to an end, unfortunately, including the happiest winter of one's life."

"But it need not end in a disagreeable way," returned Marcia quickly. "I do so hate the idea of showing myself in London again! And I thought one of the advantages of being an artist was that one could work anywhere."

Archdale shook his head and laughed. "One can make a sketch anywhere," he answered, "but painting a picture is another affair. Moreover, some of my pictures have to be painted upon other people's walls, you see. I must confess that I have behaved quite scandalously to your friends, the Wetherbys.

However, I'll make amends now ; and there's just this to be said for me, that when I do work I work hard."

Marcia could not but admit that her husband was in the right. She was too proud of him and too ambitious on his behalf to wish that he should drop out of sight, and she knew that reputations are more easily lost than maintained. At the same time, she shrank from the ordeal which a return to England must necessarily entail. She had done nothing disgraceful ; yet it was certain that many people would look askance at her. Her separation from Eustace had been an awkward circumstance ; the haste with which she had married again was more awkward still ; most awkward of all was the fact that her present husband had been compromisingly attentive to her during the last season which she had spent in London. All this she had thought of before and had regretted—because it was excessively painful to her to forfeit the respect of her acquaintances—but latterly she had contrived to put away from her every thought and every memory that was of a nature to cause her pain. Her feeling, or what she imagined to be her feeling, was that any sacrifice made for Cecil's sake was a joy. She had been perfectly happy with him so far ; she had been convinced that for the rest of her life her happiness must be bound up in his, and that was why she had never even written to Willie since her wedding-day. It was better, she had thought, to cut herself off altogether and finally from the past. She had been forced to choose between old ties and new ones, and she had made her choice. For Willie's worldly advantage she had surely chosen aright. He was now to all intents and purposes an orphan who had been adopted by a rich uncle ; as for herself, she was Marcia Archdale ; Marcia Brett was dead and gone. But when she went out for a solitary walk that afternoon (her husband having an engagement at the Cercle Nautique which he declared that he could not possibly break) it was borne in upon her that one cannot change one's identity at will. For a month or two it may be possible to believe that there is only one person in the world whose weal or woe is of the smallest consequence ; but this cannot be the truth, save in a few very rare instances, and it certainly was not the truth as regarded herself.

Along the face of the hill-side above Cannes runs a narrow, open aqueduct which supplies the reservoirs whence the town draws its drinking water. Thither Marcia climbed, and, after having walked for some little distance by its banks, seated herself

upon the ground in a shady spot. Then she drew from her pocket a letter which she had not read more than a dozen times, because she had found that she could not do so without crying, and because it is silly to cry when one is happy. However, the usual effect was produced upon her by the reperusal of poor Willie's reply to her announcement of her intended marriage. It was a composition upon which much time and pains had evidently been bestowed; there was nothing in it to hurt the feelings of the most sensitive of brides or widows; but that, of course, was just what rendered it so desperately reproachful. When Marcia read again the little formal, childish phrases, every one of which she already knew by heart, she felt that she had been attempting an absolute impossibility all this time.

"Oh, my own dear boy," she exclaimed, through her tears, "I can't forget you, and I wouldn't if I could! I must see you again; I must tell you that I love you as much as ever, though I daresay you won't believe me."

And so, that evening, it came to pass that Mr. Archdale was agreeably surprised to find his wife quite eager to make a start. He knew as well as she did that they were not likely to be received with open arms on their return to their native land, and he had expected her to oppose him in the matter; but as it was really essential that he should pass a few months in London, he was grateful to her for her ready assent, the cause of which he did not surmise. He flattered himself that her love for him had weaned her from all other affections; and this was not inexcusable on his part, seeing that she had repeatedly assured him that such was the fact.

It was soon after Easter that they reached London and took up their quarters at an hotel in Cork Street which had been recommended to them. Eton boys get a month's holiday at Easter, but that was a circumstance which Archdale had no special reason for remembering, nor did he understand his wife's anxiety to find out the exact date on which the vacation was supposed to end.

"It all depends upon whose vacation you mean," he said. "If you are thinking of the smart people, I should say that you might look forward to seeing them in about a week."

"Oh, I haven't time to see anybody!" answered Marcia, somewhat disingenuously, although it was true enough that her leisure moments were few.

They had agreed that they could not stand the discomfort

and expense of an hotel for the whole season, and thus a process of house-hunting, the burden of which fell entirely upon Marcia's shoulders, was inevitable. Her husband good-naturedly told her that any house which might suit her would be sure to suit him, so that there was no occasion for him to waste time which he could employ more profitably in his studio by accompanying her on her search expeditions. These were tiring and at first disappointing; but she ended by discovering a modest mansion in South Kensington which seemed suitable for their purpose; and, on hearing her description of it, Archdale at once gave her the authority to close with the house agent's offer.

"And I think," he added, "the best plan will be for you to move in and get things straight as soon as possible. I wrote to Lord Wetherby the other day to ask when it would be convenient for him to let me finish my work at his place, and this afternoon I had an answer from him saying that I could name my own time. So, if you don't mind, I'll go now and get it over. I shall be back in less than a fortnight most likely, and I daresay you'll be glad to have me out of the way while you are settling down and engaging servants and so forth."

It was with mixed feelings that Marcia heard of this project. She had reasons of her own for being glad that her husband should leave London just then; but she did not quite like his leaving her at all, and she was a little mortified by her exclusion from an invitation which she would have refused, had it been extended to her.

"Didn't Laura Wetherby ask me to go with you?" she inquired.

"Well, it wasn't from her that I heard, you see. Lord Wetherby's letter was a sort of business communication, and as I didn't mention you in writing to him, I suppose he forgot that I am no longer a bachelor."

"Anyhow, I couldn't have gone; so it doesn't matter," observed Marcia, who nevertheless knew that neither Lord nor Lady Wetherby could really have forgotten her existence.

But it was not of the prejudice and injustice of these old friends—for which, in truth, she had been fully prepared—that she was thinking while she set about making the South Kensington house inhabitable. As she was fond of pretty things, she would probably have spent a good deal more time upon that process had she been less feverishly eager to put herself in communication with Sir George Brett, to whom, on the second day

after Archdale's departure for the north, she indited a letter so humble in tone and so modest as to its request that she did not see how any man possessed of a human heart could answer it unfavourably. All that she asked was to be allowed one interview with her son ; she left it to Sir George to say when and where the interview should take place ; she disclaimed any wish to interfere with existing arrangements, and she promised that she would not say a single word to the boy which might render him discontented with his lot.

This appeal she addressed to Blaydon Hall ; the consequence of which was that she had to wait through two days of misery and suspense for the following reply, which was dated "Portman Square."

"MADAM,—Circumstances have prevented us from moving down to the country this Easter ; hence my delay in acknowledging the receipt of your note. I regret that I cannot see my way to comply with the suggestion put forward therein. Both Lady Brett and I feel that we ought not to sanction any meeting between you and one whom we now regard as our own child. We think that the tendency of such a meeting would be to unsettle his mind, and I am compelled to add that we do not think ourselves bound to stretch a point or to do a foolish thing for the sake of gratifying a mere caprice on your part. Rightly or wrongly, we consider that the step which you have recently taken is not compatible with the maternal affection to which you lay claim ; the performance of what appears to us to be our manifest duty is, therefore, the less painful to us. Painful it must necessarily be to us to decline all further intercourse with our sister-in-law ; still we have the consolation of knowing that in doing so we are actuated by no resentful or unworthy motives. I will only add that our determination must be taken as final and unalterable, and that

"I am, Madam,

"Your obedient servant,

"GEORGE BRETT."

The combination of George and Caroline which was perceptible in every line of this dignified missive might have tickled Marcia's sense of humour, if she had had any sense of humour to be tickled, and if she had not been far too disappointed and angry to be amused. As it was, she could only vituperate her brother-in-law's cruelty, and if there was one passage of his letter which struck her as being more cruel than another, it was that in which he had accused her of a lack of maternal affection. Such, doubtless, was the impression which he desired to convey

to Willie, and such was the false impression which it was not only her right but her duty to remove.

By what means she was to achieve this legitimate object was, however, another question. Of course, she might write to Willie ; only writing is seldom satisfactory, and written words are more easily explained away than spoken ones. Besides, she was dying to see her boy. She had made up her mind that she would be allowed to see him at least once, and to tell her that she must surrender that hope was like telling a starving man that he must not eat. One scarcely blames a starving man if he steals the food which is denied to him ; so that Marcia may perhaps be excused for considering how she might effect a surreptitious entrance into Sir George Brett's house in Portman Square. But the longer she considered this the more impossible did it appear to her to attempt anything of the kind. She had not courage enough to dress herself up in some disguise ; she had not imagination enough to invent a story which would insure her admission, nor had she any means of guessing at what hour Willie would be likely to be at home and his uncle and aunt out. Her one idea was to tip the butler and appeal to his compassion—which perhaps was not such a bad idea, after all, seeing that Sir George was a little bit too rich to be tipped, and that he apparently did not know the meaning of pity. But if there was a human being more destitute of pity than Sir George, that wretch was unquestionably his wife ; and Marcia, who was well acquainted with Lady Brett's habit of driving slowly round and round the Park every day between the hours of four and six, thought it only prudent to deliver her first assault upon the citadel at a time of day when the mistress of the establishment was almost certain to be absent. Willie, it was true, would probably be absent also ; but the butler, at all events, would be at his post, and from that functionary useful information might be obtained.

She set forth with some trepidation, yet with a determination not to be baulked of her purpose which was perhaps as serviceable to her as any definite plan would have been. By hook or by crook she meant to get speech of her son, and a mother who has formed a resolution of that kind is a difficult person to defeat. Sir George quite thought that he had defeated her ; but then Sir George laboured under the double disadvantage of being a man and a rather stupid one into the bargain.

(To be continued.)

Court Functions.

BY A DÉBUTANTE.



THE pleasures of "coming out" are not exactly unalloyed. Much as girls must look forward to the moment of their *début* into society, they must, more or less, dread the ordeal—at least, I did. The part that seemed to me most trying was my presentation to Royalty. I had heard something of Court formalities, of the rigid etiquette maintained, of the crowds of smart people, of the still smarter and more august personages the centre of all. My father, I remembered, had once dined at Osborne in a special costume which I never saw him wear, but which, from his description, must have been rather like an acrobat's or a male dancer's. He told me how they all waited for the Queen in two rows, gentlemen on one side, ladies opposite, just as if they were going to dance Sir Roger de Coverley. The highest in rank were furthest from the door through which the Queen was to make her entrance. When Her Majesty appeared she passed through the open ranks straight in to dinner, then the guests turned and followed her two and two to their places in the hall. During dinner there was no conversation except in whispers, unless the Queen especially addressed someone, and afterwards everybody stood up in the drawing-room, while the Queen came round and talked to each in turn. All this made me feel that going to Court was a serious undertaking. However, every girl did it; it was sure to be a wonderful sight; I should have my father and mother to take care of me, and of course I could not come out properly till I had kissed the Queen's hand. So I tried to forget the possible difficulties of the great event, and concentrated myself upon the minor but more present anxieties. There was first the date to be fixed, but this my parents settled for me, choosing one of the later drawing-rooms, so as to give us

a better chance of fine weather. I had already seen poor victims of loyal devotion sitting shivering in their carriages, wearing low dresses, and only feathers in their hair, while the weather was glacial, wind in the east, and a hard frost on the ground, so I was glad my time was to be May. It was some way ahead too, and gave me more leisure to practise my curtsy—not a very difficult matter, after all, when you know how to do it, although I believe there are professors of deportment who teach people. Next came the very interesting process of choosing a Court train. This, as a *débutante*, was of course restricted to white, but they gave me a charming dress: a white satin mousseline de soie petticoat, with a white satin train bordered with a wreath of marguerites. I was present too when my mother made her selection, and got a number of valuable hints for the future, should it ever be my lot to present a daughter of my own. I found that as a general principle it is better not to choose red velvet and gold brocade, a tone and a decoration likely to clash with those of the furniture and corridors of the palace. In the last room and passage the carpet is red, so of course a train of that colour would not show up well. Blue, again, should be avoided, as it has too cold an appearance in daylight. Everybody ought to be very careful not to have gold ferns in their bouquets, as the ferns are apt to shed their gilding on neighbouring toilettes.

At last the great day arrived, and my nervous forebodings, which had been steadily increasing, culminated in real terror. Should I get through all right; what might I do, or far worse, leave undone? Yet everything went off to perfection. Fortunately we had the *entrée*, the privilege of entering by the private door in the Buckingham Palace Road. This gave me three hours' law. People not so happily favoured must begin their toilettes about seven in the morning; but my hairdresser did not arrive till 10 A.M. He was from Truefitt's, not the man I had asked for, of course, and I felt positively certain would not do my hair to my satisfaction. I began almost to regret that I had not been provided with a Court coiffure of the kind so obligingly offered by the Auxiliary Army and Navy Stores. It certainly is a very convenient arrangement, though nothing more nor less than a wig, but with it one can dispense with the hairdresser altogether. Yet my hair was done somehow, and I think, nicely. More, I found my train perfectly delightful. The bouquet was unpacked, marguerites, to match the train, and all

that remained was to fortify myself with a good strong cup of beef tea before starting. Off we drove at half-past one, straight for the Palace, approaching it by the Pimlico entrance, and passing all the other carriages by the way. How sincerely we congratulated ourselves on thus having the *entrée*, and avoiding the long delay—three hours or more—in the streets! Arrived, we were shown to a room, where obliging Abigails, attired in black, with white caps and aprons, relieved us of our cloaks and etceteras, after which, in unveiled splendour, we took our way along corridors and passages, from the walls of which departed sovereigns gazed down on us with benign countenances, full, let us hope, of admiration and approval. We found—delightful attention on the part of the Palace authorities—most of the doorways lined with looking glass, a charming arrangement, calculated to enable people to see and admire themselves continually, and at the same time rest assured that nothing was amiss with their toilettes or trains. All the way there were vistas peopled with graceful figures, lovely ladies in feathers and finery, gentlemen in gorgeous uniforms, until we reached a staircase, where the privileged few separate from their less fortunate neighbours, and betake themselves to a room reserved for those who have the *entrée*. Here, having gone through the formality of writing your name upon a card, you find that you have ample space to walk about, train and all, and thoroughly enjoy yourself; a pleasure heightened by the misfortunes of others, for there, in the room adjoining, are the poor wretches we have just left, crowded together like sheep in pen, fast crushing out the freshness of their beautiful new frocks, and, of course, regarding us with envious eyes. This room in which we are is the last but one before the Throne. Presently celebrities begin to arrive by twos and threes, Ambassadors, Cabinet Ministers, great functionaries, all in uniform or Court dress; there is a move onwards, the crowd, which has gathered quickly, begins to thin, as one after another passes through the mysterious doorway, the last that leads in to the Presence, and they are gone “to return, ah! never more.” Now, with a sinking heart, and feelings of dismay, I realised that my time was all but come. I take my place in the line and presently find myself at the door. So far, I had been carrying my brand new train over my arm, but now it was taken possession of by two gentlemen of the Court, who spread it out carefully behind me, I suppose to give it its full and proper effect. I must say they manipulated it—I suppose from long

practice—with most marvellous neatness and dexterity. Then I passed out into the strong light of the corridor. The contrast was extreme between it and the darkened, mysterious, almost gloomy Throne-room beyond, which I was now slowly and nervously approaching. At the very threshold I handed my card to some great functionary, and heard my name announced loudly as I continued to advance slowly, following the gliding *frou-frou* of the train in front of me, my mother's. All the rest passed like a dream: I was in a state of suspended animation; I had a vision of someone waiting to receive me, of a curtsy dropped automatically, perhaps awkwardly, of another, another, and yet another, and at last, after an unknown interval of time, consciousness returned, my train had again been thrown over my arm by some officious, or rather official friend, and, with a sigh of relief that all was ended, I emerged into the light of day. I had no recollection hardly of what had occurred. I had seen nothing, realised nothing, I had but the vaguest and most indistinct impression of what I had done. But at least, well done or ill done, it was over, and now we were in another long corridor, across the end of which fresh victims were still streaming. My trouble was ended, theirs was still to come, and it was with a virtuous sense of duty performed that I utilised the ample space and abundant leisure now afforded me in critically examining other people. Not the least part of the pleasure was to note the change in countenance before and after the ceremony; it was sometimes difficult to recognise in the beaming faces of those who issued from the presence chamber the melancholy ones that but a short time previous were sadly approaching it. This is an amusement which can fully occupy a *débutante* new to the whole affair, almost till everyone has passed. But it must end, and at length, when nearly all had passed, we left the saloon, making our way down to the Pimlico entrance, to wait patiently among a crowd of awful swells, while servants in royal livery helped us to get our carriage. At last it was called, and we drove home. Another, quite the last, act in the performance, had still to be played; I became the central figure of an admiring group of friends who were awaiting our return, eager to inspect me and to hear my experiences. With a cup of five o'clock tea and a visit perhaps from the photographer, I descended to the level of everyday life, having enjoyed my first visit to Court far better than I expected.

My second visit was less monotonous because less novel, but it

made an equal, perhaps a greater, impression upon me. No presentation at Court can be considered quite complete until it is followed by an invitation to a State ball. I fancy, however, there is a good deal of heartburning and disappointment, and the hope long deferred that maketh the heart sick, before the much-coveted honour is vouchsafed to the *débutante*. It is not strange that in these days, when the number of presentations has multiplied exceedingly, many people have long to wait for, and that some never receive, the Lord Chamberlain's summons. But we got Her Majesty's commands in due course, and I was permitted to attend a Court ball. It is not a ball, however, in the ordinary sense of the word. It is rather a grand State reception where there is none of the formalities of presentation, but at which the Royal personages who are the hosts have every opportunity of greeting those whom they recognise (and the Royal faculty of recognition is proverbial) in a simple and cordial manner. The company, which is far too numerous even for the magnificent ball-room of Buckingham Palace, overflows into suites of stately apartments, and as there is no such solitude as in a crowd, there is ample facility for a *solitude à deux*, which I think is not unfrequently taken advantage of. Dancing as at an ordinary ball is hardly attempted, except within the charmed inner circle, where "the sweetest lady in the land" treads a measure with some highly-favoured man, and the Prince makes some *débutante* happy by becoming her partner in waltz or quadrille. I think English Society at large might profit by the example set by the Court circle in dancing. The exaggerated or slovenly movements which many gentlemen, and, alas! ladies, nowadays call dancing, are not to be seen in the Palace, but there grace and dignity receive due attention.

The ball-room now lighted by the electric light and nearly perfect as to temperature, offers a most striking *coup d'œil*. To one like myself, unaccustomed to balls of any kind, and but little familiar with *grande tenue* whether male or female, the effect is almost dazzling. Of course, the costumes of my own sex were a source of constant delight; never before had I seen such marvellous combinations of colour and material, the most costly brocades, silks and satins, priceless lace, the rarest jewels, diamonds especially were lavishly employed. But for once the men were more gorgeous than the women. Within the Royal precincts and in the presence of Royalty itself, the sex that is usually unadorned wears the finest feathers. The monotonous

black coat is replaced by uniform in every hue and shape. A high heel treads upon your toe, and a guttural apology is at once offered by a German dragoon in white and silver. A most amiable and well-known gentleman, who had often been pointed out to me, has emerged from his chrysalis stage, and is now a gorgeous Greek. A lady's dress catches on some passing point, which proves to be the jewelled hilt of an Oriental noble's weapon; here is a Hungarian hussar, there a French chasseur d'Afrique, here an Italian Bersaglieri officer, there a Scotch archer, while English naval and military uniforms with their richly embroidered lace and solid gold ornament partly explain why large private means are necessary to maintain a respectable exterior in both the services. But what struck me more than anything was to see a great guardsman walking about everywhere wearing his bearskin hat. I was told he was the officer of the guard, and I must say I pitied him. Of course, he could not dance, and everybody noticed him.

Etiquette is the very life and health of a Court. It is observed even in the arrangements of seats. On each side of the small low *days*, intended exclusively for Royalty, are rows of chairs which, I was told, were definitely and clearly assigned, not by law, but by absolute although unwritten custom, to the different orders in the social scale who accept the Queen's invitation. No one but those prescribed might occupy them. Thus on one side are duchesses and marchionesses; on the other, ambassadresses and ladies of the *corps diplomatique*. It was my good fortune to witness a very pretty and graceful little ceremony in connection with these distinctions, when a young and beautiful bride arrived, who, within the last few months, had become a duchess. This was her first appearance as such at a Court ball, and she was making her way diffidently towards the position to which her newly-acquired rank entitled her, when the whole of the duchesses present rose simultaneously to greet their sister-peeress and receive her into their circle.

What makes the Court ball so well worth seeing is the fact that almost everybody in the room has some well-grounded claim to distinction. My own, I will admit, was but reflected lustre, and I entered paradise under the wing of others, like the rest of the *débutantes*. But these others represented all that is most notable and prominent in London. Social rank of all the higher grades was fully represented, wealth where it was associated with meritorious money-getting, distinguished service to the State and high

professional repute. Nothing proved this better than the brilliant display of decorations, the constellations of stars, crosses, and medals, all attesting the presence of every degree of merit, and every form of celebrity. Little less distinguished but from extreme contrast was the plain, almost homely, black dress suit of the American Minister, who, of course, wore no decorations whatever. He was the only man there thus simply attired, the type of a great republic which acknowledges no kind of distinction but that of personal merit, and perhaps, so my father says, thinks more of such baubles than the most aristocratic nation in the world.

The great sight of the evening was when the Royal procession was formed to move in to the supper-room. First, the way was cleared for the Princess by Court officials with white wands of office, who glanced nervously over their shoulders as they moved backwards. Her Royal Highness, as she leads the way, is all graciousness, distributing smiles and friendly bows right and left, and being imitated with more or less success by the "thrones, dominations, principedoms, virtues, powers," who accompany and follow her. A miscellaneous crowd of dukes, duchesses, and smaller fry, who are privileged to refresh themselves in Royal company, bring up the rear and form the first contingent to fill the supper tables. But there is ample room and entertainment for all, and surely no more regal banquet could well be seen than that which is so admirably prepared by the master of the household ; while its material attractions are, if possible, enhanced and set off by the unique buffet of gold plate which looms in the background. I was only too pleased to take my turn in the great supper-room, but I met older campaigners who told me that it is more prudent to evade the great crowd by taking advantage of the smaller tables spread in other rooms. I was advised too, by one learned in such things, to try the hock cup, which, it seems, is a specialty of Palace hospitality. I have heard it said that foreign Courts outshine the British in splendour and magnificence. In Spain, Austria, or Russia, the ceremonial is very gorgeous, the surroundings of the sovereign most striking, but I am sure these Courts are not better than ours. Certainly no continental potentates can bid their friends and subjects to any gathering which more fully embraces the solid qualities of a *fête* given to ladies and gentlemen than a Royal ball in England.

My first London season included yet another entertainment,

a garden party at Marlborough House, less grand and imposing, perhaps, than either drawing-room or ball, but, with its perfect simplicity, to my mind quite as stately and quite as pleasant. Some years ago the Prince and Princess of Wales gave their garden parties at Chiswick, and certainly no sweeter spot could be found near London for a *fête champêtre* than those sunny lawns, shaded by ancestral trees. But the Marlborough House gardens are now used for these out-of-door receptions, and since the extension of London has robbed a suburban drive of all pleasure, and London streets, crowded and dusty, extend all the way to Chiswick, it is more convenient and more agreeable to both entertainers and entertained to visit their Royal Highnesses in the grounds of their own London home.

We drove to the Pall Mall gate of Marlborough House, and entered by the wicket door, the same as that at which so many carriagefuls of smart people may be seen on every day during the London season, who have come to write their names in the visiting-book which the scarlet-clad porter has under his charge. As we got out of the carriage we had to run the gauntlet of rather an unwashed crowd, who expressed their opinion about our personal appearance in very complimentary, but not very polished terms. I had been particularly cautioned to be sure to curtsy to the Prince and Princess, whom we might expect to find near the entrance to the garden. So after passing through the courtyard, I was prepared to see a formal group to whom I should have to make my reverence. We entered the garden, and I was standing about looking for the Royalties, when I saw my father's hat off, and his dear old bald head glistening in the sunshine, while a charming and young-looking lady was shaking hands with him in the simplest and most friendly manner. Heavens! it was the Princess. I believe my mother was nearly as much taken aback as I was, although she would not acknowledge it. I was a little behind her, so I had the advantage and time to think what I should do. I was now quite on the *qui vive*, and was not at all astonished when I recognised the Prince in the smiling gentleman who was taking off his hat to me. It was all so nice and natural that I felt at home at once, and by the time I had made a bow to each of the young princesses and to the Commander-in-Chief, and received the kindest of smiles and bows from all, I felt as if I had known the Queen's children and grandchildren all my life.

We mixed with the rest of the crowd, and I had leisure to

take in the scene. The gardens were so lovely in their cool and quiet freshness that it was almost impossible to realise that one was in the heart of London. A Life Guards' band was playing my favourite waltz at one end, and the Scots Guards' band were ready for duty when the first were tired. The pipers of the Guards made a brave show, at times marching up and down, although I am not quite sure that I quite appreciated the wild and rather discordant pibrochs which they performed.

A tent was pitched on a central lawn, with chairs and carpets spread in front of it. This was for the Queen, I was told, who was expected in the course of the afternoon. But I had plenty to do to look at the company. It was said that more than four thousand invitations had been issued, and I could quite believe it when I saw the crowd around. It goes without saying that few people that were asked did not come, and there are numbers of persons among the many personal friends of the Prince and Princess who are prevented by their professions from attending balls, but who are delighted to present themselves at a quieter entertainment. The clergy of all ranks and persuasions muster in great force at a garden party. The Church of England is represented by all its hierarchy: there are archbishops, bishops, canons, deans, and the rest; a stately archimandrite of the Greek Church is remarkable in his imposing robes; I think I saw one or two Presbyterian ministers, and there was no mistaking the best-known Roman Catholic cardinal. Then the *doyen* of English actors could not be overlooked, and I fancied he must have found a Royal party in the nineteenth century a more pleasant function than a banquet in the halls of the Thane of Cawdor. Cabinet ministers—past, present, and to come—soldiers, sailors, explorers, doctors, lawyers, litterateurs, the President of the Royal Academy and those of the learned societies, with probably every notability to be found in the pages of Burke—all these were present and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. Here, however, it was the reverse of what I had noticed at the State ball. My own sex, I am proud to say, had vindicated its right to be the most smartly dressed. The ladies generally had the best of it as compared to their male companions; in this great gathering of folk of light and leading, great intellect, high rank, or distinguished achievements are not necessarily associated with attractive appearance, and now a *soignée* toilette made the lady more of a personage than her lord.

Hark! "God save the Queen," is being played. The Queen is arriving, and every one rushes to the foot of the steps which lead from the drawing-room and down which Her Majesty must pass. The Queen appears dressed in black, relieved here and there by white ribbons and ornaments. She leans slightly on a stick, but looks benignant, bright and happy, as befits a great monarch surrounded by a loving family and a crowd of loyal subjects. It is touching to see the affectionate glances that pass between the Royal Family of England, showing that really tender and dutiful attentions of sons and daughters to a mother are blended with the reverence to the Sovereign. A lane is formed by the company, and the Queen walks to the tent that is prepared for her. Two magnificent-looking old Indian warrior attendants place themselves behind her chair, and mark that she is not only Queen of England but Empress of a mighty military realm in the Far East. All the most distinguished people are brought up to the Queen for presentation, but as our party was not to be so specially honoured we betook ourselves to strolling about and trying to identify everyone we saw, in which exercise I found my best guide was an acquaintance with the pages of *Punch*.

Five o'clock tea is now an indispensable English meal, and we enjoyed it in the long open tent which is arranged for refreshments near the house. Such good tea! such delicious *petits pains*! and oh, such delicious strawberries and cream! I might say, oh, what delicious champagne! if I might judge from my father's sigh of contentment when he put down an empty glass.

It is six o'clock. The Queen goes as she came. Soon there is a general exodus, and we make our way to the outer world, where every one is not *tiré à quatre épingles*, and where the jars of life are not modified by the care and forethought which are the characteristics of a princely English home.



Sir Charles Dilke on Imperial Defence.

I THINK I should be among the last to deprecate the writing on questions of Imperial Defence by statesmen of any colour of thought. I am sure that it is advantageous, especially at this epoch, that many and various minds should be at work, and that many and various pens should express thoughts, on what is really almost the greatest problem before us. Wars may be remote from us ; let us trust it will be so, and that all that we do in the matter of Imperial defence may be but speculative study, followed by speculative action and expenditure. If this were the whole of it, those who believe in our power or willingness to keep out of war, or who think that education and enlightenment will provide a substitute for war, might have some right to contend, as they occasionally do, that discussion is futile if not mischievous. But to my mind the future of our great Empire hangs more, just now, on the aspects of Imperial defence than on any other national element. Speculative or not, the fear of the consequences of war is one of the most potent forces to bind together, or to segregate, the scattered territories of which our Empire is composed. Sir Charles Dilke's 'Problems of Greater Britain' teems with illustrations of this truth, and shows us the Colonial mind constantly balancing itself between the risks and the advantages of the Imperial connexion in the event of war arising. It is almost everywhere postulated that war with the British Empire is more likely to spring out of the needs or the entanglements of the United Kingdom, than out of those of any Colony in which the subject is discussed. If the risk to the Colony in such a war is believed to be greater than the Imperial power to avert it, we have the growth of anti-Imperial feeling directly, and a swinging of the balance towards

separation. If, on the other hand, there is faith in the Imperial shield, the Colonists begin to consider that the direct relations into which separation would throw them with powerful and not very scrupulous states, might lead to disputes, followed by wars, in which the separated Colonies could not possibly be winners. Not only so, but their thoughts might turn towards what happens from time to time amongst the South American separated Colonies, and they might remember that the fate of Peru, for instance, could not have overtaken her had Chili and herself remained Colonial members of a Spanish Empire. And yet again it might be borne in mind that, where the mother country will not draw the sword to coerce the will of any single Colony, no internecine war such as the terrible struggle between the Federal and Confederate States of North America can occur.

But none of these reflections are likely to present themselves in any force to the Colonial mind which is impressed with the weakness of the Imperial shield, and which feels the necessity of spending its money and employing its labour to supply that which the Imperial connexion fails to give it. In such minds the risk is dominant, and the advantage of the Imperial tie is minimised.

On this subject I entertain two firm beliefs which grow by the study they feed on. I believe the Imperial shield, even as it stands, is much more powerful than is generally allowed, and may be made more so without extra cost or exertion ; and I believe that all discussion ought to lead us, and may, if properly handled, lead us, to something like a universal agreement on this head. So, however much I shall be found to disagree with the views of Imperial defence put forward by Sir Charles Dilke, I shall ever regard his action in putting them forward as valuable. And I have sufficient faith in his honesty of purpose and acuteness to believe that, if I am able to set forth anything that is true in opposition to what is really ill-founded in his chapter on Imperial Defence, he will recognize and use the fact to the best advantage.

There is this difficulty before me in offering a criticism upon the chapter in question. It is that I hardly know how to reach the writer. He is in one element or atmosphere, and I am in another. It is plain to me that he has given the greatest attention to the military side of the defence question, and has been in full and close communication with some of the best military authorities. It is equally clear to me that he has given little or no independent study to the naval side of the matter,

and can have had none but the most cursory and fleeting communication with any naval authorities who can be said to have studied how to convey a sense of the naval aspects of the question to men outside the navy.

The naval side of Imperial defence labours under peculiar disabilities. It is from first to last a question of the rules of naval strategy, and I believe there does not exist a single book which exhibits these rules in their abstract form. Books on military strategy exist by the hundred, and there is hardly an educated person who does not know something of the science, and of what is possible and impossible in war upon land. But naval history has never been written from this point of view, and naval historians, especially the more modern ones, have thought that their duty ended when they have stated the effects, leaving aside the causes which produced them as valueless material. Hence we have come to believe that though successful war by land is governed by the strictest rules, to overstep which is to court disaster and defeat, successful war by sea has no rules attached to it. Everything is thought to be possible, and nothing capable of being provided against. A fleet can move like an army, but now much more surely, as well as more swiftly. Therefore, while it is assumed as an axiom that the army will be at the threatened point in accordance with the well-understood rules of military war, it is held to be certain that the fleet, in accordance with the no-rules of naval war, will always be absent from the threatened point. And we go somewhat further in our well-arranged syllogism. The major premiss is that our fleets were, as a matter of historical fact, seldom absent from the threatened point. The minor premiss is, that in those times the movements of fleets were exceedingly uncertain, slow and uncontrollable, while the movements of modern fleets are in everything the reverse; the happy conclusion then is, that therefore modern fleets are much more likely to be absent from the threatened point than more ancient ones were.

Again, in some way it has come to be held that though intelligence is to the possessor of it in military war the very crown of victory, and though it is necessarily in the hands of those occupying attacked territory, and out of the hands of those coming over sea to attack, yet the enormous power of the electric telegraph is either of no account in the modern problem, or must be set against those who possess it in the attacked territory,

In short we have come to this, that though any one who examines must see that steam and the telegraph have wonderfully increased the practical superiority of the superior fleet, and thereby decreased the power of the inferior fleet, most of us are quite satisfied that as these discoveries of science have made changes in naval war, they have made them against the interest of the superior fleet, and made it much more difficult than it used to be to remain superior at sea. It is perfectly true that no one who has made any study of naval strategy holds such views for a moment, but then, owing to the want of works on the subject, few have made this somewhat laborious study, and they have not yet been able to make full impression on the public mind.

The study itself suffers from the fact that naval men are especially men of action, totally unaccustomed to analyse the reasons governing their action, and not particularly inclined to devote themselves to being preachers of doctrines which are instinctively plain to them when the time for action comes. So in the letters and despatches of the great admirals who left us the heritage of the sea, it is only by a rare chance that we meet with any statement of the strategic causes which were underlying their acts. If we read them with a conviction that rules were governing their acts, we can soon trace out their forms; but if we had not this conviction, we might read and re-read without observing any connexion between cause and effect.

All these things, however, were manifestly absent from Sir Charles Dilke's mind when he sat down to write of Imperial defence. That there is a strategic condition of the sea involved in the operations of forces occupying it or crossing it, is a thought quite absent from him, as we may gather from the very first paragraph of the chapter we have before us. He begins:—

“The defence of Canada and of Australia has already been treated in the first two parts of this work, and it has been shown that Australia is in a position to defend itself from any attack that is likely to be brought against it, while the Canadian Dominion could not, with our present means, be defended at all against the United States. The Australian troops now number something like 30,000 men, or 40,000 with those of New Zealand, but these are divided into local forces, at present tied to their own ground; while Canada possessed some 36,000 under a single military organization, aided by an excellent system for training officers.”

On the face of such a passage as this, especially as an initial passage, any reader would be justified in assuming that, in Sir Charles Dilke's mind, an attack by the United States on Canada, and by any other Power on Australia, would proceed on parallel lines. The only inference capable of being drawn to modify this assumption would be that Australia being rather farther off, she would be more difficult to get at in great force.

Sir Charles Dilke may have some answer to this statement, and may, now that I have put it so, aver that he does not forget that any attack directed against Australia while she remains a part of the Empire must pass over a sea, at least more or less guarded, even at this moment, by naval force. That in war it must in some way evade—for such an expedition could not fight and conquer—the naval forces which are watching the ports in which alone it can be prepared. That there are then, from Europe, but three routes along which it can proceed to its objective; through the Canal, round the Cape of Good Hope, or past the Falkland Islands; and that where the routes narrow, there, as a certainty, would be an imperial naval force which must be again evaded. That if the non-fighting force succeeds in these double evasions, it does so with the knowledge that it will certainly be followed up, and that in any landing it effects in Australia, those who command the expedition must look to be interrupted at any moment by the appearance of a British squadron.

Or if it is to be supposed that an expedition such as land forces in Australia might be expected to repel, might take its rise in the French or Russian ports in the China seas, the case is at this moment similar to that described. A landing expedition cannot be a fighting one at sea. Even if it be accompanied by heavy convoy, an inferior naval force meeting it at sea may so handle it and scatter it, as to force an abandonment of the whole design. Such an expedition prepared in the French ports of Cochin China, or in the Russian ports of Siberia, must evade the watching squadrons which, as a mere matter of course, the admiral on the China station will place there, and must know that if the evasion succeeds, it will be followed up to its destination.

Sir Charles Dilke may have had all these considerations in his mind, but if so, they are certainly not present in his words, and we are, in fact, forbidden to believe that his mind at all embraced them, by what presently follows. At page 502, vol. ii

we read : "General Edwards has reported of Tasmania : 'If the isolation of Western Australia and Port Darwin is a menace to Australia, the position of Tasmania is still more dangerous, . . . and it might even become necessary to send troops from the other Colonies to protect it in time of war. *No enemy could seriously threaten Australia until he had established a convenient base near at hand*, and such a base he would find in Tasmania, with its numerous harbours and supply of coal.' It is a curious fact that General Edwards' useful report attracted but little attention in Great Britain, and was not printed by the newspapers of the mother country, although it had appeared in the Colonial press."

Sir Charles Dilke therefore places his imprimatur on General Edwards' proposition, that though Australia could not be attacked except from a local base, locally supplied, such a base is quite open to the enemy in the island of Tasmania. I have italicised certain of General Edwards' words because of their entire historic and strategic truth. No attack on territory has ever finally succeeded which had not a neighbouring local base, either locally supplied, or supplied over a commanded sea. But to suppose that such a base can be employed by a Power which has not the assured command of the sea, is simply to announce rejection, or ignorance of an elementary principle of naval warfare.

Numbers of otherwise clever men, and Sir Charles Dilke amongst them, seem to be quite unable to realize what is the strategic position of the sea with regard to expeditions carried across it, which have for their objects descents upon territory. They do not perceive the three conditions, which I have ventured elsewhere to call *indifferent, doubtful or disputed command*, and *assured command*, under which the sea must be treated strategically in war. They have not noted that history and experience have so marked the middle condition, that no naval officer who sets the least value on his reputation, will proceed to territorial attack while it exists. It is always assumed by thinkers of this school that because it may be said that we should not perhaps start in the next war with the same command of the sea which we held when the last one was concluded, *therefore*, every port all over the Empire is open to, and must expect, attack.

It may be wrong to assert the opposite, but it has to be proved to be wrong, because all experience cries loudly to us to do it. A doubtfully commanded sea, that is, a sea where troops are

liable to be caught on their passage, or to be cut off from their covering and supporting fleet after being landed, has either been the sign of the cessation of territorial attacks, or else has been strewn with their wrecks. It is no answer to experience to say that speed and certainty have altered principles. It would be as reasonable to say that adding x to both sides of an equation would alter its value ; or that adding £100 to both sides of an account would alter the balance. We are bound either to go by experience, or to give reasons for rejecting it. Sir Charles Dilke has rejected all experience, but has not thought it necessary to give us any reasons for doing so. He would think it absurd to suppose a condition of the soil of France and Germany in war, which assumed all the towns garrisoned and defensible, with French and German armies marching indifferently hither and thither ; French armies attacking German towns, and German armies attacking French towns, and all indiscriminately. But he does not perceive that his general view of the sea in the British Empire is quite as fallacious.

And, as I have said, this preaching to the Australasians of an openness to attack which does not really exist, can have but the single effect of loosening the Imperial tie, and tending to shorten the life of the Empire. Rather let us preach the historical truth that there is no shelter like the Imperial mother wing, and that if the Colonists ardently desire peace and prosperity, they will cease to concern themselves with local defence, and think of the much cheaper and much more effective Imperial defence, which is that of the water ways over which alone attacking forces can come.

As an instance of wrong reasoning, I quote the following passage from vol. i. p. 325 :—"The Australian feeling with regard to defence is that the Colonies are strong enough to dispose of any force likely to be disembarked by an enemy upon their soil, and that the fleet which is kept upon the Australian coast is there mainly to protect British interests, the greater portion of the maritime intercourse of the Colonies with other countries being carried on in British ships, and British property, to the extent of many millions, being always afloat upon the Colonial waters. The Colonists point out that our fleet is even less strongly represented in Australia than upon the China Coast, and that it is obviously present in force upon the China Coast for the protection of our own shipping."

It is a thousand pities that Sir Charles Dilke should not have

been sufficiently well informed to have placed the antidote side by side with these poisons. As it is, the pernicious medicine goes out to the Colonies unlabelled, and some one will suffer. Strategically the defence of Australia lies in European waters and in the China seas—where the enemy must assemble in preparation for any design upon Australasia. And though the strength of our China squadron must undoubtedly have the effect of protecting British shipping in those waters, that is but an incident. The strategical position of the China squadron is watching possible enemies, and being ready, if war should suddenly arise, to place its check upon their proceedings, whatever the object might be. It would be hypercritical perhaps to say that the establishment of the Australian Defence Squadron is more a friendly and not expensive tribute to the sentiments of our Colonial brethren, than a prudent strategic act; but no skilled strategist, with limited force at command, will do anything else with it but place it in watch upon the enemy's ships wherever they are. A slight local naval force has always been found necessary to keep ports open, they being so easily closed; but an admiral must always be morally or physically beaten before he forsakes his watch upon the enemy to withdraw into a locally defensive attitude.

And this brings me to the second of those fundamental errors which I am mistaken if Sir Charles Dilke does not take steps to correct, I mean his views upon blockade. When he starts, as we have seen, with the conviction that loose squadrons of the enemy conveying the necessary transports with troops and stores, can and will pass freely everywhere in order to make territorial attacks, although liable to be interrupted everywhere and at any time by the sudden apparition of a defending squadron in full fighting trim, and unhampered by the burden of transports, he necessarily supposes any force of the enemy assembled in his ports, to be actuated by a burning desire to get out. Now, if we couple a burning desire to get out, with the opportunities which steam and dark nights must sometimes offer, blockading squadrons notwithstanding, we get possibly a great failure of any system of blockade.

Sir Charles Dilke, as he seems to have gone farther than any one in the belief that disputed command of the sea will in no degree hinder territorial attacks, so seems to push the doctrine of failure of blockade farther than any one else has pushed it recently. He does more, seemingly, than make light of the position I have

taken up on this question, he plays with it as a toy, but I think it is one of which he has not understood the mechanism. He says (vol. ii. p. 504) :—

“We have been invited to believe that it is possible to make of the enemy’s coast our frontier, and to so blockade the whole of his ports, *that it would be impossible for his fleets to issue forth.*” The italics in this sentence are mine, employed to show that Sir Charles has not understood what I have said on this subject. From a close examination of the effects of blockade during the American Civil War, and a careful comparison of these effects with the results of blockade during the days of sailing wars, I came to the general conclusion that if the object were escape from port only, without being seen and followed or watched, breach of blockade was as easy for fleets in the days of sailing wars, as it now is for single ships.

“As (Colonel) Sir Charles Nugent showed in reply,” says our author, “the Admiral’s policy implied or required a superiority of naval force which we do not possess, and I may now add which we shall not possess even when the recent proposals for additions to the navy have been carried out.”

But Sir Charles Nugent’s reply and Sir Charles Dilke’s approval of it, only go to show that their minds are working wide of the mark. The mistake is over the word “blockade,” supposing that it necessarily means “sealing up,” and that it fails if the enemy puts to sea. In dealing with war ships alone, it however seldom bears this sense, and really only means *watching*, unless something more is particularly specified. Watching, it will be observed, does not involve force at all, and is well illustrated by Collingwood’s “blockade” of Villeneuve’s great fleet at Cadiz, in 1805, with four ships only. So that to talk of not having force enough to blockade the enemy’s war ports is like saying we could not have gooseberry fool because the apples were not ripe.

And so Sir Charles Dilke misapprehends equally the teaching of the American Civil War, the lessons of our manœuvres in 1888–89, and what the Admiral-Committee said on the subject of force necessary for blockade. He ridicules (p. 545) the investment of these islands, not perceiving that it was the investment of the Confederate sea-coast, which put victory into the Federal hands. Because the sealing up, both inwards and outwards, of the Confederate ports was imperfect to the extent of permitting a proportion of specially built, very swift,

and very small vessels to pass in and out, running enormous risks for the sake of enormous profits taken out of Confederate pockets, Sir Charles Dilke imagines that the whole theory of blockade falls to the ground. What he has omitted to notice is that whatever the Federal blockade was, it was the most marvellous "sealing up" that ever was seen, and that no such sealing up was possible in the days of sailing ships. What are we to say to an argument against steam blockades which bases itself on the fact of its extraordinary efficiency as compared with sailing blockade?

"It is not at all certain that if we lost for a time," says Sir Charles (vol. ii. p. 543), "the command of the sea, it would be so easy to starve us here at home that no nation would be at the trouble to organize an invasion." Here, most of the points appear to be lost. There are two stages in "losing the command of the sea;" there is that of sharing it with the enemy, and that of delivering it into his hands. In the one case we can expect neither investment nor invasion, because both are too liable to interruption. In the other, it is not easy to conceive it could possibly be temporary. All we know about it is that if a navy is once driven into her ports she will practically remain there till the war is over. No one says that in such a case, an invasion might not be organized. All that is said is that the enemy would certainly invest us, and such a thing would certainly bring us to our knees without calling on the enemy to organize invasion and face its risks. Investment or invasion, as alternatives, do not exist in the minds of those against whom Sir Charles Dilke contends. We have had before us, in the case of the Confederate States, the exact processes of war to which we should be subjected. First, investment, not only raising the price of food by diminishing its quantity, but diminishing the import of raw material, and so lowering wages; secondly, the conversion of the blockade of a port into its conquest, as at Sevastopol, the Port of Wilmington, and Charleston; lastly, the overrunning of the country by an army, as Sherman overran the Confederate States. The operations are not alternative, but progressive; undertaken in the usual way, in the order of their feasibility. If, as Sir Charles Dilke surmises, the investment is not sufficiently close to bring the country to a peace-making point by the rise in prices which he admits, and the fall in wages, which he omits, then the next step is to make it closer by the seizure of the ports of entry. If the

country still holds out, then it will be invaded. The experience of the Confederate States supplies a complete model for us to calculate on.

"Even with an increased navy," our author writes in vol. ii. p. 510, "the policy of blockade to my mind is fatal to the other portion of the argument of its defenders—the sufficiency of the fleet as a means of home defence." Here again we have the idea of an alternative, when there is, and can be, no such thing. There is absolutely no way of beginning a naval war except by adopting the policy of blockade. Any other condition of war passed away as soon as ships were able to keep the sea, and to approach the land at all seasons. The course of naval history is quite clear on the point that "the policy of blockade" grew side by side with the power of ships to keep the sea. For the "policy of blockade" is nothing more nor less than the policy of keeping touch with the enemy. It was not the policy of our early wars, but only because the state of naval architecture did not permit of it.

The sentence quoted may perhaps embody the fundamental error of fact which misleads so many who are of Sir Charles Dilke's way of looking at things. We find, amongst this school, the idea constantly cropping up that our fleets can be attacking the ports of our enemies in one part of the world, and the enemy's fleets attacking ours in another part. This was an ancient possible, and sometimes existent, state of war on the water, because it could not be helped. But it is impossible now. The impossibility being axiomatic, may be as difficult to explain as any other axiomatic principle. But it can be understood if we remember that hostile forces must either be watching one another in equal strength, or else one avoiding contact, and the other seeking it. If one commander makes an attack on something which is not the enemy's force, the other does not reply by making another attack on another something which is not the enemy's force. Why he does not, we may be driven to our wit's ends to explain in words, beyond adding the bald statement that this would not be fighting; yet the fact is evident. But, charged with the fallacy which he has not thought closely enough to perceive, Sir Charles Dilke is necessarily full of the other fallacy that an admiral can sail away somewhere and leave an important port to be attacked, and not be shot for it if the port falls, provided it was fortified and garrisoned when he sailed away.

Almost equally, of course, Sir Charles imagines that when a coaling station (he does not discriminate between the remarkable strategic differences in coaling stations) is fortified and garrisoned, the matter of defence is complete. "The possession of innumerable *safe* ports in all parts of the world forms one of the chief elements of our maritime power." "If we are to attempt to hold the Mediterranean in time of war, Malta is a station of first-class importance. It has indeed been called the 'pivot' of English maritime operations in Southern and Eastern Europe." "British travellers who consult the superior officers of our fortresses across the seas as to their ability under present circumstances to defend the ports committed to their charge, receive an answer which might be stereotyped: 'With existing means we could not hold out long against a serious attack; but we trust, of course, to the protection of the fleet.'" It is by such sentences as these that we must attempt to penetrate the root-thoughts of Sir Charles Dilke and the numerous and active party which thinks with him. In the first sentence I have italicised the word "*safe*," as indicating probably two fallacious ideas; one, that what makes the ports valuable is their safety from attack which is obtained by other than naval means; the other, that they thus become valuable for the navy to shelter itself in until some tyranny or other of the enemy be over-past. There is no sort of foundation for such ideas as these. An exception proving the rule is Sir George Rooke's seeking the shelter of the Castles at Cadiz in April, 1696. Proof in abundance lies to hand in the pages of history, that fleets driven to seek the shelter of fortified ports have not powers of recuperation; and now that locomotion resides in coal, a port is less recuperative shelter than ever it was, if the enemy gets control of the surrounding water; for unless coal comes to the port by land, the fleet which seeks shelter can have no guarantee that it will find supply, and the enemy will take very good care that little comes to it.

The remark about Malta confuses cause and effect. Malta is a station of first-class importance, not as giving command of the Mediterranean in any way, but simply as convenient to the power which, *without any Malta*, could hold the command. We have held the Mediterranean before without Malta, and could do it again; but we could not hold Malta without the command of the Mediterranean. And it is so with all naval bases. They are convenient to the power in command of

the adjacent sea, but such a power will always make them, as our admirals did of Haedik and Houat in Quiberon Bay ; as Nelson did at the Madalena Islands ; as the Federals did by the seizure of Cape Hatteras and Port Royal ; and as the French did at Langeland and Kiøge Bay in the Baltic. Because we have erected a dockyard at Malta, and have spent large sums of money on it, we have given hostages to fortune which will compel us to maintain our command in the Mediterranean or to surrender Malta ; but this is the very reverse of imagining Malta to be a source of strength. It is, like all naval bases, a convenience to be guarded, not a support to be relied on.

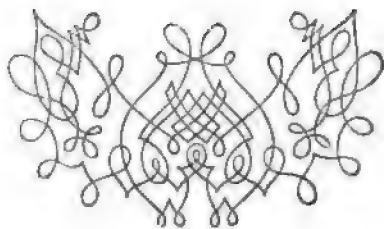
As to the observation of the commanders of our sea-faced fortresses, it shows but little historical reading, or even consciousness of what is going on around us, to make a point of it. At all times these officers have trusted to the protection of the fleet ; and at this moment the commanders of the most fully fortified, equally with the most slightly fortified and garrisoned places, claim naval protection. It should be known to our author that this demand is one of the main cleavages between the Admiralty and the War Office on the subject of defence. The War Office tacitly admits by its action the impossibility of getting away from dependence for defence on the navy, but does not understand that, just as Paris would have been safer in the Franco-German war if the armies inside it could have been placed on the right bank of the Rhine, so a sea-faced fortress may be best defended by a fleet a thousand miles away from it.

The Admiralty, on its own side, has, in my opinion, failed in explicitness over this really fundamental matter. In words, it appears to deny its responsibility for the defence of our ports, thereby encouraging the fallacy before alluded to, that it can attack the enemy in his own ports while the enemy is attacking us in ours. The responsibility is one that neither the Admiralty on shore, nor the Admirals at sea, ever have been, or ever will be, able to shake off. We should proclaim aloud our responsibility ; we should assure the military commanders that we will guarantee them against serious attacks up to the point when the Empire begins to go to wreck, and the power to prevent it has passed equally from the hands of its soldiers and sailors. But we must always insist on being the sole judge of the distribution of our forces for carrying out what we undertake. We must also let the country know in the plainest terms that bricks cannot be made without straw. Yet, in my opinion, we can remind it that the

quantity of straw required would certainly not be greater than that which now goes to an army to arrange so that, according to Sir Charles Dilke, it could not even defend the Canadian frontier.

Space has not permitted me to do more than to offer a few passing observations on the general principles of Imperial defence set up by Sir Charles Dilke ; and for the same cause I have been precluded from many of those historical illustrations on which alone can right ideas found themselves. I regret this the less in that I am doing it very fully elsewhere. Were I to put my finger on the leading error dominating the mind of Sir Charles Dilke and those who agree with him, I should say it was the belief that attacks on territory can be carried on over a sea which is doubtfully commanded. I would pray all those who think and write on this question, to inquire closely into whether the reverse of this be not the main proposition on which Imperial defence rests. I should be sorry to say that I cannot be met on the point, all I affirm is, that hitherto I have looked in vain for any proofs on the other side. My own historical reading teaches me that in the progressive stages of naval war, attacks on territory do not come until the command of the sea is gained, and the mere rumour that it is in dispute has always either prevented the initiation of such designs, or has caused their abandonment at any stage of their progress.

P. H. COLOMB.



Early Days Recalled.

THE interest aroused by the debates on the Corn Laws in 1846 I distinctly remember, though only four years old. Every one who came to our house, No. 8, Queen Square, Westminster, talked of them, and party feeling ran so high that the discussions were fast and furious. My mother had a great admiration for Sir Robert Peel, and expressed it with such vehemence and eloquence, that Lord Lansdowne, an old friend of ours, said one day, "What a pity, Lucie, that you are not a man! I would make you member for Calne—not a Protectionist could stand against you."

The first journey abroad that I can recollect was in August 1847, when we went to join Mr. and Mrs. Austin at Rochefort in the Ardennes. Prince Pierre Buonaparte, an old acquaintance of my grandmother's, was in the same hotel, and when introduced to my mother he burst forth, "*Mais, Lady Duff Gordon, vous êtes des notres, vous êtes une Buonaparte,*" and, taking her hand, led her before a looking-glass saying, "*I am considered like the great Emperor, but look at *your* face, madame, it is the image of him.*" In fact, Prince Pierre and my mother might have passed for brother and sister. This was curiously ratified in later days. Lord Lansdowne had a cast of Napoleon I., taken after death, and whenever my mother went to Bowood he covered it up, saying the likeness between a beautiful living woman and the cast of a dead face was too painful.

We spent some days at Dinant-sur-Meuse, a quaint old-fashioned town, whence we drove in a country char-à-banc to the grottoes of Han. I have never forgotten that visit; it seemed as though we walked miles underground in narrow winding passages, which led into vast halls with stalactites hanging like great chandeliers from the roof. One cave was immense; the torches held by our guides only lit up the small

angle where we stood, and one man ran forward and far away up some steep winding path on the side of the cave, shouting as he ascended, till his voice grew quite faint and his torch was almost invisible. Now and then we went along the banks of the river which winds through these underground grottoes, and then we got into a boat and were rowed along on the dark waters until we saw a faint glimmer of light far ahead, and at last came out into the bright sunlight and heard the birds singing. It was rather gruesome, but very impressive, and when I recounted our visit to the cavern of Han to my small friends in London, they would not believe me, and said it was only one of my fairy tales, but a dull one, because there was no queen in the story.

Thackeray was a constant visitor in Queen Square and a great favourite of mine, though he played me a trick on my fifth birthday which remained a standing joke between him and the "young revolutionist," as he afterwards used to call me, because I was born on the 24th of February. My birthdays were always celebrated by a dinner, when I was allowed to dine downstairs and to invite the guests. Few children could boast of such an array of friends; this one included Mrs. Norton, Lord Lansdowne, Tom Taylor, Richard Doyle, C. J. Bayley, and Thackeray, who gave me an oyster, declaring it was like cabinet pudding. But I turned the tables on him, for I liked it so much that I insisted, as Queen of the day, on having more. I still possess a sketch he made for the frontispiece of 'Pendennis' while I was sitting on his knee. Thackeray often dropped in to dinner, generally announcing himself beforehand in some funny way.

"A nice leg of mutton, my Lucie,
I pray thee have ready for me;
Have it smoking and tender and juicy,
For no better meat can there be"—

was one of his missives.

My sixth birthday (in the eventful year 1848) passed almost unnoticed, to my chagrin. My grandmother, Mrs. Austin, had arrived from Paris and was staying with us. She was greatly alarmed about her French friends, particularly the Guizots, and every hour brought worse news. My birthday was celebrated by barricades, bloodshed, the falling of a throne and the flight of a king, instead of by a dinner with Tom Taylor as toast-master; an office he filled for many consecutive years to every one's amusement and delight.

The French Royal Family arrived in England by dribblets, and as soon as M. Guizot came to London with his two daughters, they dined in Queen Square. He often told me afterwards what a haven of rest our house seemed, and how my mother, "*si belle et si aimable*," gave him a real "*diner de famille*."

I had heard so much of the Prime Minister of France from my grandmother that I expected to see a magnificent man covered with wounds and blood, and to this day I remember my disappointment at the appearance of a small, neatly dressed gentleman, with rather cold manners; very much like other people.

The revolution in France gave an immediate impulse to the Chartist agitation in England, and several people we knew left London early in April owing to the wild reports which had been spread. My father's answer to all alarmists was, "the Duke will see to everything;" while my mother smiled and said, "my men will look after me." She often went to the workshops, at Bow, of our old friend W. Bridges Adams, where she helped to start a library, and sometimes attended meetings and discussed politics with the men, who adored her and always called her "*Our Lady*." I can see now the scene in our long dining-room on the evening of the 9th of April, 1848. Forty stalwart working-men sitting close round the table, eating cold beef and bread, while they cheered Tom Taylor's speeches and toasts to the echo. When my mother at last made a speech winding up by calling the men her "*Gordon Volunteers*," such a hip, hip, hurrah! resounded, that the Hawes, who lived opposite, were startled. My father had been sworn a special constable and was out patrolling the streets; he only returned after midnight and was greeted with real affection by "*My lady's men*."

The only visitor at Queen Square I cordially disliked was Mr. Carlyle; he was really better acquainted with my grandmother, Mrs. Austin, than with my parents, and came but seldom. One afternoon my mother had a discussion with him on German literature, and her extraordinary eloquence and fire prevailing, Carlyle lost his temper, and burst forth in his Scotch tongue, "You're just a windbag, Lucie, you're just a windbag." I had been listening with all my ears, and conceiving him to be very rude, interrupted him, saying, "*My Papa* always says men should be civil to women," for which pert remark I got a scolding from my mother. But Mr. Carlyle was not offended, and turning to her said, "Lucie, that child of yours has an eye for an inference."

I do not remember seeing him again until about 1858, when we were living at Esher, and I spent a few weeks in London with my cousins Mr. and Mrs. Henry Reeve. We used to meet Mr. Carlyle in Rotten Row, and I rather dreaded having to ride with him. One day his felt wideawake blew off, and a labouring man picked it up and ran after us. Mr. Carlyle, instead of giving him sixpence, as I expected, merely said, "Thankye, my man ; you can just say you've picked up the hat of Thomas Carlyle."

My father and mother often went to the Sunday breakfasts given by Mr. Rogers at his house in St. James's Place, and he always requested that his "baby-love," as he called me, should be brought later for dessert. A great treat it was, for the old poet kept a bunch of grapes in the sideboard, which I ate, perched on a chair and two sofa cushions by his side. I wish I could recollect the talk that charmed me, young as I was, so much, that the highest praise I could think of for a grand Twelfth-night party at Baroness Lionel de Rothschild's was, "it is *almost* as nice as Mr. Rogers' breakfasts." The conversation one morning turned on Fame, and Mr. Rogers related how he was once dining at Pope's Villa at Twickenham, with Byron and Moore, when the same subject was discussed. Singing was heard in the distance, and presently a boat full of people floated past. They were singing "Love's Young Dream." Byron put his hand on Moore's shoulder, saying, "There, *that* is Fame."

The old poet told me to be sure and get up early, like a good little girl, to see the sun rise, and to look at the sunset before I went to bed, and then perhaps some day I should write poetry. "Prose you will certainly write well," he added, "it's in your blood," an expression which puzzled me extremely. Seeing me staring into vacancy, a trick I inherited from my mother, he patted me on the head and asked me what I was thinking about. "Which is the most beautiful, Mamma or Aunt Carry," I answered. "Ah ! baby-love, that would puzzle older heads than yours," said he, chuckling. Mrs. Norton was always "Aunt Carry" to me, although there was no relationship. She was a most intimate friend of my parents, and her glorious beauty and deep rich voice had an extraordinary fascination for me, even as a baby.

My mother's gift for taming animals had been used on a small mouse which lived behind the wainscot in the drawing-room. He came out regularly every evening about dusk for a

biscuit, which he nibbled from her hand, scrambling up into her lap before the fire. It was my great delight to watch him, and one evening, when sitting motionless on a foot-stool to see mousey, I saw my mother's large eyes suddenly dilate as she exclaimed "My dear Eothen,* what, are you back!" She forgot all about the pet mouse, which scurried away to its hole as she rose. I had seen nothing; but my mother declared that Kinglake had come into the back drawing-room, which was divided by an archway and heavy red looped-up curtains from the room we were in, and had walked across. The faithful black boy Hassan was summoned; he declared that the door-bell had not rung, and that no one could have entered the house without his knowledge, as he was laying the table for dinner downstairs and that the door into the hall was open. My mother was not satisfied, and lit the candles for us to go into the next room, where there was no one. The hour and minute was written down, and when Kinglake returned from his Eastern travels, my mother and he compared notes, but there was no adventure to account for his wraith thus unceremoniously disturbing the supper of the poor little mouse. "Ah, Eothen," we often said, "you spoiled a good ghost story by coming back with your full complement of arms and legs." It took several evenings of patient coaxing to persuade my mother's wee pet to come up on her lap again for his biscuit.

The summer of 1849 we spent at Weybridge, where the Austins had rented a cottage, or rather two cottages with communicating doors, from Sir John Easthope. August will always be a "red-letter" month to me, for my grandmother's devoted friend, M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, came from Paris to pay her a visit, and adopted me as his "petite niece" from that time.

I well remember Mrs. Austin saying she now felt how old she was, as her grandchild had quite monopolised "dear St. Hilaire," who played at ball with little Janet in the garden instead of talking philosophy.

Another visitor at Weybridge who impressed me deeply was M. de Haxthausen. Not because he was, as my grandmother said, "one of the most remarkable and interesting men I ever met with, whose knowledge of Russia and the East is unequalled in extent and depth,"† but because he told me wild fairy-tales.

* A. W. Kinglake.

† 'Three Generations of English Women,' vol. i. p. 234.

and declared his life and fortune were intimately connected with a little silk bag he wore suspended round his neck by a gold chain. This contained the crown of the Queen of the Serpents, and he gave me a thrilling description of his fight in a burning eastern gully with the Serpent Queen. "She called her subjects to aid her with a shrill hissing, and the earth became alive with snakes. But I killed, and I killed, and then I ran away with my treasure, followed by a mass of gliding wriggling creatures, for whoever possesses this crown becomes ruler of all the serpents." My mother with some difficulty persuaded M. de Haxthausen to show the crown, which was enclosed in a small gold box inside the silk bag. It looked like a miniature crown made of dark amber, and a doctor who happened to be present declared, after careful examination, that it was undoubtedly a bony excrescence from a snake, and very probably off the head. M. de Haxthausen was evidently uneasy until his queer necklace was restored, and he said he had not taken the serpent's crown out of its golden box for over twenty years.

While staying with us in London my grandmother took me to see "The Historian," as every one called Mr. Grote, and I shall never forget how awestruck I was when the stately, courteous old gentleman, on being told "here is my little Janet," took my hand in both his, and bending down said, "I am indeed delighted at making the acquaintance of Mrs. Austin's granddaughter and of Lucie's daughter." Mrs. Grote (I always knew her as Grota) was not nearly so alarming, though I got into dreadful disgrace one day, when she showed me her portrait as a girl, and I refused to believe it had ever been intended for her.

Sometimes I went to see Mrs. Opie, whom I called "Rainbow Grandmother" and invented fairy tales about, in which sunlight and rainbows played a great part. Years afterwards, whenever I remembered the charming, soft-mannered old lady, I had a dim notion of curious rays of light flashing about her room, and it was not until I read Miss Brightwell's 'Memoir of Mrs. Opie' last year, that I found out that she had a love for prisms, and understood why I had associated her with rainbows.

Mr. Babbage took me one day to see his calculating machine, and was mightily amused at my emphatic approval. I never could do my sums, and asked him to give it to me. He also showed me a wonderful automaton figure, made, if I recollect right, of silver. He called it his wife, and I was rather afraid of the silent lady, as she moved her arms and head in a graceful

but rather weird fashion. Mr. Babbage generally looked so sad, that I remember, when my grandmother was telling me the story of Pygmalion, I exclaimed, "Why, it is just like Mr. Babbage and his wife." My parents and he quite agreed on one subject—dislike of music—which my father always described as "a noise which prevents conversation."

The vision of a golden age of peace and goodwill which was to be the outcome of the Great Exhibition of 1851, was rudely dispelled by the news, in December, of the Coup d'Etat. M. B. St. Hilaire, with many of his colleagues, were imprisoned in Mazas for signing an act proclaiming the fall of the President, and for some days we were in great anxiety for our friend, "l'honnête homme de la France," as he was called. He had at first really believed in Louis Napoleon, and taken his protestations of fidelity to the Republic *au sérieux*. My grandfather was deeply affected by the news from France, and I recollect finding Mr. Hallam at Weybridge one day when we rode over to hear whether any letters had come from Paris, and sitting awestruck and breathless listening to Mr. Austin's vehement denunciation of the Prince President.

1852 began sadly enough. In January the West India mail steamer *Amazon* was burnt at sea, and on board was my parent's friend, Elliot Warburton, who stood by the Captain to the last, and died with him. Years afterwards we received a portrait of my mother as a girl which Elliot Warburton had with him, and which he consigned to a woman whom he helped to get into a boat off the burning ship, with strict injunctions to send it to Sir Alex. Duff Gordon. She forgot the name, and it was not until the year of my mother's death (1869) that my father received the little picture by post with many excuses. Some one in the West Indies had recognized it and given the woman my father's name and address.

Soon after the disaster of the *Amazon* came that of the *Birkenhead*, which sent a thrill of horror, mingled with pride, through the whole nation. A regiment of young soldiers stood quietly at arms on the deck of the sinking ship while the women and children were being lowered into the boats. The latter were all saved, while the ship sank with her cargo of heroes. People talk of Greek and Roman heroism, but never was anything so magnificent as those men facing a horrible death in perfectly cold blood. Any one can be brave when excited, but to stand still and calmly go down in a sea swarming with sharks

is one of the most sublime instances of devotion to duty ever witnessed.

On September 14th of the same year England lost the greatest of her sons. The Duke of Wellington died at Walmer Castle, aged eighty-four. People seemed to think he would live for ever, and the impression caused by the news of his death was profound and general. The marvellous simplicity of his character, his unswerving truthfulness and high sense of duty, his loyalty to the Crown and devotion to his country, gave a sense of security to the nation which was made manifest at the time of the Chartist riots. My father's saying, "the Duke will see to everything," exactly represented the popular sense of trust in the great Duke.

I saw his funeral from the balcony of the house of my cousin, Sir E. Antrobus, in Piccadilly, and the dead silence of the enormous crowd was extraordinarily impressive. Every regiment in the service was represented, and the slow tramp, tramp of the troops, keeping time to the wail of Beethoven's funeral march, became almost oppressive in the perfect stillness.

My grandmother, who had a great admiration and liking for Mr. Gladstone, with whom she had been in correspondence about Education, went to London to hear his speech on the Budget on April 8th, 1853. She told me that some days after, Lord Brougham called on her and said he had never put his foot in the House since he had "ceased to be its master" (*i.e.* become a peer), till that evening. "Gladstone's speech," added he, "was magnificent; so fine, that I sat down, on returning home at four in the morning, and wrote to express my admiration to Mr. Gladstone. I took it out to the post myself before going to bed." He said that Lord Monteagle was sitting behind him, and worried him so by leaning forward and speaking to him, that "I hushed him down."

The garden of our house at Esher sloped up to the palings of Claremont Park, whose magnificent beeches shaded the higher walk. On the lawn stood an enormous mulberry tree which I was always climbing, and on one of whose boughs I was sitting when Lord Somers appeared one Saturday afternoon, bringing Mr. A. H. Layard with him, who was to become one of my best and truest friends. "Come down directly, Janet," cried Lord Somers, "here is the man who dug up those big beasts you saw in the Museum, and his name is Mr. Bull." Mr. Layard accepted his nickname with a good grace, and for years all his

youthful and many old admirers and friends, and he had many, never called him anything else.

In 1853, when public opinion was roused to fever-heat against Russia, he often came to Esher, and so did Lord Clanricarde. My mother occasionally went to stay at Lansdowne House to hear the debates, and nothing was talked of but the Eastern Question. Loud were the lamentations about the weakness of Lord Aberdeen, and the bad temper of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. Mowbray Morris, who was an old schoolfellow of my mother's (at Dr. Biker's at Hampstead), and came to us for a Sunday holiday when he could leave the *Times* office, declared that Lord Aberdeen would not go to war, and that he had told Delane so. Lord Clanricarde feared he would drift into the very thing he wished to avoid, and maintained that the language held by Lord Aberdeen was calculated to encourage the Czar to reject all attempts at a settlement. He was unfortunately right, and war was declared in March the following year.

My mother often went to Bowood, and used to tell a good story against our old friend, Mr. Nassau Senior. Once when she was there with the Seniors and a large party, Tommy Moore, who lived near and was a frequent visitor, was prevailed upon to sing. All prepared to listen to the charming performance, save Mr. Senior, who sat down at a small writing-table and began to write with a quill pen upon Lord Lansdowne's very ribbed paper. He was compiling a paper on statistics, or something of that sort. Moore began, but his singing was rendered impossible by the persistent scratch—scratch, and he turned round to see who caused the odious noise. Mr. Senior looked up, and said innocently, "Oh, you don't disturb me I assure you; pray go on, I rather like it." This caused an outburst of laughter absolutely puzzling to the unconscious statistician.

Apropos of noises, M. Vivier's public career in London was put an end to unwittingly by the late Lord Houghton. After endless trouble, Vivier had been persuaded to give some of his inimitable performances in London, for money. At the first one he was just launched, when Lord Houghton blew his nose (a war-trumpet, as friends will remember). This so unnerved Vivier that he could not go on, and he threw up all his engagements. "Ah," he would say, "*les Anglais ont des nez terribles, cela vous fait l'effet du jugement dernier.*"

Vivier was first brought to Esher to spend an afternoon by Tom Taylor, and after a few hours he declared we were such

delightful people that he would, with our permission, remain some days. He stayed nearly three weeks (my father lending him shirts), and made us all ill with laughing. One of his "farces" was to blow his nose and then imitate the sharp ringing of a bell. Then looking up innocently at the astonished faces round, he would apologetically say, "Ah pardon, j'ai oublié de vous avertir, c'est une maladie héréditaire dans ma famille." Among other and manifold accomplishments he was a wonderful ventriloquist. Without knowing a word of any language save his own, he imitated conversations between German students, Italian patriots, or English "hommes sérieux," which were funnier than anything I ever heard. Then his stories! He soon discovered that "la petite Jeanne," as he called me, loved fairy tales, and he would lie on the floor under the table and talk by the hour about frogs, serpents, birds, flowers, and fairies. The power Vivier had over animals was quite extraordinary. While at Esher he took a young starling out of the nest, and shutting himself up in his room for two hours, brought down the bird perfectly tame and obedient, jumping from one hand to the other, or on to his head, at the word of command. He gave "Dick" to me when he left, and I kept him as a pet for several years. On his return to Paris he took away a bantam cock of mine in an old hatbox some one had left behind at Esher. At Boulogne the Custom-house officer naturally desired to know what the hat-box contained, and Vivier handed it to him, gravely asking, "Monsieur, a-t-il fait son testament?" The man nervously and angrily asked why, and he explained that he was carrying a most venomous snake to a friend. The official looked very cross, and curtly said, "Passez, Monsieur."

Vivier did not bring his famous French horn to Esher, and I never heard him play it, but his singing (without much voice) was quite enchanting, and as Lord Lansdowne had given me, to my father's despair, a fine Erard grand piano, we had much music.

Mrs. Nassau Senior, "dear Jeanie," as she was to all who knew her, used sometimes to come to the "Gordon Arms" at Esher. She was like a ray of sunshine with her crinkly golden hair, her bright face and her ringing laughter. Even my father admired her singing, "because one could make out what it was all about." Few people who met her in society, where she shone, had any idea of the amount of clear practical good sense she possessed, united with such perfect sweetness and goodness. She was the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, and her old home, Donnington

Priory, is described in her brother T. Hughes' well-known book, 'Tom Brown's Schooldays.' Mrs. Senior was the first woman appointed an Inspector of the Local Government Board, and she wrote an admirable Report on Female Pauper Schools. Her early death in March 1877, aged 48, was a deep grief to her many friends and to the poor pauper children, who, as she declared in her Report, wanted "more mothering."

On the 5th of March, 1855, our cousin Sir George C. Lewis succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and named my father his private secretary. A pleasant change from being a senior clerk in the Treasury, and a place my father was well fitted for, as his manners were so courteous and kind. George used to say whenever he had to say "*No*" to anybody, he made Alexander do it, and the people went away quite pleased.

Louis Napoleon came back to London as Emperor, in April 1855, bringing the Empress Eugénie, whom many had known and admired some years before as Mdle. de Montijo. Their reception was good, but not enthusiastic, and the Emperor struck me as smaller and meaner looking than he had done when, as a poor pretender to the throne of France, he used to come to Queen Square. Every one spoke of the beauty and grace of the Empress, but added that her manners and "air" could not be compared with those of our Queen. Lord Lansdowne said that the former was evidently not quite at her ease, and at dinner showed her nervousness by crumbling all her bread. One *was* a Queen, the other a very pretty woman trying to be one.

On the 18th of May I went with my father to see the Queen give medals to the invalided officers and men from the Crimea. It was real Queen's weather, and the most beautiful and touching sight I ever beheld. A platform had been raised on the Parade in front of the Horse Guards for Her Majesty, who handed a medal to every man as he passed. Many had lost an arm, others were on crutches, and when Sir Thomas Trowbridge, who had lost both feet, was wheeled past in a bath-chair and the Queen came down the steps to give him the medal, something very like a sob echoed through the vast crowd. A few weeks later died the gallant and honourable Lord Raglan, lamented by all who had known him. Seldom has an Englishman attained to such a position among French soldiers. I remember MM. Guizot, St. Hilaire, and others sending my grandmother, Mrs. Austin,

many extracts from letters of French private soldiers for Lord Ellesmere, who wanted them for some speech or article he was preparing. All spoke of his courage and his coolness under fire ; many of his gentleness and kindness ; and the expression "c'était un gentilhomme" often occurred.

Late in June we heard with great uneasiness of the failure of Messrs. Paul and Strahan, for we knew that Mrs. Gore had absolute confidence in one of the partners of the bank, and that all the money she had made was in it. Her daughter (who married Lord E. Thynne), brilliant, fascinating Cissy, who sang French songs better than any one, rode like a bird and danced like a fairy, often came to Esher. She appeared once with two enormous deerhounds, who celebrated their arrival by making a raid into the kitchen. They knocked down the cook, and seized a saddle of mutton which was roasting before the fire, with which they tore down the village street followed by Cissy's groom, shouting, "Hi, I say, that's milady's mutton!" Mrs. Gore (who was very fat) and her daughter used to be described as "Plenty and no waste" (waist), for Cissy had a beautiful figure with a wonderfully small waist. Her fun and charm of voice and manner were quite irresistible.

When staying once with Mrs. Norton in London she took me one day to buy some plaster casts for a niece of hers to draw from ; the man, after showing us many arms, hands, ears, &c., held up a very beautifully shaped nose. "There, ma'am, I can safely recommend *that*, it's the Hon. Mrs. Norton's nose, and hartists do buy a lot on 'em, it's very popular." Sitting in the brougham by Mrs. Norton, with full opportunity for admiring her wonderfully beautiful profile, I did not wonder that the cast of her delicate and perfect nose should be in request. She was always boundlessly kind to me, and I found her conversation more agreeable and more brilliant when she was alone with us, or quite "en petite comité," than when there were many people, when she sometimes posed and seemed to try and startle her hearers. No one could tell a story better, and then it gained so much by being told in that beautiful rich low-toned voice. I often hear Mrs. Norton's hair described as blue-black—quite a mistake. One of her great beauties was the harmony between her very dark brown hair, velvet brown eyes, and rich brunette complexion. Her sister, Lady Dufferin (afterwards Lady Gifford), also very handsome, was delightful company and full of *esprit*. One day my mother asked, "Well, Helen, when are you going to

Highgate?" Modestly casting down her eyes she said, "As soon, my dear, as Pricey has cleared the garden of *all* the cock robins." (Her husband was rather jealous.) No one else would have said on hearing many shoes being cleaned outside her cabin door on a rough passage across the Irish Channel, and in the intervals of sea-sickness, "Oh, my dear Carry, there *must* be centipedes on board!"

In 1857 Government was beaten on a motion of Mr. Cobden's about the Chinese War, supported by Mr. Gladstone, Lord John Russell, Mr. Disraeli, and Sir J. Graham. Parliament was dissolved, with the result that the country declared for Lord Palmerston and a war-policy, and that Messrs. Cobden, Bright, Milner, Gibson, and Fox, lost their seats. It was very funny to hear Lord Palmerston talked of as "The Man of God," and "The Christian Premier," by the Low Church people, whose approbation he had gained by appointing several evangelical bishops (under the influence of Lord Shaftesbury). News of the conclusion of the war with Persia also came just in time to be made use of on the hustings. "Just old Pam's luck," one heard perpetually.

The extraordinary heat of the summer of that year was attributed to an approaching great comet, which, however, never appeared. Considerable alarm was excited by a report that the comet would collide with our world and smash it. One old lady in the village made her will in anticipation of the awful event, though who was to be left to inherit her cottage, fat pony and two old spaniels did not seem quite clear. She had quite made up her mind that they would be safe.

From India news came fast, and bad it was. We heard of the fall of Delhi, and the death of Sir Henry Lawrence, one of our many great Indian soldiers, who died from wounds caused by the bursting of a shell, and dictated his own epitaph on his death-bed. "Here lies Sir H. J. Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." The world will say, "Aye, and did it too." There was the awful massacre at Cawnpore, which made strong men weep with horror and fury. There was, too, the march of the gallant General Havelock on Lucknow, when Sir James Outram, who had been named Chief Commissioner of Oude, with full civil and military power, joined him with reinforcements, and, like the generous, splendid man he was, declared he would accompany him in his civil capacity only, placing himself as a volunteer at his disposal. Years afterwards, when Sir James came to Egypt

shortly before his death, I had the honour and privilege of knowing him and seeing him nearly every day. With great difficulty I made him talk about Lucknow, and how his fine face lit up and his glorious eagle eyes used to flash when he told of how Sir Colin came to the rescue! For Havelock had taken the city, saving the women and children from a fate worse than death, only to be besieged in his turn. Alas! soon after his name also was inscribed on the lengthening roll of gallant and able men who "did their duty" and laid down their lives for England.

My father came back from the Queen's ball on the 11th of July, full of the beauty of a fair Italian, the Contessa Castiglione. She excited great curiosity, as she was supposed to occupy a high place in the affections of Napoleon III. A sort of tournament of beauty was held at Holland House, patriotic Englishmen declaring that there were many women handsomer than Mme. Castiglione in London society. At Lady Holland's "tea" strife ran high as to the relative merits of the beautiful Italian, of Lady Waterford, Lady Mary Craven, Miss Brandling, Lady Somers, Lady Duff Gordon, and others whom I have forgotten. But all joined in saying that her little boy was *quite* the most lovely creature that had ever been seen.

In the autumn our house at Esher was let to Mr. Charles Buxton for three months; and we went to Paris, chiefly in order that I might learn French. M. B. St. Hilaire had not forgotten "la petite Janet," and was terribly put out at my methodless way of learning a language.

He wanted to "ground me in grammar," and forbade novels, having a desire to make me "*une femme sérieuse*." His exhortations were delivered in such beautiful French, that I declared he should be my grammar, and between M. St. Hilaire, who to this day writes to his "petite-niece Janet" with the accumulated affection borne to three generations, and my other mentor, M. Victor Cousin, I soon learnt enough French to take the keenest delight in my frequent visits to the Sorbonne. Here the dear old philosopher (Cousin) would talk to me by the hour about his beautiful ladies of the 17th century, particularly Mme. de Longueville, until it seemed I knew them personally. He would never call me Janette, saying that was "*un nom de paysanne*;" I was "Jeanne," and I think he rather took my side against M. St. Hilaire as regarded novels and light literature, for I remember one day he gave me *La petite Fadette*

to read "for style," and then St. Hilaire coming in he capped it with his own volume *Du Vrai, Du Beau, et Du Bien*, "to please our Aristotelian." No words can do justice to the charm and brilliancy of his talk; fresh, incisive and vivacious, he swept one away like a strong river. Then his voice was peculiarly sweet, and he managed it to perfection. His was not perhaps a regularly handsome face, but it was fine and striking, and his hazel eyes were marvellous, now flashing and commanding, then soft and caressing, particularly when he mentioned his "grande et belle dame" Mdme. de Longueville.

MM. A. de Vigny, Mignet, Léon de Wailly, whose clever novel 'Stella and Vanessa' my mother had translated, and others, often came to see us in the Rue Chaillot, but my especial play-fellow and friend, besides my two old philosophers, was Fletcher, Mrs. Norton's eldest son, who was a secretary of the Embassy in Paris. I suppose my passionate admiration of his mother amused and touched him; anyhow, he was very kind to me, and one of the greatest sorrows I can recollect was the death of handsome, graceful, accomplished Fletcher Norton.

While in Paris, we heard that Mr. Macaulay had been made a peer, and Lord Lansdowne wrote to my mother to say he had declined a dukedom, adding he had been much touched and gratified by the many congratulations he had received on the proposed honour. Certainly no one merited a public recognition of long and valuable services to his country more than he, who

"Stepped into the Senate from the school,
As great men's sons did in his early days,
Putting the College exercise away,
To take the helm of empire and the rule,—

as Tom Taylor aptly wrote in his true and touching 'In Memoriam' verses in *Punch* in 1868.

Lord Lansdowne told me he was called the "dancing Chancellor" when, as Lord Henry Petty, he joined the Ministry of "all the talents, wisdom and ability," as Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-six. Ever kind, ever fair and tolerant, smoothing away all difficulties by his suave and courteous speeches and manner, which yet had an undercurrent of strong will and command, no one could know the dear old Marquess without loving and revering him. None will ever know the many acts of generosity and kindness done by him in so charming a manner that he would almost make it appear as though a favour was being conferred on him by accepting his aid. The

only time I ever saw him angry was once when staying at Lansdowne House. He had taken me into the drawing-room to see some picture, and on crossing the hall to return to his study we found a shabbily-dressed man sitting on a bench near the door. He came forward and shook hands with Lord Lansdowne, who greeted him with effusion, to the dismay of a young footman, who, seeing his shabbiness, had told him to sit down, as "My Lord was engaged," and had not announced him. I forget who the gentleman was, but I am sure no shabbily-dressed person was ever kept waiting by any servant in Lansdowne House again.

While we were in Paris the Emperor, to whose credit it must be said that he never forgot any one who had been kind to him as Prince Louis Napoleon in London, sent several times to place a carriage at my mother's disposal, which she refused. Elliot Warburton had introduced the Prince to my parents when we lived in Queen Square, and he used to drop in to dinner occasionally, but none of us liked the silent watchful man, and at Esher we had learnt to know and love the Orleans family. Besides, our dear St. Hilaire would have been much hurt had we accepted any favour from the Emperor, of whom he used to speak with infinite scorn as "*ce monsieur*," mingled with sorrow at the demoralisation he and his surroundings were introducing into France.

On our return to Esher in November we found Claremont plunged in deep sorrow. The Duchesse de Nemours had given birth to a daughter and was well enough to get up after a fortnight. Her maid was brushing her beautiful long fair hair, and the Duke came in to say good-bye before going out to ride with his sons. Before he had gone 200 yards from the house she suddenly cried "*je me meurs*," and was dead before her husband could reach her room. She was the ray of sunshine in that dull house, and the Duke aged ten years after her death, and never lost the look of melancholy that settled on his face on that sad November day.

(To be continued.)



Caroline.

A RAINY midnight. I never sit alone at midnight, hearing a steady rain fall on the ground, but I remember Caroline.

First, as a bride before the altar, pale, but with unfathomable gladness in her eyes. She sometimes said to me during her year of marriage :

“ Life seems too beautiful ! ”

It was not experience or reflection which taught her to add :

“ Do you think that this can last ? ”

I hoped it might last, and often prayed it might, for she was over-young for sorrow. The year went by, and when her marriage-day came round on the wheel of the seasons, her husband lay before that altar in his coffin, and she heard the burial-service read.

Yes, I remember her, first, in white, and pale with the pathos of deep joy ; and I remember her again in black, white as one whose wound bleeds life-blood.

She followed his coffin down the nave alone. I thought that we should see her fall. It was not till a rose dropped before her, from the coffin's crown of floral white, that she stopped and stood there for a breath's time, powerless. She must have remembered the white roses strewn before her as a bride.

I entered the mourning-carriage with her, and she spoke to me for the first time that day.

“ Tell them to take me home,” she said. “ I cannot watch them put him in his grave.”

She was silent again until we reached the house, where, that day a year before, he brought her home. Then, as she looked at its unchanged stone front, I heard her mutter :

“ Life seems too terrible ! ”

She entered the house and went upstairs to the room where

his body had been lying. I do not think she knew whether I followed, but I did so, and stood outside the door.

She had laid him out with her own hands, unhelped, and watched beside him day and night. Throughout this vigil one could hear a murmur of low speech in the locked room. It seemed as if she sought to tell him in those hours all that their lost lifetime of love must leave unsaid.

There was silence now, though, he being gone. I waited anxiously. She had been able to do as she had done through his bodily presence near her: beautiful in death as he had been in life, he looked as if he lay asleep. This dreadful quiet daunted me: the quiet of things ceased, no more. There was not even the persistent step which runs a losing race with pain.

.... I started at the dull sound of a fall. She was lying senseless by the empty bed, a waistcoat he had worn crushed to her breast.

I have always felt to blame about the rest. It comes back to me like an unlaidd ghost when I hear the midnight rain.

The day was glorious with sunshine and the blue of late spring skies. I shaded out the lidless noon, and made her lie down and try to sleep. She was so unresisting, so collapsed, that I relaxed my own anxiety. I found an armchair in her dressing-room where I thought I should hear the slightest call. But my four days of watching overcame me: my consciousness was lost in leaden sleep.

I roused with a loud cry.

"Caroline!"

I do not know what waked me. Day was almost gone, the sky dead grey, and steady rain was falling. I hurried to the door between the rooms. When I saw that her place was vacant and her black clothes gone from off the chair, I felt no surprise, but, instead, an appalling and acceptant sense of fate.

She was not in the house, yet the servants, still gossiping amongst themselves about their master's death, had not observed her leave it. The rain had begun only half an hour ago, though the clouds had lowered down before that.

.... Well, it was not till late at night that I thought of the cemetery. We drove there at a gallop through the dull strong rain: it was some miles outside the city. We roused one of the caretakers, a deaf old man with a slow and stolid way of speech.

"No one has gotten in there since we shut the gates, and that was an hour before sundown."

This was all he had to say, and he repeated it at every question. He held a ring of huge iron keys, which, as he spoke, he clanked together.

We drove back from his dwelling to the cemetery walls. She might, I thought, be wandering about them. I never can forget the noise of the rain as it beat upon the sodden ground.

The road was deserted, and our lamps revealed the walls. No one was walking in their shelter. We came to a gate. The gravelled path led through it. Not even a foot-print here!

On again. The walls seemed stretching forward beyond space and time. Perhaps while we searched this side of the great enclosure, she was on its other boundary. Perhaps she was lying dying in the fields, half-crazed, for want of care and shelter.

Another gate. I got down and looked through it, and called her name across the sad mysterious space. A distant echo gave it back to me. It seemed as if *he* called her too.

Now, as the inexorable walls rushed by, I prayed. The horror of it all had grown too strong to bear alone. I would have given ten years of my life to wake and find the last four days a dream.

The third gate. Something huddled there beside it. I shrieked out "Caroline!"

She was crouched upon the ground, grasping the bars, looking between them while the rain fell.

"Caroline—Caroline!"

As I tried to raise and comfort her she turned on me piteous and unrecognizing eyes, and spoke:

"I can't get in. Do let me in! I've waited here so long..."

She was delirious.

"Caroline," I said, "darling Caroline, come home! Come with your poor old friend!"

No sign of that suasion which a well-known voice sometimes exerts at times like this. She said again, with supplication,

"I can't get in. Won't you help me? Let me in!"

As I stood silent in despairing indecision, she continued:

"I want to find my husband's grave. He was buried here this morning, but I did not—follow—the coffin.... They know that and think I was heartless, and so they have shut all the gates against me. I have walked past so many gates, but they're all locked to keep me out. I can't get in... I can't get in... I can't—get—in."

She had turned away again and, looking through the bars, seemed complaining to him who lay beyond.

A thought struck me.

"Yes," I said, "but you overlooked one gate that they forgot to lock. I'll take you to it, if you like."

She stood up, her drenched veil streaming back, her hands clasped.

"Where is it?"

"Will you walk, or shall we drive there? Whichever you wish, but driving is the quicker. Here is the carriage—"

She entered.

"Home," I muttered to the coachman.

The rain began to fall with fury, and roared on the carriage-roof. The sound and the beat of the galloping hoofs filled my brain with the chaos of a nightmare. Besides this, Caroline was talking, and I strained my ears to catch her words. I feared she might fathom the deception I had practised, and suddenly attempt escape.

"They thought it was because I did not care, and instead it was because I loved him so. I could not have borne it—anything but that: I knew I should be crazed if I went through it . . . yes, I should be crazed . . . oh yes!—my God!—I should be crazed!—"

She stopped, and abruptly gripped my arm.

"You won't let them know, when we get there? They would keep me out. They would not understand. You won't tell them?—swear to me you won't!"

"No, no. I swear."

She began again, in the hurrying and monotonous murmur of delirium:

"If they had only understood, they would never have locked the gates between us . . . I nursed him day and night—he never woke and called but I was near to serve him: I closed his eyes: I washed his body for the grave: I clothed him as he would have wished in life: I watched beside him through the days when he lay dead: I—oh, I loved him! I loved him! . . ."

Passing my arm around her, I rested her against my breast. I have seldom murmured at my own pale life, but now for her sake I cursed fate.

Before the convulsions of her sobbing ceased I felt the city's stones under our wheels. She did not notice this, but lay like a sick child in the close hold of my anxious arms. Then, as a

dream that will and reason cannot bound, her talk went on again:

"The sun shone the morning that he died. Every day I watched beside his body the sun shone. It seemed to me like God up there, laughing at my misery. And yet, when the sky grew dark and I saw that it would rain, I wished the sun had gone on shining. I remembered that I could not shelter him any more, that he was lying out there alone, with his face turned up towards the open sky...."

Suddenly, with a cry as of bodily agony, she called his name. And then:

"It's locked!... I can't get in!... They won't let me come to you!..."

At the same time the carriage stopped, and I saw a flood of light pour past the house's opening door. Firmly and without appeal to her I alighted and helped her to alight. It was the moment I had dreaded most. In place of the resistance I expected, a glad bewilderment dawned on her face: she looked back from the house to me.

"Home?" she cried, "Martha?—Oh, thank God!"

She hurried up the entrance-steps.

I despatched the carriage for the doctor who had attended her husband till his death. As I entered, she came towards me down the hall.

"Why, where is Lou?" she said.

This turn in her delirious fancy, first so welcome, now seemed more awful than the last. I had liefer hear her shrieking her dead husband's name, than asking for him as for one alive.

"Wait, dear, till you get your things off," I said. "Come along, now, upstairs." I kissed her, banishing a look of doubt which gathered in her eyes. She seemed to conclude that all was well, and followed with factitious energy.

I got her wet things off her, and coaxed her into a loose robe. Just as we sat down before a blazing fire to drink the hot tea I had ordered, she glanced around ungasily.

"Louis liked this gown—I wonder what is keeping him so long?"

Her eyes fastened on a little almanac against the wall which showed the date in bold black type.

"Why, I'd forgotten! It's our wedding day!... *Martha, why is Lou not here?*"

A tap at the door. She confronted the physician whose face she had last seen beside her husband's death-bed.

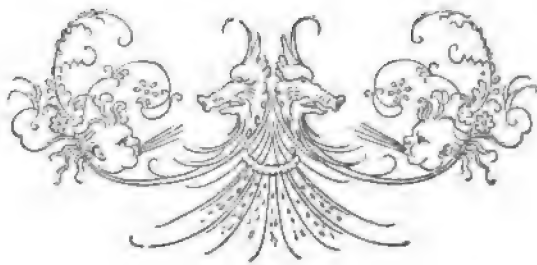
Ah, Caroline, Caroline! I blundered twice, yet how I loved you! Embodiment of that divine youth, twin to love, which my life never found!

It was midnight again, and rain still fell. I was watching by her bed. She had been quiet awhile from feebleness, but as the clocks struck twelve she spoke.

"Lou, I am here, love, but I can't get in. The gates are locked: I've tried them all... Lou, you know I'm here? you know I would not leave you all alone?... Oh, will no one let me in? He was my husband, my love, my all on earth! Will no one ever let me in?..."

Her voice was heard by mightier than I, for Death unlocked the shadowy gate between them.

LAURA DAINTREY.



Early Summer at the Cape.



It is hard to realize when June mornings are upon us how different Nature is on the other side of the world in the southern hemisphere, where our spring is their autumn, our summer their winter, our vernal their autumnal equinox. How dull and strange and altogether meaningless must the songs and raptures of our poets in the growing season of the year sound to the ears of Colonists living in subtropical climates, where the harvest has just been ingathered, and hymns of thanksgiving sung! Here in rural England we nurse tenderly during the bleak days of February or March the welcome vision of the green blades of the wild arum, broadening slowly day by day in the land of winter desolation; we give a greeting to the humble celandine, and even to the plain dog's mercury as they peep timidly upon us from the hedgerows, and, when the sweet white violets and primroses look forth as modest children of the New Year from behind the drooping shields of the last year's bracken beds, we hymn our vernal odes. Not so abroad, and in such a climate as that of South Africa. There the skies seem alien, the plants strange, the climate different, and new stars look down night after night upon a new world, and, when we have said good-bye, regretfully perhaps, to *Ursus major* sinking slowly down upon the northern horizon, as the ship rushes southward, we have said good-bye to northern seasons, northern climates, northern twilight, and all the indescribable associations of a northern life. Nature henceforth will wear a different livery, her face will wear a different smile.

To the lover of English rural life the change in the bird-life of the South will be most marked. England is pre-eminently the land of bird-song; whilst at the Cape, as in many subtropical countries, there is scarcely a bird-note worth listening to for a

moment. There is the sweet twittering of the Cape canaries, pretty enough in its way ; there is the cooing of the bush dove ; there is the loud whistling challenge of the Fiscal or Butcher bird, and the call of the Bok-ma-kerie (an onomatopoeic word), the substitute for our thrush, and the hoarse guttural note of the Loeri, heard in the recesses of a distant kloof or combe, but no music anywhere. The golden cuckoo is a small and beautiful bird, with green and silky plumage, but his name belies him ; never have I heard at the Cape the double note of the cuckoo so dear to us. Swallows and swifts abound at the Cape, but both seem, like the spreos or starlings, to have lost their endearing ways and habits. Who, on a June night in England, does not listen with pleasure to the wild scream of ecstatic joy that comes from the swifts as they dive and sweep with incredible speed round an ancient tower or cliff where they have nested year after year ? But the Cape swifts share not the summer madness and exhilaration. Perhaps there are no places for them to disport themselves such as they love, no towers or steeples, or "ancient solitary abodes," handed down from generation to generation as hereditary nesting-places. The house-marten and chimney swallow have forgotten in the South to be the confiding companions of man, and do not nest beneath the eaves and in the chimneys of straw-thatched cottages. As if a homing instinct had told them that the tender and remote North was the fitting place to build their nests after all, not here, where the Southern Cross holds sway. Well enough to spend a few summer months here, they might twitter to one another, but not for always ! Even the Cape robin, which hops about on slender legs and peers curiously about with its bright little eyes, much after the fashion of his northern cousin, is comparatively mute here. In England the robin sings all the year round, and in quiet still days in winter, when the sun is out, he sings, we know, as merrily almost as in the summer. Nor can the stranger follow at first, whilst the seasons are still new to him, the yearly migration of birds in South Africa. Such migrations are carried out yonder as regularly and punctually as in England, and we must believe that many of our English migrants come from winter quarters in South Africa, although the line of Continental migration does not yet appear very clearly marked along the length of the Dark Continent. It is a strange instinct that sends so many thousands of birds northwards, ever northwards, to bill and coo and nest in the cold latitudes. Once my heart failed me in South Africa

when I shot a fern owl or night-jar as it flew dazed in the daylight from a rocky hiding-place,—just such a hiding-place as he loves in England. Often had I in times past listened to his quaint purring and churring on the heather hills of the old country, and could this, I thought, really be an English born and bred bird after all, crossing innumerable rivers, lakes, and forests to this sub-tropical land?

In England the spring is marked almost to the day by the notes of migratory birds coming in their allotted order. It is often easier to detect our little visitors by hearing their first few warblings than by seeing them. Here in English meadows, when the palm is in bloom and the catkins hang along the hedges, who does not wait anxiously for the first sweet refrain of the chiff-chaff? He is one of our first visitors, even when March winds are blustering. In Kaffirland, where the natives have killed every small bird with knob-keries (sticks) and stones, there is an oppressive and monotonous silence at all seasons of the year. No bird is there to tell us how the seasons are progressing; there is no music in the woods, no warbling and fluttering among the green leaves. In England, after the chiff-chaffs and willow-wrens, there follow in their nightly hosts the countless warblers, till some day in April "the Wandering Voice" is heard, that voice that gave to Wordsworth at Laverna a gratulation even better than that of nightingale or thrush. Presently one quiet night the fern owls will drop, wearied by their long sea-voyage, upon the green hill-sides of England they have known before, and in the luscious gloaming of a May or June evening tell us summer has fully come. One after the other these little immigrants mark our spring calendar; but in South Africa the lover of country sights and sounds, landing in a world of fresh flora and fauna, will stare in blank bewilderment and astonishment. Robert Browning sings,

"Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows."

But all this to a Colonist born and bred in the country must

be meaningless when April marks with him the season of decay. To obtain the proper April associations, and realize that the "blossom of the almond-trees is April's gift to April's bees," he should change his nomenclature of the months, or read the seasons backwards. "Come out, 'tis now September," would be a spring rather than an autumn invocation, where Christmas Day is sometimes the hottest of the whole year, and "the leafy month of June" a winter month.

With the seasons coming and going in this topsy-turvy fashion it is clear that the words, phrases, similes, and illustrations of our northern poetry must be read and interpreted amongst all English Colonists in the southern hemisphere rather by the light of a sympathetic imagination than by actual experience. All those appeals in spring and summer to familiar sights and sounds upon which so many of our poets' brightest fancies are built, can have little or no force below the Equator. Between us lie the Doldrums, and the strange regions of the south-east Trades, and the Roaring Forties, and the great barriers of space. Even along the same parallels, westward or eastward, the familiar species of birds will disappear, and others take their places. Mr. James Lowell, in his 'Study Windows,' writes a charming chapter on "My Garden Acquaintances," somewhat after the manner of Gilbert White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' on which, in fact, he bases the reason for his essay. But, as we read, how alien is the scenery! how strange the nomenclature! Who, in a popular sense, can know or care in England for the bobolink, the cross-bills, cedar-birds, cat-birds, yellow-birds, whip-poor-wills, and others? They evoke no associations; they claim no sympathy. Virgil and Anacreon speak more plainly to us from the South than the American poets from the West. Spring comes up to us from the South and across the Mediterranean. The narcissus, violet, and jonquil, which we hear of as blooming along the Riviera, will presently bloom with us; and the spring notes of the Alps are, a little later on, our spring notes also. And when Horace alludes feelingly to the heat in the autumn of September hours, he alludes to a fact we all can appreciate. The songs of natural life and the music of nature vary according to latitude and longitude. More than any other poetry, that of England is strictly autochthonic, and smacks of the soil.

In the rendering of simple English and Scotch ballads the words often seem to lose their force abroad, In treeless, conti-

mental and somewhat barren spaces in Africa and Australia, the songs that tell of island scenery, rough seas, and a sailor's life, must be scarcely intelligible to the Colonist born and bred there. The "Brave old Oak" is simply the rendering of a pleasing fancy in music ; and if a young lady appeals pathetically to the "Wind of the Western Seas," or to the "Swallows flying South," in a country like the Cape Colony, where even in mid-winter swallows skim and hawk over the pools, neither the fact nor sentiment is true. In poetical phraseology some words by their use and association belong only to England and to a northern county. In hot and subtropical zones can the English Colonist understand all that is meant by the word "mere," when used by Tennyson, "loch," by Scott, "fell," by Wordsworth, "combe," by a West Country poet, together with all the peculiar and characteristic local colouring implied in each, without first having seen the hills and valleys and plains of the mother country ? To give the strongest impression and to store up the strongest associations, the eye must have seen and the mind must have received on the spot. No skylark sings at the Cape in spring, and when the Colonist reads Shelley's masterpiece, with all its magic and descriptive rhythm, the words and phrasing may strike him as exquisitely musical, but the subtle sympathy with the poet from having seen as he has seen, and felt as he has felt, will be wanting. For the same reason, because he has never felt or known its breath coming softly and quietly one day after a frosty spell that has held earth enchained, Keats' "Ode to the West Wind" will fall flat. For the Colonist has never heard how :

"The azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill,
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air),
With living hues and odours, plain and hill."

or how the nightingale

"In some melodious plot
Of beeches green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease."

So too the musk rose, "Mid-May's eldest child," and the "pastoral eglantine," and hawthorne are all strangers. True, it may be that there are other plants and other more magnificent flowers clustering in the wilderness, but no local name endears them, no sacred bard has sung of them. They perish in crowds

like the common fighting men of Achilles' host, unsung and unknown. Izaak Walton and Gilbert White must prate to the Colonists of unknown streams, unknown woods and unknown birds and fishes. Between the home-born and colonial-born there must be some great gulf in literature fixed. A common citizenship will not give to the fullest extent a common poetry. The green turf of England, cared for and nurtured for centuries, watered by the dews and rains of our sky, cannot be reproduced abroad. The long lanky quick grass springs up instead, and the veldt and desert of the emigrant remain unreclaimed.

A patriotic love for old associations long outlasts the moments of expatriation and exile. Sir Francis Head, in his 'Emigrant,' a descriptive book of Canadian life, tells an extremely pathetic story of a poor emigrant, a cobbler, who took abroad with him an English skylark. The crew were shipwrecked, but the cobbler managed to save his lark and keep it for three days on the open sea in an old stocking. When the cobbler was settled in business in the Colony, his constant companion was this little bird, which sang merrily in its wicker cage, and kept always a large audience spell-bound to listen to his inspired note. And the effect of such a note upon the emigrants' ears can only be imagined by those who have known what home sickness means. The cobbler was offered three hundred dollars for his lark—once a poor Sussex carter offered him all he had in the world for it, but the cobbler was not to be tempted. When he died, Sir Francis Head bought his bird and kept it for some time, and, upon his leaving Canada, gave it to Daniel Orris, a faithful and loyal friend. Some time afterwards the lark died, and Sir Francis Head had it stuffed and put in a case, with the inscription:—

"This lark, taken to Canada by a poor emigrant, was shipwrecked in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and after singing at Toronto for nine years, died there on the 14th of March, 1843, "universally regretted. Home! Home! sweet Home!"

So I have heard in the forecastle of a Cape steamer on more than one occasion a poor captive thrush giving at intervals on the wild seas the notes we have heard so often along the hedgerows of old England. The association is very pathetic and touching, but after the first generation of Colonists have passed away, a generation that know not these things will arise, to whom the songs of English country life are, at the best, a mere echo and a pleasing wonder.

In the syllabus of subjects set for Colonial examinations, especially in the department of English poetry, one often wonders how the allusions to English spring and summer life are read by the imaginative Colonist. The scenery to them is, I think, the scenery of wonder and of fairy land ; the landscape is remote and dreamy ; the air soft, and redolent with old traditions ; our ivied walls and grey buttresses, covered with the mosses and lichens they have never seen, are viewed much in the same way as we look back here in England upon the pictures of men and things moving in a romantic and distant historical background. The Colonist has one perspective, we possess another. His is the glamour of distance, ours is the glamour of time. England, the mother country, lying in misty northern seas, where the cold light struggles fitfully in spring-time upon the earth, dimly and gradually, not with the full burst of subtropical spring or summer, is nevertheless the Delphi of the race, the centre of all heroic and archæological lore. So from afar there is an idealization of all things English, even of the English spring. And doubtless idealization is a motive power of patriotism.

But the Cape early summer, although it cannot speak to us in the old familiar ways, nor birds sing, nor rivers murmur, is, nevertheless, very beautiful in certain places. Of all places in South Africa, whether you adventure to the Bluff in Natal, to the sweeping plains of the High Veldt, or, lower down, to the ridges of the Boschberg and the Zuurberg in the Cape Colony, and even to Worcester and Ceres further west, or to the forest country of Knysna on the south, the Cape Peninsula, in this season especially, must carry off the palm. The most beautiful tree that South Africa can boast, the silver tree (*Leucodendron argentea*), is found only on and near this peninsula, and as far as concerns the flora of this tract, no place that I know of in Africa can surpass it. A mountain like Table Mountain, rising up straight from the sea for 3560 feet, as high as Snowdon, is presumably a guarantee of floral wealth in subtropical grandeur. Along its slopes and valleys and flat subsidences, off-lying spurs and shore buttresses, the actual number of rare and beautiful plants is perhaps not to be equalled in any similar place in the world. There are the quaint Proteas, with their broad stiff leaves and ribbed bark, looking like an ancient growth of a former age. One of the most peculiar kinds is the *Protea cynaroides*, growing close to the ground and having one large pink blossom. In Miss North's well-known gallery of typical flowers

the *Protea mimetes* occupies a conspicuous place. Along the more level plans of the mountain the eye will be delighted with fields of the red and pink *Watsonia*, the lilac selago, the saffron marigold (really an arctotes), and thousands of Cape everlastings growing as thick as daisies in an English meadow and of all hues, from the well-known pure white variety, which flourishes in huge clumps, to the rarer and more solitary straw-coloured and red. In the more retired and fertile meadows and glades, the wild arum, grown so often in England, will flower in profusion, lighting up the dark nooks with its pure white flower. Heaths are there in legion, the Cape Peninsula boasting of no less than sixty kinds, from the deep scarlet to the *Erica viridis*, the green and sticky kind. It is the very home of heaths. Amongst them will be found orchids of all descriptions, there being more than sixty varieties in the Cape Peninsula, many of which would be the pride and glory of an orchid house in England. There they grow along the peaty wind-swept depressions of Table Mountain, "born to blush unseen." There is a stream on the summit of Table Mountain known as the Disa stream, whose sides are covered with the glorious and delicately-veined blossom of the *Disa grandiflora*, a place to be carefully guarded and preserved as the natural home of one of the loveliest wild flowers in the world. Turn to the broken crags and ledges of this wonderful region, and hosts of the blue agapanthi will nod their welcome to you, and beneath them the thickly-bunched scarlet crassula blush deep and red. By the pools here and there, where the tall yellow trees maintain a struggling life (for the sacrilegious axe and the match of the forest incendiary have been here), the huge umbrella-shaped tree-ferns will stand in Druidical circles, making the dark recesses still more gloomy.

Among the humbler blossoms are the blue lobelias, the pale pink petals of the *Droseræ* or dew-plants, entrapping with their viscous substance the unwary flies, the oxalis, the yellow ixias, and last, not least, the silky blossoms of the twining mesanbryanthemum, gloriously expansive to the morning sun, but closing their eyes when evening comes on. The plant itself, of which there are thirty kinds, fulfils a most useful function in the level and depressed stretches of the Cape Peninsula along "the Flats" where the sea-breezes blow the sand from the shore. With its long and succulent arms it clasps the roving drifts and dunes and prevents their shifting from place to place, enveloping their white snowy-looking masses with deep green bunches. It loves

especially to spread close to the water, and cover where it can the bare deformities of the barren rock. Amongst its roots the lizard and klip salamander hatch their eggs, and make their cosy homes, venturing forth from time to time upon the rock.

Time passes pleasantly on the first summer days, the sun being not yet too hot, and the atmosphere feeling especially bracing along the uplands. Evening comes upon you quickly, and the subtle fragrance of the *Abend bloem*, or night gladiolus, is distilled around as the sun reaches the horizon. There will be little or no twilight, and, in a short time, you may see, if you linger on the mountain paths, the long lines of phosphorescent waves breaking on the beach below. The botanical madness, when once it seizes its victims, can be cured by no Anticyra, nor will even the hellebore bring relief. Of physical difficulties by flood and field the Cape botanists have thought nothing whilst collecting the countless floral treasures. Thunberg, Sparrman and Burchell are all names which recall hard privations and almost marvellous exertions amongst the mountains and on the veldt of South Africa. Old Thunberg enumerates his perils by land and perils by water, as if his mission were a sacred one, but all was undergone, viz. the "*Alpes altos, præcipitia montium, sylvas inconditas et gentes feroces*," in order to advance in his own language the *amabilis scientia* which gives a *lingua Franca* and a common object to all. Still, however wonderful the display of botanical wealth on Table Mountain and elsewhere in South Africa, it lacks the one saving virtue of old association. Of those marvellously beautiful eyes that look up at you from the earth, there is no familiar one. There are no buttercups, daffodils, ragged robins, fox-gloves, white cuckoo-flower, dandelions, stitchwort and all the rest. Above all, there are no sweet-singing thrushes, mellow blackbirds, or tiny wrens, nightingales or chaffinches, only the Bok-ma-kerie.

Early summer at the Cape is short. As ambrosial night comes down quickly, so does ambrosial summer. Just in September and October there is an interval between the north-west gales prevalent in winter, and the regular south-east Trades. Later on in the summer the south-east, called the "Capetown doctor," is a particularly annoying and vexatious wind, raising clouds of red dust in the streets and suburbs. Along the green and sprouting hedges it soon works wild havoc. A single rough day will destroy all the tender and delicate bloom of spring, and wither up the foliage, the wind being dry and thirsty. This wind

Comes when the skies are cloudless, and not the least extraordinary phenomenon to an English eye, accustomed to storms with driving mist and hail, will be a south-east gale, with a high barometer and a perfectly clear sky, the cærulean depths of which seem fathomless. The face of Table Mountain reflects faithfully the changes that succeed one another rapidly. First of all, the meadows at its base are green, full of the leaves of the wild arum ; next, the poplars grow green and in a wonderfully short space of time, along its slopes, the Kuerboem puts forth its sweet-scented flowers like a vetch. Ere this has blossomed the proteas enfolded in their outer cases will unrol themselves in hosts, and invite the green honey-birds to dip their long curved beaks into their cloying depths ; the hedges of plumbago will look like bands of light blue, and presently the sloping vineyards planted in neat and orderly rows will sprout with tender shoots. In the midst of sloping fir-woods and the avenues of budding oak, these patches of cultivated plots will show clearly and distinctly in all their neatness from the heights of Table Mountain. So, little by little, the old mountain, from lowest spur to highest peak, surrenders to the advent of summer, and the line of green mounts higher every day.

Perhaps the most beautiful sight to be seen along the slopes is that of the silver tree, already noticed as the most rare and beautiful production of Table Mountain. Its flat, hard leaf, tapering beautifully to an apex, and covered with a soft silky down, is well known in England as an ornament and decoration. Its surface will take colours very easily, and on large specimens miniature paintings of Table Mountain can be depicted. The tree has a beautiful shape, with regular branching boughs on every side, and curious white thick-ribbed bark creasing the trunk. Perhaps it is hardly to be dignified as a tree, its height and proportions being those of a shrub. The foliage is its particular glory. Each leaf is a quivering shaft of silver light, and radiates with a soft and creamy gloss when the African sun strikes upon it. The English white poplar, when the west wind turns its leaves to the sun, is a beautiful sight, but the silver tree is far more beautiful. Both sides of its leaf are equally bright and as the trees stand in groups and lines upon the hill side, they flash like burnished shields of light. Their boughs that tinkle in the breeze are a fit sight to propitiate Proserpine.

We stand in other climes and watch the play of myriad life. Strange butterflies float across, winged beetles flash, and new

coleoptera crawl lazily from leaf to leaf. Perhaps the freshly budding garden is not without its dangers, for puff-adders, sheep-stingers, night-adders, ringed snakes, asps and cobras, come from their winter abodes and glide in and out the stones, bright in the summer sun. The tree-snake clings like a green band around its branch, and the mole-snake hunts its prey in the sand. On the veldt the solemn long-legged secretary bird is peering into every bush for his prey, and high aloft, like the smallest specks in the heavens, the vultures or aasvogels swing in airy circles. There are a million coruscations of light out in the veldt, a chequered carpet of thousands of spring flowers, a glittering mirage along the surface, and in the air the hum of invisible wings. But whilst we see so much that is new and lustrous in this wild nature, we miss much. We miss the immemorial elm, the spreading oak, the hedgerows neat and green, the may-blossoms, the horse-chestnuts, the running stream, the deep pastures, and the rich soft look of a real English summer day. But it is very beautiful here. There is the brilliancy of a clarior æther, the splash of the southern wave, and the aspect of the country, especially along the slopes of the Cape Peninsula, which suggest visions of classical Italy and Sicily. Yonder is the sloping vineyard, here the sweet whispering pines, close by the singing *cicadae*, industriously chirping as of old in sleepy Morea or Calabria; out along the edge of the tide is poised the bending figure of an old and swarthy fisherman casting his line far out into the waves, the very counterpart of the picture on the embossed cup of Thyrsis, immortalised by Theocritus; just above us on the hills are a flock of goats climbing along the rocks on the sunny side of the hill, which the lizards love, butting and playing with one another as *petulci hirci* have from the beginning of all time, and, close by them, is the native goat-herd or caprarius, lazily weaving a rushen mat or singing idly, a fit figure for the idyllic scene. It is the very land for Strephon and Menalcas. Presently, as evening falls, and you have finished your ramble, you will see him collect his wandering and vagrant flock, chiding them and rebuking them the while, each one by name, and fold them in the kraal or compound down below.

"Ite domum, venit Hesperus ite capellæ."

WILLIAM GRESWELL.

That Fiddler Fellow.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Mr. Mattei called, bringing the little dagger to show to Miss Macpherson, he but narrowly missed meeting young Ensign Craigie. What the result of such meeting might have been one cannot say, but the young soldier's mood had greatly changed since the previous day, and it was ostensibly to beg his lady-love's pardon for his exhibition of ungoverned temper that he called at the old house on the cliff before going out on his round of golf. Mr. Macpherson was in when he arrived, but soon went out, having an early engagement.

Edith was not long obdurate when she found her lover a suppliant for her pardon, and the peace was soon sealed in the most approved manner.

"And you will come for a walk with me to-night, will you not, dear?" the young soldier pleaded humbly.

"Yes, but you must not come so often to the house, George—it makes me shy with the servants. Summon me by the old 'whaup' whistle, as you used to, and I will meet you on the little cliff-path."

So, with blissful anticipations of the evening walk, the lover went off to his golf matches.

As the day wore away, the darkness and utter stillness, save for the swashing waves, of a late autumn evening enshrouded the old house upon the cliff. On a sudden a shrill whistle, as of the "whaup" or curlew, rent the air and was borne to Edith Macpherson in her room. Quickly she ran downstairs and to the door. Hurrying out she gave a startled exclamation as she came nearly into collision with a passer-by. Passers-by were rare at such a time and place.

"Oh!" she said, with pleased surprise, "it is you, Mr. Mattei! Were you coming in?" she asked, with less pleasure.

"Not at all, my dear Miss—I was but taking an evening stroll. Is it not still? And whither do you go at so late an hour—some half-past six?"

"No—no, not so late as that, Mr. Mattei," said the girl, thanking the darkness which hid her blushes. "Half-past five, I think."

"Nay—six, my dear Miss, if you will pardon me," the foreigner persisted. "Your watch has possibly misled you. Good-night, my dear Miss," he added, bowing, as he passed on.

"Can it be as he says—that it is so late?" the girl asked herself.

She re-opened the unbolted door, and by the light of the oil-lamp that swung in the entrance hall examined an old-fashioned watch which she drew from her girdle.

"No," she said, "half-past five—I thought so—and yet"—and as she spoke she glanced at a large-faced clock in the hall—"yet that is half-past six. What can it mean?"

She again hurried from the house and went round to the other side where, beside the ruined castle, the little cliff path led down upon the beach, and this time she was met by no one, not even by him whom she had hoped to meet.

She looked down the path, and around. She called in a loud stage-whisper "George!" but there was no answer, save the cold waves splashing on the beach below.

"Surely that was his whistle," she said to herself; "and yet, why was he so late, if indeed it is half-past six?"

As she listened, a light east wind came up, with a moan, out of the North Sea: the girl shivered.

"It's no good waiting," she said to herself, and turned and went lingeringly back into the house. She felt strangely wearied and despondent, and sorely puzzled about the behaviour of her fallacious time-piece and her defaulting lover. But she said nothing, that evening, to her father, of either the one or the other.

The following morning father and daughter were at breakfast when a note was brought in. "Oh yes," said Mr. Macpherson opening it. "It's from the fiddler fellow, asking if he left that dagger thing of his here. Go, and get it, Edith. You put it away in safety somewhere, did you not?"

The girl knew where she had put it. She went direct to her

room and to the drawer in which she had placed it, and unlocking the drawer with a key at her watch-chain, had half stretched out her hand to take out the dagger—so clearly pictured in her mind's eye was its exact position in the drawer—when a single careless glance revealed to her that it had gone! Yes, it was not there—there was no disputing the fact. She could hardly trust her eyesight. She groped round the drawer—but no—it had vanished from the one sense equally as from the other. There were no two words about it—the dagger had gone. And she was absolutely certain that she had put it there! And the key of the drawer, which she had found locked, had been on her watch-chain, from which she had not parted, all the while.

She made a search, for form's sake, in all the receptacles in her room in which she might conceivably have put the dagger, having all the while in her mental vision the dagger lying in the drawer which she had unlocked and vainly searched. Then she went downstairs and told her father of her loss. He received her account with the kind but transparent concealment of incredulity with which one would be likely to receive such a story. In his heart he thought she must be mistaken as to where she had put it. The servants were called up, but they had seen nothing of the little weapon. Mr. Macpherson insisted on Edith's making a second, equally vain, search in her room, and the matter ended by an answer being sent to Mr. Mattei to the effect that he was right in supposing that he had left the dagger behind but that it had since been unaccountably mislaid.

An hour or so later Mr. Macpherson was making his preparations for starting for a round of golf when old Mr. Craigie was shown into the parlour, his usually imbrowned visage saddened by a bluish tinge, which with him was a certain indication of mental trouble. Mr. Macpherson appreciated this, and at once asked him, "What is it, my old friend—anything amiss?"

"Why yes," he answered, "it's that young scamp George that's amissing. He threw down my best horse only the other day, and I gave him such a rowing, perhaps he's rightly ashamed of himself, for he never turned up at home all last night. So I thought I'd look in and see if you or Miss Edith could give me any word of him?"

"No, I've seen nothing of him since yesterday morning," Mr. Macpherson said. "I don't know if Edith has any later news?" he added, turning to the girl. The latter had grown suddenly very pale.

"No, Daddy," she said. "I have not seen him since yesterday morning either.

A sickening fear took possession of her. Could he in the darkness of the previous evening have missed his footing on the little cliff path and been dashed to pieces on the rocks below? She hurried from the room on the first opportunity, and all in a tremble went to the cliff head and peered anxiously down. She could see nothing to justify her fears. Then she ran quickly down the familiar path, steep though it was, at each step growing more reassured, until she came to the bottom and found to her inexpressible relief that her terrible suspicion was groundless.

Meanwhile Mr. Macpherson, abandoning his projected golf match, was accompanying Mr. Craigie in his search for his missing son. They made enquiries at the harbour, where George was well known to all the fishermen, but so calm had it been the previous evening that no boats of any sort had put to sea. It was not in that way that the young soldier had taken his unceremonious departure. They enquired at the "Black Bull," but he had not taken horse or post thence.

The mystery grew darker. The means for getting away from St. Andrews were strictly limited, yet he appeared to have availed himself of none of these means, neither was he to be heard of in St. Andrews itself. He was proved to have played two rounds of golf, occupying him till half-past four, on the previous evening. He had chatted with some friends for half an hour or so more, but what had since become of him none could say.

When Mr. Macpherson returned home, some time after mid-day, Edith met him at the door with a face of questioning anxiety. He had, however, no news to give her. Not a word had he or Mr. Craigie been able to learn of the young Ensign. Then the girl told him of how she had gone forth hoping to meet her lover on the previous evening, but had failed to find him. When she spoke of her unexpected encounter with Mr. Mattei the old man started.

"What could Mr. Mattei have been doing there at such an hour?" he asked when she had finished.

"Oh, he was just out for a stroll I fancy, Daddy. Why, you do not mean"—the girl went on with a look of growing horror on her face, as she caught the drift of the question—"you do not mean that you think he could in any way—that he could have harmed George?"

"Indeed I hardly know what I think," the old man said gravely. "You see we know that Mr. Mattei had cause for a grudge against George after his behaviour the other night. Stay," he added, as if a sudden thought had struck him, "you say you heard George's whistle?"

"Yes, Daddy."

"And he was to meet you on the little cliff path?"

The girl nodded.

Without saying anything the old man went from the room. The girl went to another room in the house whence she could look out sea-wards. She thought she knew whither her father was going. Yes—he appeared round the house, he went to the cliff path, he looked over it, he began to descend it—not as she had done, but slowly and painfully. Yes, the same suspicion had occurred to him as had suggested itself to her—that her lover's body might be lying smashed to death at the cliff's foot—only with this added horror, that he had been precipitated thither by the vengeful hand of the Italian. Happily she could be confident that her father would find no confirmation—nay, even disproof—of his suspicion.

Presently the old man reappeared, slowly mounting the steep path again. When he came back to the house he said to the girl, "The sea never comes quite up to the foot of the cliff under here, does it, Edith?"

"No, never,"

"Thank Heaven!" the old man ejaculated fervently.

Neither said any further, but each knew that their understanding was mutual. There seemed naught to be done. It could not be learnt that the young soldier had expressed any intention of suddenly absenting himself. The very fact of the appointment which he had made, and failed to keep, was direct evidence to the contrary. Probably, Mr. Macpherson and his daughter thought, the latter had been mistaken in supposing that she heard her lover's whistle at so late an hour. More likely it was the cry of the very sea-bird whose note it was meant to imitate. The fact of the girl's watch having gained a whole hour was a curious circumstance, but watches are tricky things. It was a trivial fact of no consequence. She wondered how the afternoon had slipped away so quickly, but the error in her time-piece would help to explain this. It would make her think she had been quicker over whatever trivialities she had been busied in than had actually been the case.

Old Mr. Craigie gave information to the police officials, and so the matter stood for the time being, while most expected the speedy reappearance of the young Ensign with some unanticipated but sufficient reason for his "absence without leave."

Nevertheless Mr. Macpherson, nursing in his heart some secret and undefinable suspicion of this foreigner of dubious antecedents, Mr. Mattei, made it his business quietly to enquire how the latter had passed the evening on which George Craigie had last been seen. His enquiries all tended to show that his unformed suspicions were of no foundation. During the whole evening, until a late hour, the Italian had been playing chess at the house of a friend. He had indeed left the house for a few moments only—"to cool his head by a walk in the air"—as he had stated, during the course of which walk it doubtless was that he had encountered Miss Macpherson as she was leaving her father's house. But he had been but a few moments absent—long enough, as it might seem, to have accomplished a speedy crime, such as that of which it was conceivable that young Craigie had fallen the victim, but certainly not long enough to have effected its concealment. Moreover it so happened that evidence was ready to hand to show that Mr. Mattei had gone straight to his house when he left his party of chess; it was only on arriving at his lodgings that he discovered himself to have lost his little dagger, a loss which had so greatly disturbed him that he had called up the landlady, and all the servants, and insisted on their assisting him in a vain search. The landlady was virtually certain that he had not left the house later than this.

These enquiries were all made by Mr. Macpherson, of course without avowal of their true motive, but they all tended in one direction, namely, to show that Mr. Mattei could have had no possible hand in any foul play of which young Craigie might have been the victim.

Father and daughter sat very silent that evening in the old house on the cliffs. They had seen nothing that day of Mr. Mattei. Edith sat by the window. She had pulled the blind aside and gazed fixedly out into the darkness. Her father watched the beautiful outline of the too delicate face silhouetted against the black night. The fair hair in the lamplight was palest golden, like over-ripe corn. What was the girl watching in the darkness of the night?

Mr. Macpherson, whom these abstracted moods of the girl's always filled with vague anxiety, spoke sharply from his chair: "Did you say anything about the dagger to the fiddler fellow when you met him?"

"No, Daddy," she said, "I did not think of it. And you see he had not then found out that he had lost it. Oh, where can it be, I wonder—and where can he be—George? Is it not curious," said the girl, coming and piteously clasping her father's arm, "that they should have disappeared together? Oh, it is so wretched! It all seems so mysterious. And why did my watch go wrong like that? You see, Daddy, I do not believe George ever came to meet me at all last night, for when he found I did not come—if I had not heard his whistle or anything—he would have come to the house for me. I cannot understand it at all."

"No, nor I either, my girl," said the father, stroking the fair head lovingly and pretending ignorance of the tears in the large blue eyes. "We can only hope that to-morrow may bring him to us safe and sound."

CHAPTER V.

The morn, however, brought no news—no change, save an increased anxiety as the time since George Craigie was last seen grew longer. Nor was any suggestion forthcoming of a conceivably useful direction for the making of further enquiries. All possible means of investigation were soon exhausted, and nothing remained but a settled and gloomy impossibility of action.

But on this morning the links of St. Andrews were all alive. What was this Royal and Ancient Golf Club at that period? It was mainly composed of gentry of the Kingdom of Fife, who in each other's well known and well tried society gathered on the links of St. Andrews to do battle in the game of golf. On this particular morning an eager group was gathered around the tee discussing two topics of prevailing interest—the disappearance of young Ensign Craigie and the prospect of an immediately forthcoming golf match. These fairly divided their attention. For Mr. Macpherson, our friend of the house on the cliff, was to play a great, long-arranged match with one Mr. McFivart, baillie of Cupar. Both were golfers of known skill and experience. McFivart had the advantage in comparative youth and in the

length of his drives, which were terrific ; but Macpherson was noted for the old-fashioned steadiness of his all-round play and for his deadly short game.

The connoisseurs were laying slight odds upon Mr. Macpherson, for there was a fair breeze from the north-west, against the outgoing holes, and this would, it was thought, play sad tricks with McFivart's long but often erratic driving.

At the fifth hole out, however, the players stood all even. McFivart's first drive to the sixth hole was a very poor one, but he lay well, and again taking his driver, and pressing for a long shot, hit a tremendous drive in point of length, but pulled further into the whins than perhaps any present had seen a ball pulled before. The whins, moreover, then grew far thicker and far higher than they do to-day.

Macpherson chuckled, and the crowd laughed as McFivart, followed by a few of the spectators, went in among the whins in search of his ball. They scattered awhile, looking for it. Then they clustered together for some minutes in one place.

"He'll surely ha'e got an awfu' queer lie," said Macpherson's caddie, with a grin, to his master.

Presently McFivart came out alone, without having attempted to play his ball. His face was set and very white.

"Come here," he said to Macpherson ; "come and see !"

His opponent followed, so impressed by his manner that he did not say a word ; and most of the spectators followed also, for the most part in silence.

Those who were already on the scene to which McFivart was leading the way, were standing in a circle looking down at something on the ground in their midst. As the two players came up, the circle parted asunder, and Macpherson saw a shapeless thing lying upon the grass. Another step forward showed him it was the body of a man—the next he identified it as that of George Craigie.

It was scarcely necessary to examine closely to see that he was dead—long dead. The sand was crusted upon his curling hair, and a bent waved over his face.

Mr. Macpherson knelt down over the body, all seeming to recognize his as the chief part in this scene—Mr. Craigie being absent, and the boy the betrothed lover of Mr. Macpherson's girl.

And there he lay, dead—and how had he died ? Macpherson

lifted the arm ; it was cold and stiff. A stain on the waistcoat attracted his attention. He unbuttoned the waistcoat, and shrank back with an exclamation of horror, for the shirt was stiffened and crimsoned with cold blood.

"By heavens," Mr. Macpherson exclaimed, "there has been foul work here !"

There was little to be said, and what few words were spoken were mostly in whispered dialogue. A kind of stretcher was formed of sticks and coats, and thus a silent, horror-struck procession began its way back, with the body in its midst, a marked contrast to the eager golfing party that had set out.

It was McFivart's laughably wild drive that had revealed part of the secret of poor young Craigie's disappearance. Thus does the tragic follow hard upon the ridiculous.

It was decided to bear the body to the Black Bull Hotel, and this point determined, Mr. Macpherson hurried on, ahead of the procession, on a cruel errand—to break to poor Edith the news of her lover's fate.

Nature is merciful to women in their weakness. When he told the girl, as gently as he could, the fearful news, she went into a faint, from which he was in no hurry to arouse her. On coming to herself, she was wildly tearful, but strove to subdue her dreadful sobs as she tried to ask how they had found him, and how he had died.

Her father tried to put her off, but it was no good ; and in the end he had to confess to her that he thought her lover must have met his death through some foul means. He had said little to those around, as he leant over the body, but under the shirt and all the cold stiffened life-blood, he had seen a small scarcely perceptible wound, as of a small pointed instrument.

Before Mr. Macpherson could leave the poor girl, old Mr. Craigie had learnt the news and been down to the hotel, and a mounted messenger had been sent post-haste to inform the authorities, the Procurator-Fiscal and the rest of them. And in the course of the day, the body had been inspected by the doctor, and the spot on which the body had been found had been inspected—both officially and by numbers of persons led by mere idle curiosity. The conclusion that all parties appeared to have arrived at was, that George had been murdered by stabbing in the heart by some person or persons unknown. It

did not seem like a common ruffian's doing, for his watch and all his belongings were on him, so that the motive was as obscure as the man.

But yet Mr. Macpherson knew of a man who had a motive—that foreigner. He knew he hated George Craigie! He knew, too, that he had a weapon which might very well have inflicted such a wound as that which the poor young fellow's body bore—that very little dagger with the gem, which had so mysteriously disappeared. And yet, though he was owner of it, it had disappeared under such circumstances as made it appear utterly impossible that he could have had it in his possession—nor, as all evidence went to prove, could he have been absent sufficiently long to have been out at the sixth hole to do for poor George Craigie. The doctor's evidence showed that almost of a certainty it was on that first night of George's disappearance, when Edith Macpherson was to have met him, that he had found his death. Mr. Macpherson had made a pretext of anxiety to learn some news about the lost dagger, to go to the house where the foreigner lived and question the landlady; and her answers showed conclusively that her lodger had not left the house after arousing all of them to help him look for the dagger.

Curiously enough, seeing that the wound was fair in front, all agreed that there was no sign of a struggle having taken place before George went down. He must have succumbed at once, at one stab, with his enemy face to face before him.

It was in the course of the same afternoon that Mr. Macpherson, happening to meet the Italian violinist, asked him point-blank, "Have you any more of those daggers like the one you showed me?"

"Ah, no, my dear sir—nothing at all of the sort," he said. "I believe it is unique."

"It must have been something very like that with which George Craigie was stabbed."

"With something almost identical, from what I hear," he said. "Ah, it has occurred to me too—your own thought—that if we could discover who had that dagger on that night we might be near to discover who killed that poor Mr. Craigie."

And all St. Andrews, that sombre, old, solemn town of venerable associations, was moved to its foundations by this crime in its midst, the like of which had not been known since days which had become historic. Not a student in the

University, not a golfer on the links, but had his theory, all totally inadequate.

In the unrest of forced inaction, St. Andrews awaited the coming of the Procurator-Fiscal, a Scottish legal official whose functions closely resemble those of the *juge d'instruction* in France.

The Fiscal arrived, and immediately began his preliminary enquiries—in the language of the country, began “taking precognitions.”

CHAPTER VI.

The Fiscal commenced with old Mr. Craigie's deposition ; but from him there was to be learned but little—simply that he had lost his son, that he had begun to search for him when he did not come home that night, that his search had been absolutely unsuccessful all the following day, and that he saw nothing of his son until he was brought to the dead body as it lay in the “Black Bull” parlour.

The Fiscal next took McFivart's deposition relating to the finding of the body among the whins where he was searching for his terrifically erratic golf ball. McFivart deposed that there was no evidence of a struggle having taken place, or of the body having been dragged thither from a distance. Further than this he had no evidence to offer.

Mr. Macpherson was next called upon, having been the first to make any examination of the body, and to discover the nature of the wound that had doubtless caused death.

The Fiscal questioned him, as he had already questioned Mr. Craigie, as to whether there was any of whom he could think as having a grudge against the poor boy. His father had been able to say no ; but Mr. Macpherson deemed it only his duty to tell the Fiscal of what had taken place at his house between young Craigie and the violinist. He took care to say that he did not allow himself to suspect anybody, but that he simply mentioned the facts of a little quarrel that had taken place in his own house.

The Fiscal next proceeded to put some searching questions with regard to the late mutual relations of the two young lovers. He was anxious to discover whether the girl had had any disagreement with young Craigie, if her father thought she had perhaps given him cause for displeasure by her conduct with the

violinist. Mr. Macpherson was rather nettled at the question. He said no, that he could not conceive that it could have been so. "At all events," he said, "I don't see that that could help to account in any way for his death."

"Only upon one supposition," said the Fiscal.

"What supposition?"

"Only on the supposition of suicide."

"Suicide!" Mr. Macpherson repeated. This was quite a new idea to him.

"Ah, but," he said, after a moment of reflection. "If it had been suicide the weapon would have been found in his breast."

"Probably," said the Fiscal; "but it is just possible that by a last dying effort he might have pulled forth the dagger, or whatever it was, and thrown it among the whins where it would not be likely to be found."

"Well," Mr. Macpherson said, "it is possible, but I do not think it at all likely."

"Do you know when your daughter last saw Mr. Craigie?" the Fiscal asked.

Mr. Macpherson told him that George had called at his house on the morning of his death, and that he and the girl then seemed on the best of terms. To be sure, he told him, he had gone out and left them alone, so that it was not altogether impossible that they might have had some little difference after he went, but he had never heard a word of it. "But no," he said further, "it could not have been even so, for I now remember that my girl had been going to meet the poor young fellow that very night, but her watch went all wrong and so misled her as to the time that she did not keep the appointment."

"She did not go to the appointment at all, do you mean?" he asked, "or that she went and found that he had grown tired of waiting?"

"Well," said the other, "she never actually got there, as I understand. She was to have met her lover on the little path leading down the cliff just before my house—but as she went out she met this very same fiddler fellow passing my door. He told her what the real time was, and hearing that, she just went to the cliff head, and seeing nothing of her lover came straight in again."

"She met this very man, did she? That was strange, was it not? I wonder if she talked long with him?"

"No, only just exchanged a word or two, as I understand."

"He is an agreeable fellow, as you say—this fiddler—and your daughter may have talked with him longer than she thought."

"Well," said he, "perhaps so, a little. But as it happened I had some little curiosity to know how the fiddler fellow spent his time that evening, and I have found that he was almost all the evening playing chess. I do not mean to say that he never left the room," he said, "for he evidently did, or he would not have met my girl; but he could not have been away for any length of time."

"Not very long, perhaps; but his opponent would not be a very close observer of the minutes that he was absent."

Mr. Macpherson had to admit the truth of this.

"And I think," the Fiscal continued, "that we have now arrived at a tolerably sufficient motive for considerable annoyance in young Mr. Craigie's mind, have we not?"

"I confess I do not see it."

"If I thought that you would not see it," he said, "I would not mention it to you, but on reflection you will. So I prefer to tell it you now, and ask you to keep it, if possible, from the knowledge of the world."

"The case stands thus. Young Craigie doubtless went to his appointment, which, you say, was on the cliff path close before your house. He waited there long, growing, we may imagine, more and more impatient. Just as he is thinking of giving up his sweetheart, and going home, he hears your door open. His heart beats in the expectation of its being at length her. But he sees—what? Her, indeed, but in company with the man whose rivalry he most fears. He watches. For a while they talk, possibly compare watches, which, by that dubious light, would need that they should come to close quarters. Then the man goes away, and the girl, with but a few steps and a passing glance in the direction of the man who has so long been waiting for her, goes back into the house."

"And he might, in consequence, have committed suicide, do you mean?" Mr. Macpherson said.

The Fiscal nodded. "Possibly," he said. "You see," he went on, seeing that the other still looked incredulous, "you must try to put yourself in the case of this young man and see how it would look to him. As it seems to me, it would have all the appearance of a studied insult on your daughter's part. The

most charitable construction he could put upon her conduct would be that she had forgotten all about him ; but a construction which he would be very apt to put upon it would be that she had expressly made this appointment with him, and then lingered, in his very sight, dallying with this other man, with the premeditated object of showing her lover how cheaply she held him. Is not that how it might very naturally have appeared to him ? ”

“ He would have rushed forward and have challenged the fiddler fellow on the spot,” said Mr. Macpherson.

“ Possibly,” said the Fiscal, “ but there is another possible view ; the position of the scorned lover is not a dignified one. It might well be that he would prefer to hold himself and his indignity in the background.”

Mr. Macpherson was silent. He was much struck with this entirely new aspect of the case, though still far from being convinced. “ It seems to me,” he said, “ an ingenious and plausible idea. How do you propose to prove it ? ”

“ Well,” the Fiscal admitted, “ the evidence can be but circumstantial. I shall of course have every bush within a stone’s throw of where the body lay, carefully searched—there was no evidence of a struggle, or of the body having been moved after the infliction of the wound, you will observe. And I am sorry to say I must also take your daughter’s precognition. I can assure you I will do my best to distress her as little as possible and not to let her suspect the view I am at present obliged to take on the case. I may rely, I hope, on your discretion ? ”

Mr. Macpherson of course promised to be silent, and went home to think it all over. He could not help thinking that George Craigie was rather the man to have killed the other than himself ; but on the other hand the Fiscal’s view partially explained what he had never before understood—how it was that George, when he found that the girl did not come, had not gone straight to the house to seek for her. It was quite natural that they should choose to meet elsewhere, if they were going for a walk, to spare themselves the impertinent gossip of servants ; but why, when the girl did not come, young Craigie had not gone to the house and inquired for her, had seemed inexplicable. But the Fiscal’s theory in a measure explained this difficulty, even if it left others.

When Mr. Macpherson came home, he told the girl about the

trial that was in store for her, and she answered tearfully that she would try her best to bear it bravely. He was at home when the summons came for her to go to the Fiscal, and waited anxiously for her return. She was some while gone, and when she came back looked pale and shaken.

"What a long time you have been!" he said.

"Oh, yes, Daddy," she said, "he asked me such a heap of questions."

"What did he ask you?" said her father.

"Oh, first," she said, "whether I and poor George were on good terms; whether we had not ever had some little disagreement or anything. What could have made him think that? And then he began to ask me how long I had been talking with Mr. Mattei in front of the house; and when I said only a minute at most, he did not seem to believe me till I repeated word for word all we had said—about my watch being so wrong and all that. And then when I told him how wrong my watch had been—you know it was quite an hour wrong—he seemed very much surprised and asked if it had ever lost all that much, on a sudden, before. And when I said no, he asked to look at the watch, and then he said he must ask me to allow him to keep it to show to a watchmaker and see if he can account for its going wrong. Of course I do not mind that, though I do not see the use of it," the poor girl said, "but it all seemed so funny. And then he asked me if I did not think it strange that poor George had not come up to the house to look for me, when he found that I did not come; and perhaps it was curious that he did not, but I suppose he thought something had happened to interfere with my coming, and so went home. It was no use my going on then. Indeed I did take a look down the path, but I am sure there was no one there. I told the Procurator Fiscal all that, and then I told him that I had really been so troubled afterwards about that extraordinary disappearance of Mr. Mattei's dagger that I had scarcely any thoughts for anything else. When I mentioned about the dagger he seemed to be very interested, and made me tell him everything I knew about it, and how it had disappeared, and all that—which was not much. He made me give him an exact description of the dagger. It seemed," she said, "as if he thought its disappearance might have something to do with poor George's death. I wonder if it possibly could? It is all so mysterious and dreadful," and the poor girl threw herself on her knees on the

ground and buried her face on her father's knees, to hide her sobs.

St. Andrews, you may be sure, was a sadly perturbed little city in those days of mystery and uncertainty. The society was so small that each man felt that to his neighbour he might himself be an object of suspicion. The opinion was mooted, and held most strongly in the part of the town where the fisher's cottages are, that young Ensign Craigie had been stabbed to death by some hand other than a mortal one. It boded no good that a young man should elect to meet the maiden of his choice at a spot of such ill omen as that cliff path which led almost to the very mouth of that subterranean passage which led whither? For, of late, rumours of strange unearthly figures frequenting the cave's mouth in the twilight were even more rife than before, and it might well have happened that George Craigie had been stabbed to the death by some infernal instrumentality and borne off upon ghostly wings to where his corpse was found amongst the whins.

But the very day before that on which the inquest was fixed to be held, a strange rumour gained credence in St. Andrews. Edith Macpherson had disappeared in the dead of night! It was a bald fact surrounded by no startling circumstances. But from the servants at the old house on the cliff, and from accounts given in strictest confidence (and which became the common property of St. Andrews in the space of an hour) by Mr. Craigie of an interview which he had held with Mr. Macpherson, who denied himself to all the world beside, it appeared that the girl had absolutely vanished. She had gone to bed as usual the night before and in the morning she was gone; and what made the narrative yet more marvellous, though this portion of it was generally discredited, was that it was said that the door and window had both been found bolted upon the inside. In this, the speculators of St. Andrews concluded, there was doubtless some mistake, but there existed sufficient food for their speculations none the less, for none could say wherefore or whither the girl had vanished. It was the common opinion, though mooted only in confidential whispers, that her lover's tragic death had been too much for her brain and that she had thrown herself in despair over the cliff. A volunteer search party was even formed which explored all the foot of the cliff and went out to sea in boats, but nothing was discovered of the girl, alive or dead.

In the midst of which confusion and mystery and speculation, came, as if to increase the mystery, or possibly to shed a new light upon it, news from the Madras College, that that most polished and musical of professors of languages, Signor Mattei, was nowhere to be found. He too had gone to bed after his usual manner the previous evening, but was not in his room in the morning, neither could any one say whither he had gone. His disappearance, however, differed from that of Miss Edith Macpherson in that while the young lady was reported to have fled through bolted doors and windows, Signor Mattei had taken with him a small portmanteau, part of his wardrobe and a violin. The excitement in the grey and venerable University town was now positively at fever heat. The whole place resolved itself into a large Scotland Yard. Every man, woman, and child, was an amateur detective.

There were but two modes of exit from St. Andrews—one could post, by aid of the host of the "Black Bull," or one could go by sea, in a fishing-boat. No post had left the "Black Bull" on the night of the disappearance of Signor Mattei and Miss Edith Macpherson. Only one fishing-boat had that night sailed from the harbour. This boat had set out after nightfall, but there were many ready to "take their davy" and make many other protestations of a like nature that that fishing-boat had borne no passengers and merely her ordinary complement of crew.

Old Mr. Craigie found himself at this time a more popular man than he had ever before supposed himself to be. He alone was admitted to Mr. Macpherson's house, and from him outsiders hoped to get some clue to the mystery. But it was very little that he could tell them.

"Old Macpherson was in a very queer state," he said; "he was always saying that he heard music of a fiddle, when there was not any, and what between his troubles and the amount of whiskey which he was consuming in order to try to wash them down, it was Mr. Craigie's opinion that in a short time his old friend would put the finish upon this chapter of tragedies by laying violent hands on his own life also."

The inquest upon young George Craigie's body was held in order to satisfy the form of the law, but it failed to elicit anything more than the Fiscal's precognitions had done. An open verdict was returned, which the Fiscal did not seek in any way to affect, and he returned to his home at Cupar,

leaving the people of St. Andrews none the wiser for his learned visitation.

The days passed away and grew into weeks, and the weeks grew into months and the months into years, but no news came to enlighten St. Andrews as to the triple mystery which had so startlingly befallen it; and by degrees the names of George Craigie and Edith Macpherson and of Mr. Mattei grew to be forgotten, or to be remembered but as vague memories around which tradition had woven many an improbable tale.

(To be continued.)



Notes of the Month.

MR. STANLEY has been the hero of the month, just as his book will no doubt prove the sensation of the season. The Chief of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition has borne his honours with a fairly becoming modesty, although some critics have regretted that he has not given more praise to his fellow officers and his various assistants in the enterprise. Mr. Stanley has also refrained from saying much about the man whom he was sent out to save, which is perhaps as well for the character of that somewhat inscrutable German; but he has largely excited the geographical imagination by his accounts of a primeval race of pigmies, only four foot high, who have made their home in the vast and trackless forest of Darkest Africa.

The threatened Labour demonstrations at the beginning of May passed off, on the whole, as satisfactorily as could be desired. In foreign capitals the precautions taken by the various governments checked all tendencies to riot, although some local disturbances, which have occurred since, prove that there was no exaggeration of the possible danger. In London, the Sunday demonstration in Hyde Park proved with what self-control and orderliness the genuine English workman can conduct himself if only he be left alone. The present generation has hardly seen a more remarkable gathering than the 300,000 men, women, and children who crowded round the fifteen platforms arranged in the park. It was also satisfactorily proved, first, that English workmen are by no means agreed as to the legalised eight hours' day, and secondly, that the Social Democrats and followers of Mr. Hyndman are at present hopelessly out of the running. Mr. John Burns is probably by this time somewhat ashamed of his silly remark that the "Marseillaise" was more appropriate to the gathering than "God save the Queen."

Among the notable men who have died in the past four weeks there is no name more remarkable than that of James Nasmyth. He will of course be always identified with his invention of the steam hammer, which has now for many years served as a symbol of enormous strength combined with the most delicate exactitude of operation. Apart, however, from his great achievement, Nasmyth appears to have been a mechanical genius of the highest order, as well as a man of continuous

industry and blameless character through all the fourscore years of his life. His intellect might fairly be described as the genius of common sense, and his happy epigrammatic way of expressing himself in conversation will long be remembered by those who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance. One of his favourite definitions was that of genius as "a man's brains coming out at his finger ends."

The science of History is always making us re-form our conceptions of historical scenes. Its latest triumph is to disperse all the picturesque associations which have gathered round the last hours of monarchs and other notable personages who have perished on the scaffold. According to Mr. Palgrave, the block was not the stately pedestal which our imaginations have depicted as the last resting-place of romantic and unfortunate heads, but a dwarfed and pigmy piece of boarding, only a few inches high. We must therefore be content to picture to ourselves for the future the Royal Martyr, the beautiful Queen of Scots, and the girl-student of Plato, as stretched ignominiously in their dying moments along the floor in positions which are equally removed from artistic gracefulness and regal dignity.

May is the month for Picture Exhibitions; but the verdict of those who have conscientiously waded through the three principal galleries is that there is not much "promise of May." The Royal Academy affords, on the whole, a disappointing display, with one or two brilliant exceptions, somewhat few and far between. Amongst landscapes, there are just three which are really striking: "Summer-time in the Channel Islands," by Mr. Henry Moore; the "Moon is Up" of Sir John Millais, and "Our Village" of Professor Herkomer. Among portraits, probably the "Mrs. Agnew" of Mr. Luke Fildes beats the field, though here too there are notable contributions from the studios of Bushey. Mr. Alma Tadema's "Frigidarium" is pretty, but small. Mr. Collier's "Death of Cleopatra" is large and striking, but by no means agreeable. The President's pictures are in his usual style of exquisite but wholly unnatural beauty. The Statuary, which probably most people will neglect, is one of the strongest features of the Exhibition.

Whether owing to the absence of Mr. Comyns Carr, or to other causes, the New Gallery is badly hung and wholly uninteresting, unless indeed there be any excitement in noting the evil effects of popularity on promising artists like Mr. Sargent and Mr. Shannon. Sir John Millais' "Dew-drenched Furze" is a curious example of paint spattered on very obtrusive canvas, with a carefully drawn pheasant which has no kind of relation to the picture. If it were not for Mr. Collier's portrait of John Burns, and one of Mr. Henry Moore's

beautiful seascapes entitled "A Silvery Day," there would be little enough to detain the lover of art on these walls. The Grosvenor Gallery, on the contrary, is a much more significant exhibition, as it witnesses to the rise of a comparatively new school of Scotch artists. One can see them at their worst in Mr. Arthur Melville's "Audrey and her Goats," and at their best in Mr. Guthrie's "Orchard." Even their veteran President, Sir William Douglas, has felt their influence in his view of "Stonehaven from Bervie Braes." Mr. Swan is apparently the best delineator of lions we possess. His "Maternity," in the Grosvenor, is quite admirable—superior in our opinion to his corresponding canvas in the Royal Academy. Especially noticeable, too, is Mr. Orchardson's picture of himself for the Uffizzi Gallery; but that clever young artist, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, seems to have accepted his limitations in his everlasting, omnipresent atmosphere of grey. If the object of art be to conceal art, the painters of this year appear, on the whole, to have followed their instructions to the letter.

It is easy to understand why Mrs. Langtry should have produced "Esther Sandraz," although we may or may not approve of the choice. In the character of the deserted heroine, who stoops to acts of almost incredible meanness in order to purchase her revenge, Mrs. Langtry has a part which, though unsympathetic, is both picturesque and strong. The critics who still persist in regarding the lessee of the St. James's Theatre as an amateur, could not help recognizing the enormous advance which she has made in her profession since her visit to America and the provinces. The play itself, however, is unpleasant to the last degree, and, apart from all its sins against good taste and common morality, it is clumsily constructed and intrinsically absurd. Apart from the proof it affords that Mrs. Langtry is now an artist of considerable power, the performance has one pretty and amiable feature in the acting of Miss Marion Lea, who clearly has a future before her. Mr. Bouchier also did the little that fell to his lot with taste and discretion. As to the other chief theatrical novelty of the month, "The Cabinet Minister," at the Court Theatre, it is not so easy to make up one's mind. The play is undoubtedly a clever one, as indeed is all the work which is done by Mr. Pinero; the dialogue is as brilliant as usual, and the acting goes far to redeem some of the absurdities of the situation. But Mr. Pinero finds a singular pleasure in mystifying and confusing his audience, and sometimes he attempts to enlist their sympathies on the wrong side. Moreover, all his later work exhibits an uncomfortable oscillation between comedy and farce. On the whole, "The Cabinet Minister" is hardly a *chef d'œuvre*, although the clever acting of Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Brandon Thomas, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith will probably ensure a long run and sustained popularity.

English musicians have no longer the just cause of complaint which certainly did exist some ten years ago, as to the want of appreciation of their work by their compatriots. The star of English music is again in the ascendant, and, at any rate as far as composition is concerned, the celebrated Elizabethan musical records bid fair to be easily beaten by those of the Victorian era. The English festival programmes, and the sale of places on special days, bear ample testimony to the popularity of national composers, whose works undoubtedly excite the chief interest of the week's proceedings, to be seen in the enthusiasm of both chorus and audience. Further proof is afforded of this interest by the fact that the event of the English Opera season at Drury Lane, now ended, has been the production of an Englishman's opera, 'Thorgrim,' by F. H. Cowen, whose musical work has previously received much well-merited distinction. 'Thorgrim' was produced before a large and representative audience of musicians from all parts of England and abroad, whose enthusiastic and discriminating reception of the work was its best criticism. Space will not allow a detailed account of the plot, or minutely critical study of the music; suffice it to say of the former, that the romantic fascination which surrounds all Viking stories is most poetically and artistically given in the libretto by Mr. Joseph Bennett, whose first grand opera-book excites much interest owing to his many well-known excellent librettos for concert-room purposes. The libretto of 'Thorgrim' has only one fault, it lacks action, but its literary and poetical value is of the highest. From Mr. Cowen's music we would select for special praise the *Finale* of Act II., which is a splendid piece of descriptive writing, and the whole of Act III., which contains the composer's best and most successful work. The lyrical numbers of the opera are undoubtedly those in which Mr. Cowen's special gifts shine the brightest; the love duet in Act III. is a masterpiece of melodious graceful writing, distinguished by a fancy which gives to it unusual beauty. It is easy to predict that 'Thorgrim' will prove another '*cheval de bataille*' of the Carl Rosa English Opera Company, and it is satisfactory to know in connection with it, that national appreciation of Opera in English has taken the practical form of seven per cent. on the preference, and eight per cent. on the ordinary shares of the Company ever since its commencement.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

The first of May is over, and nothing serious has happened. The relief now expressed is the best proof of how insincere in reality was the security previously put forward with so much apparent confidence; like the loud protestations of children in the dark, that ghost stories are "nothing but nonsense." The fact is plain: people were terribly frightened, thoroughly realizing that anything might be expected, and

those who have, habitually, the least liking for M. Constans, now feel almost kindly towards him for the time being. Nothing more complete or more admirable could be imagined than all the organization of defence on that critical day; so much behind the scenes, and so little visible before the hour of need. Everything, indeed, seemed so quiet on the Boulevards and other large thoroughfares, that there was great temptation to go rather over-near to the places where crowds gathered, and thus many innocent people, especially amongst those unused to the working of such incidents in Paris, got thrown down, trampled upon, or otherwise injured. There is no reading of a Riot Act, or even warning given, before the cavalry charges. These are sudden and unexpected: a rush over the side pavements as well as in the middle of the street, so that the quietest of spectators become suddenly enveloped in a flying crowd, and find themselves thrown into very critical positions. But for the neatness with which M. Constans culled all the ring-leaders beforehand, there would evidently have been much more mischief than this. A terrible battle was expected, and even cannons were in readiness to sweep through the streets, the Government being determined to put all down with a strong hand.

However reluctantly, it must be acknowledged that such repressive energy is easier for a Republican government, necessarily impersonal, than for any monarch, upon whom, evidently, the odium of bloodshed is cast, and whose position becomes very difficult to hold afterwards. Monsieur Anybody resigns office, if the worst comes to the worst, and disappears in the crowd. A sovereign is fiercely pursued, and if he does not fly for his life, is brought to bay—guillotined, like Louis XVI., or shot, like Maximilian.

At all events, in this instance it has been clearly proved that the working population of Paris had really nothing to do with the demonstration, which was got up by that rabble, always ready for mischief, composed of vagabonds, thieves, *repris de justice*, or ticket-of-leave men, foreign demagogues belonging to secret societies, and boys under twenty—street Arabs, the scum of Paris, and the vilest of the vile. There is no more dangerous element in the Parisian population than these youthful malefactors. The greater number of murders, robberies, and burglaries are committed by mere boys. They are thoroughly corrupt, fiendishly cruel, and heartless; vicious to the core, and ready for anything, trusting to their youth to escape the guillotine. The weakness of M. Grévy in this respect—"Le Père la Grâce" (or "Father Reprieve"), as he was entitled—enormously increased the evil, transportation to Nouméa, or "La Nouvelle," as they call it, being rather enjoyed than otherwise, as a sort of gratuitous tourist's ticket. It is well known that the convicts are far too kindly treated, so that, in fact, they are better off than at home. Fenayrou, the author of one of the most atrocious and cold-blooded murders of recent years, keeps a

druggist's shop at Nouméa, and lives very comfortably. Many such instances are quoted.

The statement may seem paradoxical, but it is nevertheless true, and proved by official statistics, that the Parisian population is not revolutionary. They are not easy to manage, and are given to insubordination; they invariably criticise all governments, and sneer at all authority; they always wish for a change, and dislike what they have; consequently, they prepare revolutions, unconsciously and unintentionally. But all this is mere talk; they have no wish for fighting, or street insurrections, and deplore any upset, very sincerely, though they are not fond of risking their precious lives in the cause of order; submitting peaceably to such horrors as those of the Commune, rather than trying energetic resistance, because they might get the worst of it. "*Je suis père de famille!*" and that settles all.

No, the Revolutionists are not Parisians, beyond a very small proportion of them. From the days of the Great Revolution to the present day, only about *one third* of those compromised in popular excesses were Parisians. Amongst political assassins, there is *not one* Parisian. The Parisian workman is intelligent, indolent, capricious, clever in his work, often to an inimitable degree, but irregular and unsteady; irreligious, fond of pleasure, knowing how to enjoy it almost intellectually; sensual to excess; but in reality indifferent to politics, and desirous only of enjoying life to the utmost. He is an Athenian—of the latter days of ancient Athens.*

The Parisian workman has little excuse for discontent; he is thoroughly well-paid, and as his work is excellent beyond competition, he can almost make his own terms; generally, he is employed at piece-work, and consequently may do as much time or as little as he chooses, and need work no longer than he likes. On the famous May-day almost all the "*ateliers*" were full as usual.

But, by the side of the real born Parisians are inhabitants of Paris, who have come from elsewhere, and are of a totally different stamp. Here is the danger, and it is terrible to look upon, for Paris is the chief receptacle of the veriest scum of the whole earth. All the villains who can no longer remain in their own countries, for they would have to pay the penalty of their misdeeds, come here, destitute and desperate, ready for any uproar; hoping for some profit by fishing in troubled waters. With these, less dangerous at the outset, but finally corrupted to any degree, are the discontented provincials; men who, through want of brains, or want of energy, or want of steadiness, have failed in all they have undertaken; who consider themselves persecuted geniuses, only to be appreciated in Paris, where they come with a large stock of delusions. Any real and striking talent will make its way in Paris; but mediocrity

* See the work on 'Paris,' chapter "Les Révolutions," by Maxime du Camp; and 'La Misère à Paris,' by the Comte d'Haussonville.

has less chance here than elsewhere. The standard is high, those who rise above it are quickly noticed and pushed on ; those who remain below (of course the vast majority) cannot even get an opportunity of showing what they might do, they are swallowed up in the vortex of the struggle for life. Consciousness of mediocrity is a rare virtue ; people always imagine that they excel in all that they undertake, and ascribe their defeat to any cause but the real one ; the more so, as they have probably possessed some superiority over their local surroundings. Hence, bitterness ; fury against all who have succeeded, and who enjoy the fruits of their efforts. Then, the example, still more perniciously exciting, of the dishonest prosperity attained by so many, the luxury of swindlers, great gains, by bad means. The last restraints of home principles—early education, perhaps the religious teaching of childhood—are broken through, one by one, and we find men, not bad originally, but now frenzied with the desire of holding a prominent position, and enjoying the good things of this world. These are the men who become the gilded Generals of the Commune, wearing smart uniforms, and imagining themselves heroes ; who eat, drink, and are merry ; living in palaces, and dreaming they are princes, till, when suddenly awakened to the stern reality, they turn into wild beasts, with the one surviving instinct of general destruction, that others may not have what they have not.

Unhappily for Paris, the amnesty brought back many Communists from Nouméa, whither they had been transported. With the principle of universal suffrage, they got elected as members of the Municipal Council, which virtually governs Paris, where they have caused infinite mischief. Under their patronage, the “Bourse du Travail” was founded, a large building near the Halles Centrales, where the workmen meet, to seek employment of all kinds. So far, the object would seem to be a good one ; but the whole is managed on Socialist principles, so that it is, in fact, a school for rebellion against employers, which provides the means for strikes. Next to it is a place for revolutionary public meetings, so that, naturally, the workmen attracted to the “Bourse du Travail” by its fair promises, are induced to attend these meetings, where their worst passions are fostered and encouraged.

The failure of the May demonstration is considered by all serious observers and politicians to be merely a reprieve, and not a victory. The greatest apprehensions for the future are entertained and freely expressed. An eminent political writer said to us : “In the Middle Ages we had the reign of the Church ; under Louis XIV. the aristocracy ; after the Revolution, the ‘Tiers Etat,’ or bourgeoisie ; now, we have to deal with a ‘Quart Etat,’ which is pushing upwards, and will soon be above us ; the lower layers will have their turn, and then—woe to us all !”

We can recommend for family reading, “La Fille du Philosophe,” by Madame Marie Lionnet.

Correspondence.

The name and address of Correspondents must always be sent (not necessarily for publication), and the Editor cannot undertake to communicate with the writers or return their letters under any circumstances.

TO THE EDITOR OF 'MURRAY'S MAGAZINE.'

SIR,

I read with much interest an article in the April number of your Magazine, entitled, "The Present Position of Electric Lighting," by Mr. Campbell Swinton, in which the writer attempts to lay before your readers a general idea of the working of electricity for illuminating purposes. I think a few remarks therein call for comment.

It is to be hoped that, for the success of Mr. Swinton's prophecy that electric lighting will be general at the close of the present year, the experience of the Deptford Station will not be repeated, the opening of this station having been promised months ago, and not realized yet, owing to failure of cables, and other causes.

The great number of applications to Parliament for lighting orders has been almost entirely due to a wish to be first in the field, the orders, when obtained, in the majority of cases not being proceeded with.

The operation of connecting house-wires to the main is not quite so easy as it is described to be, requiring workmen of great experience; "merely tapping off" reminds one forcibly of the advice to be seen on the automatic machines for the supply of sweets.

With regard to the necessity of machinery and skilled attendance, firstly, are not transformers machinery? and, secondly, in what other system of lighting is skilled attendance necessary, that the dispensing with it should be made such a point of?

The fact that large private installations are cheaper than supply from a station is undoubted, only I would alter "in some cases" to "always."

The confidence that is shown in the existence of a nearly perfect electric meter must astonish people like myself, who believed that it had yet to be invented. The result of the Paris competition, where no satisfactory meter was exhibited, and the prize withheld, is remarkable

in face of the statement. In comparing the efficiency of gas and electric meters, I am afraid the writer has compared the efficiency (even admitting his statement above, which is not borne out by facts) of the necessarily few electric meters in existence with the average efficiency of the thousands of gas meters in use—a grossly unfair comparison.

Mr. Swinton goes on to say that the London price of electricity is $7\frac{1}{4}d.$ per unit, and that so low a price as $4d.$ is reached in provincial towns. He then compares the price of gas with the latter, and finds it to be $3s. 6d.$ per 1000 cubic feet, leaving out altogether the $7\frac{1}{4}d.$ charge, which would, by rule of three, be equal to $6s. 2d.$, nearly three times the price of London gas. If the annual cost table is made out on this basis ($7\frac{1}{4}d.$), then the cost of the electric lamp would be $22s.$ per annum, as against gas at $7s. 6d.$, taking the latter at $2s. 6d.$, the highest price in London, and the open, flat-flame burner, consuming four cubic feet an hour for a light of twelve candle-power—a very modest estimate.

There is not so much convenience in manipulation of lights as Mr. Swinton makes out, since a match would probably have to be struck to find the electric button, and the light must either be full on or put right out. In the first case, the match would light the gas, and, in the second, gas can be turned down to burn an inappreciable quantity, and thus save fumbling in the dark. From the stress that is laid upon electricity being always at hand, one would almost infer that gas was periodically cut off from the consumer. I rather think the shoe should pinch the other foot.

With regard to small country installations, gas-engines would be better than steam in every respect; but when it came to "a gardener or other man-servant with sufficient intelligence and mechanical aptitude to enable him to learn to take charge of the working of the engine, dynamo, and other machinery after a few practical lessons," I am afraid that the erratic electric light might behave in a very unseemly manner; I do not recommend your readers to try it, their sweetness of temper and their pockets would both be severely tested; not to mention the tragic fate that would await this genius, if perchance in his ignorance he sat on the terminals of his newly acquired professional instrument. I am sorry Mr. Swinton should have applied the advertising notice we see so often to dynamos, viz. "A child can use them."

I do not find any mention of the great loss that is incurred in the use of accumulators, although they are mentioned as an adjunct to this little scheme.

The writer is rather hard on American electricians, when he says that the accidents we are continually hearing of from their country have been due to their own negligence and not to anything dangerous in electricity itself; and if, as he says, the reports of these accidents have been greatly exaggerated or entirely without foundation, why was a wholesale

cutting down of electric-light poles ordered and carried out in New York? The following extract from the Public Lights Inspector's report may prove of interest: 861 new gas-lamps were lighted during the year 1889, 286 were re-lighted, 7121 were put up in place of electric lights; only nineteen new electric lamps were lighted, 169 re-lighted, and 1371 were discontinued. These figures speak plainly. I would also ask, if it is possible to be killed by touching a lighted lamp with a metal case while standing on an iron grating (an accident that occurred), is not this outside the question of careless wiring, pointing to something "inherently dangerous" in the system?

Discussing underground conductors, we are told that these are perfectly safe; what about short circuits through gas and water pipes, and gas explosions caused by sparks? But I see Mr. Swinton considers the latter the fault of the gas companies! As it is impossible to keep gas mains absolutely tight because of drifting of soil, one might just as well argue that a man chained by the leg, and blown up by an infernal machine, deserved it because he did not get out of the way.

We are told that the pressure of current in houses, which is all with which the consumer has to deal, is quite safe: so it is, but the liability of transformers to break down and allow the street voltage into the house, is ignored.

In comparing the safety of illuminants, I am afraid that the writer has compared the accidents caused by electricity in its small area of supply with those in the enormous area supplied by gas; it is the only possible way he can arrive at the result he does.

I would point out that a scandalously bad lot of materials must be in general use, if fires are due to bad insulation only, for us to be continually hearing of houses being burnt down from overheating of wires. Mr. Swinton treats the superiority of the electric light to other illuminants rather flippantly, it is entirely a matter of opinion; as to its not fouling the air, how about the ventilating gas lights that carry off not only their own vitiated air but any other as well? Does the electric light do this? And finally I would ask, why, if electricity is so greatly superior, does he state that some lamps give a light undistinguishable from that of gas? This sudden come-down is peculiar.

The electric light is as yet a vast experiment; to say that its rapid introduction is assured appears to me to be slightly premature.

Yours truly,

ARTHUR R. BURCH.



Our Library List.

THE SEAT OF AUTHORITY IN RELIGION. By JAMES MARTINEAU. (*Longmans.*) Within the space of five years Dr. Martineau has now presented the public with three solid and important works. The 'Types of Ethical Theory' and 'A Study of Religion' have received a warm welcome, but the third is likely to be still more acceptable. The author's rich and splendid eloquence has not lost its power, but rather it has regained the vivacity and freedom which seemed to have deserted him for a time, in the difficult and over-laboured manner of his previous work on religion. For the convenience of those who may not have time to follow his exposition of ethical systems, he has in this volume given a *résumé* of his own moral theory, the student of which could hardly doubt what Dr. Martineau's answer would be to the question raised in the title of the present work. For, according to that theory, the voice of conscience, which, imperatively and without regard to ulterior ends, commands us to prefer one course of conduct to another, is the voice of God. Where else should we, then, look for the authority of religion save in the heart and conscience of each? "Revealed religion is strictly personal and individual, and must be born anew in every mind." Not that each man stands by himself, and is his own exclusive guide. On the contrary, Dr. Martineau is distinguished from his master, Butler, by his firm denial of any such exclusive or isolated independence amongst individuals. The moral authority of our conscience is "brought to an intense focus in our minds by the reflected lights" of the conscience of others, and we may discover a mediator between ourselves and God in some person whose communion with Him is more direct and prevailing than our own. But the answer to the mere abstract question occupies only a small portion of the volume, the greater part of which is an endeavour to disentangle the divine from the human elements in the Christian religion. With characteristic energy, the author has revised his former views by a study of what recent criticism has done for theology. Catholicism and Protestantism are to him alike instances of "authority artificially misplaced"; in the one case transferred to a church, in the other to the word of the Scriptures. He endeavours, therefore, to separate out the permanent or divine element from the rest, and to obtain a representation of the person of Jesus, as the embodiment of what we may call divine humanity. It is impossible here to follow him in these investi-

gations, in his inquiry into the vexed questions of the authorship of the Gospels and the other books of the Canon, and of their relative chronological position ; nor into the long and interesting section in which, by examining the various views taken of the person of Jesus and of his work, Dr. Martineau endeavours to afford an insight into the spiritual significance of Christ, which at last he summarises in the concluding chapter. The most striking feature of his view is the denial that Christ claimed for himself Messiahship. This, which is contrary to the authority of most critics, including Harnack, is, as Mr. Gladstone might say, "a stiff consideration ;" and the reader may detect traces of violent allegorising in the explanation given of the phrase, "the Son of Man." But, whatever view may be taken of these questions, and though it may be often felt that Dr. Martineau, especially in the philosophical aspect of the subject, rather persuades the imagination than convinces the reason, no one can fail to recognize the importance of the work, or to award admiration to the labour which has thus gathered up in old age the harvest of a long life devoted to inquiry.

THE STUART DYNASTY. By PERCY M. THORNTON. (*Ridgway*.) In a series of short studies Mr. Thornton traces the history of the Stuarts from the earliest times, when the head of the family was Steward or Senechal of Scotland, down to the attempt of 1715. Perhaps the great length of the period covered is responsible for the somewhat fragmentary character of the author's work. The earlier history of the family from the first Stuart king, Robert II., the grandson of Bruce, down to James V. as being less familiar, is rightly treated with comparatively greater detail. But it is with Mary Stuart that the story mingles with the history of England, and the fortunes of the family become supremely interesting. So long as "tears to human suffering are due" we shall continue to surround the later Stuarts with a halo of romance, in spite of their political incapacity. Mr. Thornton is anxious to say the best for them. In the vexed question of the Casket Letters, which seemed to implicate Mary in the murder of Darnley he takes a lenient view. In the latest times he has had access to the Stuart Papers at Windsor, and the extracts which he gives from them constitute the most valuable feature of the book ; the most interesting of all are the letters which pass between Lord Bolingbroke and the Chevalier, which throw great light upon Bolingbroke's participation in the attempt ; as well as a few others which refer to Marlborough's complicity. But hardly less interesting are the letters of the Duke of Berwick, in which he excuses himself from joining the expedition owing to pressure from the French Regent. Though the body of the work is not very attractive, this appendix of papers is of high value. The volume is adorned with some portraits, which are executed with great beauty.

FRANCE AND THE REPUBLIC. By WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) 'France and the Republic' is hardly likely to be so successful as 'Ireland under Coercion.' It is always an extremely difficult thing for a foreigner to write a good account of the real life and thoughts of a nation he has visited; and Mr. Hurlbert is more of a foreigner in France than in Ireland. Besides, France is a much larger country than Ireland, which does not decrease the difficulty of studying it. And then, whatever he was in Ireland, Mr. Hurlbert is an open and undisguised partisan in France. His pages are everywhere crowded with bitter and angry criticism on the Republican Government. What he says may be just and true enough, but it is not said in an impartial spirit; and his violent hostility to the Republic leads him sometimes into extraordinary statements, as when he says that, but for the English and American revolutions, "the world in general would know and care to-day very little more about the French 'principles of 1789,' and the French Revolution and the First French Republic, than the world in general knows or cares to-day about the wars in the Cevennes or the conflict between the Armagnacs and the Bourguignons;" a startling statement certainly to make about the event which has generally been thought to be, for good or evil, the most interesting event in history. Mr. Hurlbert is justly severe on the silly anti-religious policy of the Republic and on the enormous expenses entailed by it. He has done good service, too, in showing, what is too little known in England, the real strength of religious feeling in France. The sincere Catholics are far more numerous than is generally supposed, and there is no doubt that the Government persecutions have caused a revival of loyalty to the Church among many whose Catholicism has been little more than nominal till recently. Mr. Hurlbert gives a very good and intelligible account of what Boulangism really was, and how it was that the universal discontent took that particular form; and probably most people will agree with him that the evidences he brings of official pressure at elections, coupled with the very small majority of votes now remaining to the Republic, really prove that a perfectly free election would destroy the Republic to-morrow.

WHEN WE WERE BOYS. By WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M.P. (*Longmans & Co.*) Most people probably will take up Mr. O'Brien's novel with some misgivings. Their relief, therefore, will be proportionately great when they discover that the book is not a political manifesto, but a clever and graphic story of the Fenian rising after the American war. Its literary merits are indeed not very conspicuous; the workmanship is somewhat tawdry and suggestive of the theatre; and, chief fault of all, it is intolerably long. Notwithstanding these defects, however, it is undeniably interesting, and some of the characters are quite excellent, notably that of the hero Ken Rohan, the American

officer, Captain Mike MacCarthy, and the absentee peer, Lord Drumshaughlin. The reader also will be pleased to notice that Mr. O'Brien's fascinating young lady belongs by birth to the hated race of Ireland's oppressors, and, throughout, the author has been conspicuously fair to those with whose politics he is bound to disagree.

ACTE. By HUGH WESTBURY. (*Bentley.*) The proper title, it seems to us, for this book should have been 'Nero,' for the Greek girl who gives her name to the work, plays in reality a somewhat subordinate part. The story is of the Roman Empire, when the destinies of the State were consigned to the mad and besotted artist who fiddled while Rome was burning, and the amiable but sententious philosopher Seneca. The author may be congratulated on having produced an extremely skilful work on a very difficult subject, although the introduction of the Apostle Paul quoting from his own Epistles is, we think, a literary and artistic mistake.

THE HERIOTS. By SIR HENRY CUNNINGHAM. (*Macmillan & Co.*) The author of the 'Chronicles of Dustypore' and the 'Cœruleans' has produced a novel which it is indeed a pleasure to read as a contrast to much of the theatrical balderdash and high-flown romance of the day. 'The Heriots' is a simple tale set in a quiet key, written with admirable taste and delicacy, and enriched with many clever epigrams. The story itself is neither new nor particularly interesting; it is the manner in which it is told that is its distinctive feature—the manner of a cultivated man speaking to cultivated men.

THE MINER'S RIGHT. By ROLF BOLDREWOOD. (*Macmillan & Co.*) The book will probably come as a disappointment to those who read with pleasure 'Robbery under Arms.' It is hardly a novel, but rather a detailed description of the Australian goldfields in '50 or '60, intended to prove the immense superiority of such institutions when under British Government to those like the Californian, which are supposed to know no other law than that of Judge Lynch. The diggers are all as near moral and physical perfection as human beings can be. They are all six feet high, and none of them would "mark out a claim" on Sunday for worlds. Their one weak point is intolerance of the Chinese. When they are wicked, they are very wicked; but they are not indifferent to the smaller elegances of life, tact and good taste being their distinguishing characteristics. There is a faint under-current of story rather loosely put together, but the real object of the book appears to be a general glorification of Australia.

THE TWO KINDS OF TRUTH. By T. E. S. T., an old Life Member of the British Association. (*Fisher Unwin.*) When almost everybody writes his reminiscences, it is only natural that a person who has throughout his life given much study to science and literature, and taken a lively interest in the movements of thought during his time, should desire to give the world the benefit of his knowledge and reflection. In the present case this has produced a book which contains much information on a very extended range of subjects, put together without much system; but we cannot say that the work possesses value. The more popular in character such a book is, the greater is the necessity for a firm hand in the treatment. The author's "test" is the distinction of "natural" from "universal" truth; the first kind includes physical facts which might very well be different from what they are; the other includes truths like those of geometry, which could not be different. This test is simply assumed, though its validity has over and over again been questioned, and it is applied, also without proof, to show that everything concerned with the human mind in the proper sense is "universal." Evolution must therefore stop short of mind, in spite of the evidence collected by Darwin and Mr. Romanes. Free-will and immortality are certain truths, for the same reason. But how all these universal truths resemble those of geometry we cannot tell and the author does not say. There is no difficulty to our mind in supposing the absence of free will or immortality, and for the matter of that, in imagining with many mathematicians that our geometry does not everywhere hold true. Recognizing that there is an interest in learning the opinions of men like the author, we cannot think that, even if his opinions are correct, they can be established in this way. There is, as usual, much appeal to authority, but we have noticed several misquotations, such as the astounding citation of Spinoza for the belief that God has power to alter the laws of the universe.

NATIONAL HEALTH. Abridged from THE HEALTH OF NATIONS. A REVIEW OF THE WORKS OF SIR EDWIN CHADWICK, K.C.B. By BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON. (*Longmans.*) The title sufficiently explains the history of this work, which consists of the more directly practical portions of the larger work. It forms an admirable popular memorial of the great services which Sir Edwin Chadwick has rendered to his country. How great those services were may be estimated by a glance through the sketch which Dr. Richardson has given of his friend's life. The Poor Law Act of 1834, with which Sir Edwin Chadwick's name is chiefly associated, was only one out of many reforms which he either initiated or helped to carry through. To him we owe wholly or in part the factory legislation, the registration of the causes of death, the organization of the police. If much of the present volume seems familiar in its instruction with regard to healthy dwellings, and

schools, and healthy education, this is because their author was so Dr. Richardson claims, the author of sanitary science. In his view on education, which he embodied in the "half-time system," the most remarkable part is his insistence on short hours of teaching as against the system of long hours. One project of his remains as yet unrealized, that of bringing down fresh air from a great height to ventilate cities. If M. Eiffel and Sir Edward Watkin will sweep the streets of Paris and London with fresh air, they will do more than if they took millions of visitors at five francs to see the view.

EGYPTIAN SKETCHES. By JEREMIAH LYNCH. (*Edward Arnold*). In this attractive and well "got-up" volume, furnished with some very good illustrations, the author has given a series of agreeably written sketches of Egypt and its manners. It is all the more to be regretted that he should have disturbed the pleasant impression by introducing colloquialisms such as "big guns" (applied to officials), "going at it hammer and tongs," which are inelegant, and surely avoidable even in such light essays as these. Mr. Lynch makes no pretence of learning or exhaustiveness, but he talks in a pleasant way about archæology and history as well as the life of Egypt. He should not, however, have said that the third inscription on the Rosetta stone was cuneiform; it was really demotic, the later or cursive form of Egyptian writing. It is interesting to hear the opinion which, as an American, he entertains of our rule. He seems to think it a blessing to the country, and advises us to stay there altogether. In spite of English justice, he declares that we are unpopular, thus once more verifying what is said with reference to our Indian rule, that *les Anglais sont justes, mais ils ne sont pas bons*. We are not sure that all Englishmen take the same frankly material view as he does of our retention of India—that we use it as "the dumping ground of all the surplus manufactures of England." There are many interesting sketches of customs of which Mr. Lynch has been a witness—such as the mutilation of the dervishes, and an Arab marriage. If Mr. Lynch's compatriot Carleton is a real person, we wonder whether he will like to read the story of his marriage to an Egyptian girl. Altogether these sketches seem to achieve their purpose of whetting the appetite of travellers, and certainly are agreeable reading for a vacant hour.

THROUGH ABYSSINIA. AN ENVOY'S RIDE TO THE KING OF ZION. By F. HARRISON SMITH, R.N. (*Fisher Unwin*).—"King of Zion" is one of the titles borne by King John of Abyssinia, to whom, in 1886, Lieutenant Smith was sent as envoy with a sword of honour presented to the King by our Queen, in recognition of the fidelity with which he had aided the withdrawal of the Egyptian garrisons. The volume, which is swollen by very thick paper to look much bigger than it is,

describes the envoy's journey from Massowah to the court at the south of Abyssinia, and his reception there and return. King John was very friendly, entertained a high idea of the English method of concluding business, and created the envoy a chief of the Order of Solomon; in which character he is represented in the frontispiece. He used his dignity with great effect on the return journey to overawe an Abyssinian officer, who, according to the fashion of the country, acted as a sort of go-between or *proxenus* to the foreigner, but whose chief concern was to obtain backsheesh. The delays created by Oriental dignity, the trickery of subordinates, and their cringing servility when discovered, are all illustrated. Lieut. Smith seems to have exhibited a decision of character under the circumstances, which may well have impressed the Abyssinians. He might have shortened considerably his record of the outward journey, which, except when it brings him into contact for a moment with Ras Alula, does not possess great interest. The story of the reception at court is, however, interesting and amusing.

ANNALS OF BIRD LIFE. By CHARLES DIXON. (*Chapman & Hall.*) This book is divided into four parts, one on each of the four seasons, and gives a minute account of the birds we have with us from January to December, their ways and habits, their comings and goings, when they begin to sing and when they leave off, when they pair and when they moult, what they feed on and where they sleep, and all the hundred other little details of bird life with which a watchful observer may fill a diary in the country. Mr. Dixon is distinctly of the new school of ornithology, which moves on from the study of bird structure to the kindlier and pleasanter study of bird life. "The dead birds," he says, "have had their day, and naturalists are beginning to wake up to the fact that the living birds are infinitely more interesting, more wonderful, and more beautiful." We have only one fault to find with the book, and that is that Mr. Dixon does not give us enough of himself. He is too fond of lists, and dates, and facts. We would give a good deal for a few more stories like the one on page 128, of the Landrail which shammed death. It was constant stories of this kind, as well as, we must add, a most fascinating style, that made the charm and success of Mr. Warde Fowler's delightful 'Year with the Birds.' Mr. Dixon's book is certainly interesting as it is, but it would have been made more attractive by a freer introduction of the personal element.

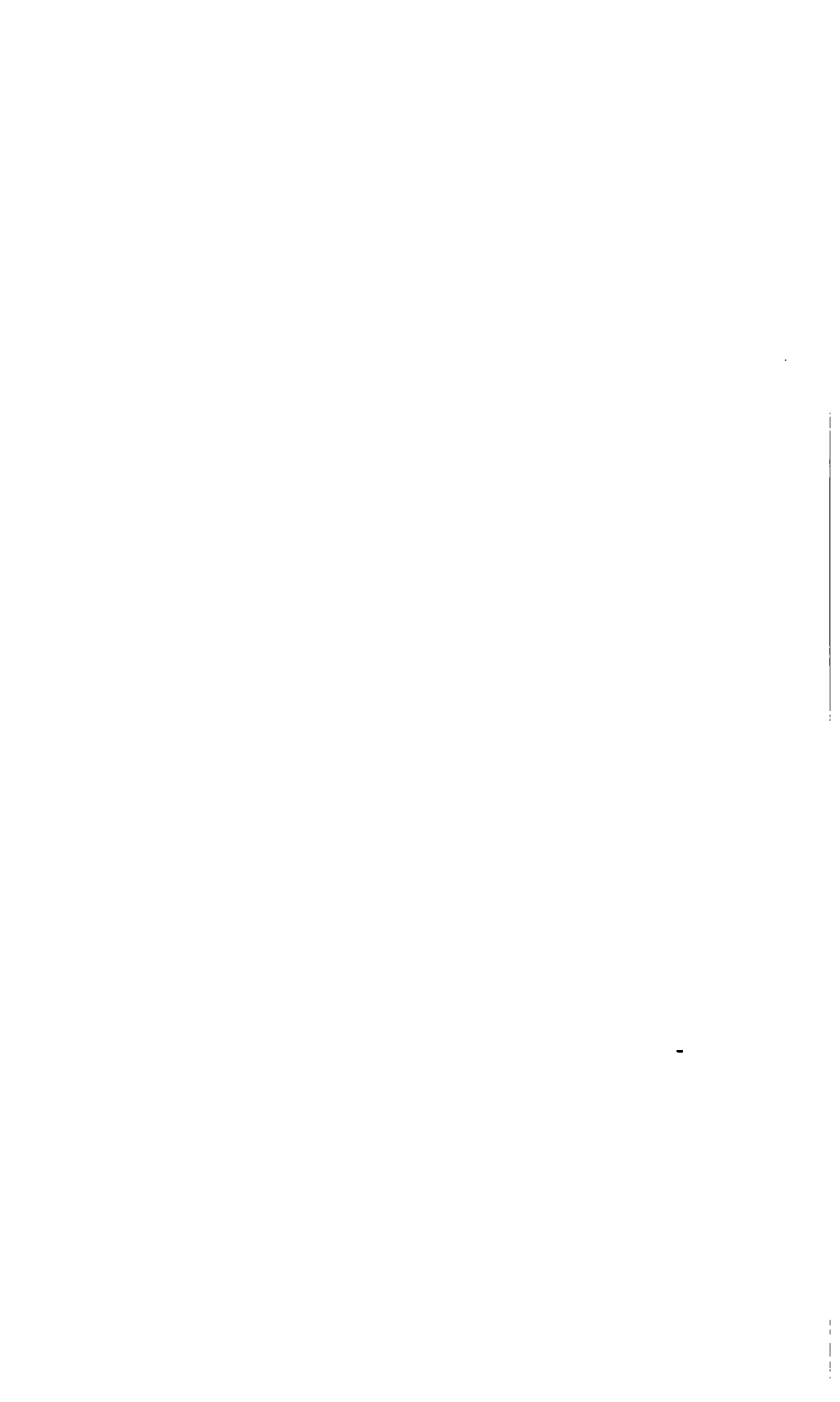
MY LADY NICOTINE. By J. M. BARRIE. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*) The defect of these essays is that they fail to carry conviction with them. In the newspaper in which they appeared separately, this did not perhaps matter so much; but, collected together as a consecutive set of sketches, it is a serious objection that one cannot get oneself

to believe in the people as one ought, as one *does*, for instance, in 'Alice in Wonderland, in spite of all her queer adventures. *Scrygeour* and *Gilray* and the rest never do such impossible things as *Alice* is doing every minute, but they are not half so real to us, not half so much flesh and blood. *Alice*, of course, is nothing but a most ordinary and natural little girl; and perhaps the secret of the difference is that ordinary people in extraordinary circumstances are much more amusing than queer people in ordinary circumstances. But it is rather unfair to expect everybody to come up to *Lewis Carroll's* level in humour; and, after all, if they have something a little puppetlike and unreal about them, the *Arcadians* and their mixture, and the *Japanese boudoir*, and *Primus* and his uncle, are not at all bad company for a railway journey, or an odd hour in an easy-chair.

OLD FRIENDS: ESSAYS IN EPISTOLARY PARODY. By *ANDREW LANG*. (*Longmans, Green & Co.*) "Mr. Andrew Lang at home. To meet *Herodotus of Halicarnassus*, *Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq.*, the *Rev. Mr. Casaubon*, *Mrs. Gamp*, and many other old friends." It is a prospect that will tempt most people, for, though most people are already acquainted with the charms of *Mr. Lang's* style and humour, that only encourages the desire to make further acquaintance with them. There are twenty-three sets of these letters, and, as might be expected from *Mr. Lang*, the correspondents embrace all sorts and conditions of men, from *Sophocles* to *Montague Tigg, Esq.*, and *Mr. Arthur Pendennis*. There is an amusing adventure of *Mr. Pickwick's* with the French police, told chiefly by *Monsieur Lecocq* of Paris and *Inspector Bucket* of Scotland Yard. Truthful *James* has a sad tale to tell to *Mr. Bret Harte*; and there are two most charming letters which pass between *Christian* and *Piscator*. But a little curiosity as to the society one is going to meet is always agreeable, so we will refrain from lengthening the list.

REJECTED OF MEN, AND OTHER POEMS. By *A. JOHNSON BROWN*. (*Sampson Low & Co.*) A small volume of religious poems, which display, not only facility, but delicacy of feeling and of thought. The most attractive is a poem called 'Myths of the Dawn,' where the poet seeks to enter into the 'divine life' of each element. There is real beauty in this poem, and the author's strength seems to lie in using his sympathy with nature to interpret religious feeling.

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